



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

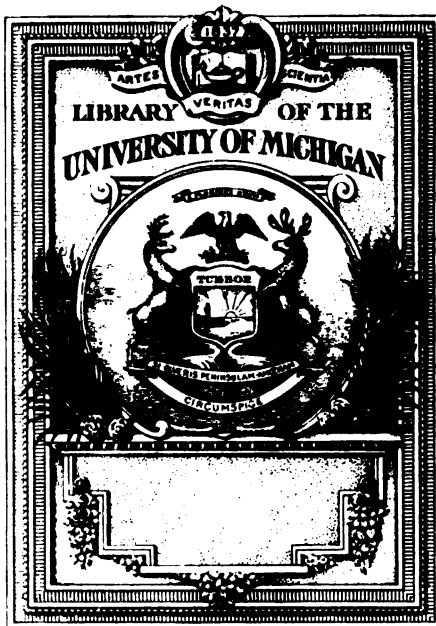
We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

B 1,421,406



808.8

574





**THE**  
**LIBRARY**  
**OF**  
**WIT AND HUMOR**







J. M. Galt. Eng.





THE LIBRARY  
OF  
WIT AND HUMOR

PROSE AND POETRY

SELECTED FROM THE LITERATURE OF ALL TIMES AND NATIONS

EDITED, WITH BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL NOTES, BY

A. R. SPOFFORD, Librarian of Congress, Washington, D. C., and  
RUFUS B. SHAPLEY, Author of "Sold for Mulhoolly."

ILLUSTRATED WITH FIFTY CHOICE ETCHINGS

ENGRAVED EXPRESSLY FOR THIS WORK

VOLUME III

PHILADELPHIA  
GEBBIE & CO., PUBLISHERS  
1894





**COPYRIGHTED 1884, BY GEBBIE & CO.**

# CONTENTS OF VOLUME III.

## COMPLETE BOOKS AND IMPORTANT PIECES.

	PAGE
THE FROGS OF ARISTOPHANES . . . . .	<i>Aristophanes</i> . . . . . 1
GIL BLAS AND THE ARCHBISHOP . . . . .	<i>Alain Rene' Le Sage</i> . . . . . 23
TAM O'SHANTER . . . . .	<i>Robert Burns</i> . . . . . 31
THE JOLLY BEGGARS . . . . .	<i>Robert Burns</i> . . . . . 33
HOLY WILLIE'S PRAYER . . . . .	<i>Robert Burns</i> . . . . . 38
JOE MILLER AND THE JESTERS OF ALL TIMES AND CLIMES . . . . .	<i>W. J. Thorne,</i> . . . . . 57
JOE MILLER'S JESTS . . . . .	. . . . . 63
A VOYAGE TO LAPUTA . . . . .	<i>Jonathan Swift</i> . . . . . 81
MR. TITMOUSE DYES HIS HAIR . . . . .	<i>Samuel Warren</i> . . . . . 118
HANDY ANDY . . . . .	<i>Samuel Lover</i> . . . . . 143
EPIGRAMS . . . . .	. . . . . 182
THE BAB BALLADS . . . . .	<i>W. S. Gilbert</i> . . . . . 193
Sir Joseph's Song . . . . .	. . . . . 193
Captain Reese . . . . .	. . . . . 193
Ferdinando and Elvira . . . . .	. . . . . 194
The Yarn of the Nancy Bell . . . . .	. . . . . 195
The Bishop of Rum-To-Foo . . . . .	. . . . . 197
The Precocious Baby . . . . .	. . . . . 197
Baines Carew, Gentleman . . . . .	. . . . . 198
Bob Polter . . . . .	. . . . . 199
Ellen Mcjones Aberdeen . . . . .	. . . . . 200
Gentle Alice Brown . . . . .	. . . . . 202
To the Terrestrial Globe . . . . .	. . . . . 208
The Bum Boat Woman's Story . . . . .	. . . . . 203
The Captain and the Mermaids . . . . .	. . . . . 204
Annie Protheroe . . . . .	. . . . . 205
An Unfortunate Likeness . . . . .	. . . . . 207
The Reverend Simon Magus . . . . .	. . . . . 208
Etiquette . . . . .	. . . . . 209
General John . . . . .	. . . . . 211
John and Freddy . . . . .	. . . . . 211
Lorenzo de Lardy . . . . .	. . . . . 212
The Three Kings of Chickeraboo . . . . .	. . . . . 213
Haunted . . . . .	. . . . . 214
The Martinet . . . . .	. . . . . 214
IXION IN HEAVEN . . . . .	<i>Benjamin Disraeli</i> . . . . . 217
BARDELL vs. PICKWICK . . . . .	<i>Chas. Dickens</i> . . . . . 231
THE COMIC BLACKSTONE . . . . .	<i>Gilbert Abbott a Beckett</i> . . . . . 324
The Domestic Relations of Master and Servant . . . . .	. . . . . 324
Of Husband and Wife . . . . .	. . . . . 326
Of Parent and Child . . . . .	. . . . . 327
Of Guardian and Ward . . . . .	. . . . . 328
Of Pleading . . . . .	. . . . . 330
Of the Trial by Jury . . . . .	. . . . . 331
PERSIAN WIT . . . . .	. . . . . 390

## SHORTER PIECES.

	PAGE
Impromptu . . . . .	<i>Geo. Coleman</i> . . . . . 22
A Bee Story by Bricktop . . . . .	<i>I. B. Collins</i> . . . . . 29
The Pig in a Poke . . . . .	<i>Anonymous</i> . . . . . 30
Prentiss on Corn Whiskey . . . . .	<i>S. S. Prentiss</i> . . . . . 40
Corwin's Reply to McCrary . . . . .	<i>Thos. Corwin</i> . . . . . 41
The Edinburgh Ladies' Petition . . . . .	<i>Anonymous</i> . . . . . 44
Lord Byron's Reply to the Ladies' Petition . . . . .	<i>Lord Byron</i> . . . . . 45
The Dumb Waiter . . . . .	<i>F. S. Cozzens</i> . . . . . 46
Ten Jests of Hierocles . . . . .	<i>Hierocles</i> . . . . . 47
The Widow . . . . .	<i>C. F. Gellert</i> . . . . . 49
The Collegian and the Porter . . . . .	<i>Horace Smith</i> . . . . . 51
Love in a Cottage . . . . .	<i>N. P. Willis</i> . . . . . 52
On Lending a Punch Bowl . . . . .	<i>Oliver Wendell Holmes</i> . . . . . 52
A Shooting Exploit of Tom Sheridan . . . . .	<i>G. A. Sala</i> . . . . . 54
Sympathy . . . . .	<i>R. Heber</i> . . . . . 55
The Town of Passage . . . . .	<i>Rev. F. Mahony</i> . . . . . 56
That Texan Cattle Man . . . . .	<i>Joaquin Miller</i> . . . . . 116
The Mosquito . . . . .	<i>William Cullen Bryant</i> . . . . . 117
Contentment . . . . .	<i>Oliver Wendell Holmes</i> . . . . . 127
The Pious Editor's Creed . . . . .	<i>James Russell Lowell</i> . . . . . 127
The Well of St. Keyne . . . . .	<i>Robert Southey</i> . . . . . 128
Running with the Masheen . . . . .	<i>M. M. Thompson. (Doesticks.)</i> . . . . . 129
Niagara (Doesticks on a Bender) . . . . .	<i>M. M. Thompson. (Doesticks.)</i> . . . . . 131
The Toper and the Fleas . . . . .	<i>Dr. Wolcott</i> . . . . . 132
Devil Puzzlers . . . . .	<i>F. B. Perkins</i> . . . . . 133
A Gentle Echo on Woman . . . . .	<i>Dean Swift</i> . . . . . 141
St. Patrick . . . . .	<i>Wm. Magin, LL.D.</i> . . . . . 141
The Milkmaid . . . . .	<i>R. Lloyd</i> . . . . . 142
The Thief and Cordeller . . . . .	<i>Matthew Prior</i> . . . . . 176
The Conjuror Cozened . . . . .	<i>Samuel Rowlands</i> . . . . . 177
A Candid Candidate . . . . .	<i>Max Adeler</i> . . . . . 177
St. Anthony's Sermon to the Fishes . . . . .	<i>Abraham a Sancta Clara</i> . . . . . 178
Catching the Morning Train . . . . .	<i>Max Adeler</i> . . . . . 180
The Baby's Début . . . . .	<i>Horace and James Smith</i> . . . . . 181
Scaring a Connecticut Farmer . . . . .	<i>Melville D. Landon</i> . . . . . 191
The Irish Schoolmaster . . . . .	<i>J. A. Sidey</i> . . . . . 216
Ye Carpette Knyghte . . . . .	<i>Lewis Carroll</i> . . . . . 216
The Jester Condemned to Death . . . . .	<i>Horace Smith</i> . . . . . 288
Silenus . . . . .	<i>Publius Virgilius Maro</i> . . . . . 289
Ask and Have . . . . .	<i>Samuel Lover</i> . . . . . 289
Three Blind Tipplers . . . . .	<i>Thomas Moore</i> . . . . . 290
Pommery Greno . . . . .	<i>Edmund Yates</i> . . . . . 290
A Stage Coach Story . . . . .	<i>Anonymous</i> . . . . . 291
O'Connor's Wake . . . . .	<i>Robert Buchanan</i> . . . . . 295
Jabberwocky . . . . .	<i>Lewis Carroll</i> . . . . . 297
Worms . . . . .	<i>Alexander Pope</i> . . . . . 298
Robin Goodfellow . . . . .	<i>Ben Jonson</i> . . . . . 298
Long Island Hunting . . . . .	<i>W. L. Alden</i> . . . . . 300
The Six Button Principle . . . . .	<i>W. L. Alden</i> . . . . . 301
Red Hair . . . . .	<i>W. L. Alden</i> . . . . . 302
To My Nose . . . . .	<i>Olivier Baselin</i> . . . . . 304
Flush Times in Alabama . . . . .	<i>J. G. Baldwin</i> . . . . . 307
Sharp Financiering . . . . .	309
The Gridiron . . . . .	<i>Samuel Lover</i> . . . . . 310
Good and Bad Luck . . . . .	<i>John Hay</i> . . . . . 314

# CONTENTS OF VOL. III.

25

	PAGE
A Bit O' Sly Coorten . . . . .	William Barnes . . . . . 314
Lilliput Land . . . . .	Matthew Browne . . . . . 315
Martial in London . . . . .	Mortimer Collins . . . . . 317
Geraldine Green . . . . .	Frederick Locker . . . . . 317
Mrs. Smith . . . . .	Frederick Locker . . . . . 317
Disappointed Ambition . . . . .	Honoré de Balzac . . . . . 318
The Mouse and the Miser . . . . .	Lucillus . . . . . 322
Susan . . . . .	Frederick Locker . . . . . 322
The Young Gazelle . . . . .	Walter Parke . . . . . 323
The Owl Critic . . . . .	James T. Field . . . . . 323
The Mystery of Gilgal . . . . .	John Hay . . . . . 332
The Enchanted Shirt . . . . .	John Hay . . . . . 332
Distiches . . . . .	John Hay . . . . . 333
Nights at Sea . . . . .	Lieut. Howard . . . . . 334
Colonel Crickley's Horse . . . . .	Henry Howard Paul . . . . . 342
How the Baby Came . . . . .	David Barker . . . . . 344
St. Peter's Reply . . . . .	J. G. Saxe . . . . . 344
Kentucky Hospitality . . . . .	James Kirk Paulding . . . . . 345
My First Appearance at the Bar . . . . .	J. G. Baldwin . . . . . 345
In Favor of the Hog . . . . .	J. G. Baldwin . . . . . 354
The Funny Side of Fisk . . . . .	Melville D. Landon . . . . . 355
A Desperate Race . . . . .	J. F. Kelly . . . . . 357
Not Classical . . . . .	Geo. Augusta Sala . . . . . 360
The Goose . . . . .	Alfred Tennyson . . . . . 361
Jolly Good Ale and Old . . . . .	John Still . . . . . 361
Chiggs . . . . .	Geo. Arnold . . . . . 362
Signs of Rain . . . . .	Dr. Jenner . . . . . 362
The Beggar's Soliloquy . . . . .	George Meredith . . . . . 363
All Saints . . . . .	Edmund Yates . . . . . 364
Proctor Knott's Duluth Speech . . . . .	J. Proctor Knott . . . . . 365
Proctor Knott's Speech on the Paving of Pennsylvania Avenue . . . . .	J. Proctor Knott . . . . . 368
Ned Geraghty's Luck . . . . .	John Brougham . . . . . 372
A Rough Translation . . . . .	J. A. Knox . . . . . 377
The Coyote . . . . .	J. A. Knox . . . . . 378
A Foiled Book Agent . . . . .	A. E. Sweet . . . . . 379
He Took it all Back . . . . .	A. E. Sweet . . . . . 380
The Texas Climate . . . . .	A. E. Sweet . . . . . 380
A Yankee Desperado . . . . .	A. E. Sweet . . . . . 381
Throwing the Lasso . . . . .	A. E. Sweet . . . . . 382
A Pertinent Question . . . . .	A. E. Sweet . . . . . 384
A Fair Proposition . . . . .	A. E. Sweet . . . . . 385
Swallowing the Parrot . . . . .	Tobe Hodge . . . . . 385
The Tombigbee Immersion . . . . .	From Shooting Stars . . . . . 392
Mrs. Brown on the Army . . . . .	Arthur Sketchley . . . . . 393
The Fastest Funeral on Record . . . . .	F. A. Durivage . . . . . 396
Going to Bed before a Young Lady . . . . .	S. A. Douglass . . . . . 397
Adventure of a Missouri Politician . . . . .	Field . . . . . 399
Gluggity Glug . . . . .	Anonymous . . . . . 400

## THE RACONTEUR. (YARNS.)

	PAGE		PAGE
The Story of a New Hat . . . . .	21	An Irish Judge . . . . .	190
The Lawyer and the Oyster . . . . .	22	Touching Solicitude . . . . .	191
Frederick the Great as a Debater . . . . .	22	Securing a Tenor . . . . .	192
A Royal Quandary . . . . .	39	Ancestral Wisdom . . . . .	192
Charles Mathews and the Silver Spoon . . . . .	39	A Poor Husband . . . . .	192
Brevity . . . . .	48	Johnson's View of Suicide . . . . .	192
Relics . . . . .	50	Wanted a Governess . . . . .	230
A Man who didn't Overestimate Himself . . . . .	50	The Citizen and the Thieves . . . . .	230
The Emperor Nicolas of Russia and the Actor . . . . .	53	A Rectifying Establishment . . . . .	289
Equality . . . . .	53	The Peep . . . . .	294
That Four Shillin' . . . . .	55	An Ingenious Evasion . . . . .	294
Mosquitoes . . . . .	56	A Newspaper—Its Mission . . . . .	297
A Tight Place . . . . .	56	A Good Story of a Judge . . . . .	304
A Love Confidence . . . . .	115	Chicken Conundrums . . . . .	305
One of the Greatest Heroes . . . . .	123	It Broke up the Party . . . . .	306
Prudence Exemplified . . . . .	126	Gautier's Cat and Parrot . . . . .	306
Characteristics of the Bohemians . . . . .	126	Climbed Him at Last . . . . .	307
How It Was . . . . .	126	An Agonizing Suspense . . . . .	307
An Original Love Story . . . . .	132	Driving a Hen . . . . .	314
A Disgusted Lobster . . . . .	142	No, Thank You . . . . .	317
A Bride's Dream . . . . .	179	One at a Time . . . . .	322
A Lively Time . . . . .	179	Lafayette's Humor . . . . .	333
At the Menagerie . . . . .	182	Dodging the Responsibility . . . . .	360
Puns Warranted Genuine . . . . .	190	Blue Stockings . . . . .	364
		The Ill Wind . . . . .	364

## LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

PORTRAITS. (Hood, Saxe, Jerrold.) . . . . .	Frontispiece.
THE JOLLY BEGGARS . . . . .	Page 33
JOE MILLER AS TEAGUE . . . . .	" 65
THE CHEMICAL PROCESS OF EXTRACTING SUNBEAMS FROM CUCUMBERS . . . . .	" 97
JOHN DREW AS HANDY ANDY . . . . .	" 145
GEORGE SEYMOUR AS THE ADMIRAL IN PINAFORE . . . . .	" 193
PICKWICK AND THE COLD PUNCH . . . . .	" 241
SILENUS AND BACCHANTES . . . . .	" 289
JACK ASHORE . . . . .	" 337
THE CLOWN'S CONFESSION . . . . .	" 385

# THE LIBRARY

OF

## WIT AND HUMOR.

---

### THE FROGS OF ARISTOPHANES.

[ARISTOPHANES, the greatest of Greek comic writers, was born about the year 448 B. C., and was a citizen of Athens, where he died about 380 B. C. His copious dramatic compositions, numbering fifty-four comedies, out of which eleven only have come down to us, are marked by great freedom of touch, keen wit, and occasional wild and riotous burlesque. Aristophanes was a censor as well as a satirist, and his genius found scope in political, as well as in literary, criticism. The known comedies cover nearly forty years in the most splendid period of Greek culture, and are full of instructive illustrations of the domestic, social and political life of that marvelous people.]

In his comedy of *The Knights*, Aristophanes assailed the demagogue; in *The Clouds*, he satirized the Sophists; in *The Wasps*, he hit off the Athenian love of litigation. *The Birds* has been taken as a protest against religious fanaticism.

The comedy of *The Frogs*, here given in full, with the exception of a few grosser passages, was written shortly after the death of Aeschylus and Euripides, the great writers of Greek tragedy. Its object was to call off men's minds from the distractions of politics to pure literature. The plot represents Athens as destitute of poets; so Dionysus (Bacchus) goes down to Hades to bring back a poet. The play represents an emulous contest between Aeschylus and Euripides in the under-world, for the possession of the throne of tragedy, in which the victory falls at last to Aeschylus.

Our translation is by JOHN HOOKHAM FRERE.]

#### THE FROGS.

BACCHUS.

XANTHIAS.

*Xanthias.*

Master, shall I begin with the usual jokes, That the audience always laugh at?

B. If you please;  
Any joke you please, except "being overburthen'd."

—Don't use it yet—We've time enough before us.

X. Well, something else that's comical and clever?

VOL. III.—W. H.

B. I forbid being "overpress'd and overburthen'd."

X. Well, but the drollest joke of all—?

B. Remember,  
There's one thing I protest against—

X. What is that?  
B. Why, shifting off your load to the other shoulder,  
And fidgeting and complaining of the gripes.

X. What then do you mean to say, that I must not say

That I'm ready to befoul myself?

B. (*peremptorily*) By no means,  
Except when I take an emetic.

X. (*in a sullen muttering tone, as if resentful of hard usage*) What's the use, then, Of my being burthen'd here with all these bundles,

If I'm to be deprived of the common jokes That Phrynichus, and Lysis, and Ameipsias

Allow the servants always in their comedies,

Without exception, when they carry bundles?

B. Pray, leave them off—for those ingenious sallies

Have such an effect upon my health and spirits

That I feel grown old and dull when I get home.

X. (*as before, or with a sort of half-mutinous whine*)

It's hard for me to suffer in my limbs, To be overburthen'd and debarr'd from joking.

B. Well, this is monstrous, quite, and insupportable!

Such insolence in a servant! When your master

Is going afoot and has provided you

With a beast to carry ye.

X. What! do I carry nothing?

B. You're carried yourself.

X. But I carry bundles, don't I?

B. But the beast bears all the bundles that you carry.

X. Not those that I carry myself—'tis I that carry 'em.

B. You're carried yourself, I tell ye.

X. I can't explain it, But I feel it in my shoulders plainly enough.

B. Well, if the beast don't help you, take and try;

Change places with the ass and carry him.

X. (in a tone of mere disgust) Oh, dear! I wish I had gone for a volunteer, And left you to yourself. I wish I had.

B. Dismount, you rascal! Here, we're at the house

Where Hercules lives.—Hollo, there! who is within there?

[Bacchus kicks outrageously at the door.]

HERCULES. BACCHUS. XANTHIAS.

H. Who's there? (He has bang'd the door, whoever he is, With the kick of a centaur.) What's the matter, there?

B. (aside) Ha! Xanthias!

X. What?

B. (aside) Did ye mind how he was frighten'd?

X. I suppose he was afraid you were going mad.

H. (aside) By Jove! I shall laugh outright; I'm ready to burst. I shall laugh in spite of myself, upon my life.

[Hercules shifts about, and turns aside to disguise his laughter; this apparent shyness confirms Bacchus in the opinion of his own ascendancy, which he manifests accordingly.]

B. (with a tone of protection) Come hither, friend.—What ails ye? Step this way; I want to speak to ye.

H. (with a good-humored, but unsuccessful, endeavor to suppress laughter, or to conceal it. Suppose him, for instance, speaking with his hand before his mouth.)

But I can't help laughing, To see the lion's skin with a saffron robe, And the club with the women's sandals—altogether—

What's the meaning of it all? Have you been abroad?

B. I've been aboard—in the fleet—with Cleisthenes.

H. (sharply and ironically) You fought—?

B. (briskly and sillily) Yes, that we did—we gain'd a victory;

And we sunk the enemies' ships—thirteen of 'em.

H. "So you woke at last and found it was a dream?"

B. But aboard the fleet, as I pursued my studies,

I read the tragedy of Andromeda;

And then such a vehement passion struck my heart,

You can't imagine.

H. A small one, I suppose, My little fellow—a moderate little passion?

B. (ironically; the irony of imbecility.) It's just as small as Molon is—that's all—

Molon the wrestler, I mean—as small as he is—

H. Well, what was it like? what kind of a thing? what was it?

B. (meaning to be very serious and interesting.)

No, friend, you must not laugh; it's past a joke;

It's quite a serious feeling—quite distressing;

I suffer from it—

H. (bluntly). Well, explain. What was it?

B. I can't declare it at once; but I'll explain it

Theatrically and enigmatically:

(With a buffoonish assumption of tragic gesture and emphasis).

Were you ever seized with a sudden passionate longing

For a mess of porridge?

H. Often enough, if that's all.

B. Shall I state the matter to you plainly at once;

Or put it circumlocutorily?

H. Not about the porridge. I understand your instance.

B. Such is the passion that possesses me For poor Euripides, that's dead and gone;

And it's all in vain people trying to persuade me

From going after him.

H. What, to the shades below?

B. Yes, to the shades below, or the shades beneath 'em.

To the undermost shades of all. I'm quite determined.

H. But what's your object?

B. (with a ridiculous imitation of tragical action and emphasis.)

Why my object is That I want a clever poet—"for the good,

"The gracious and the good, are dead and gone;

"The worthless and the weak are left alive."

H. Is not Iophon a good one?—He's alive sure?—

B. If he's a good one, he's our only good one;

But it's a question; I'm in doubt about him.

H. There's Sophocles; he's older than Euripides—

If you go so far for 'em you'd best bring him.

B. No; first I'll try what Iophon can do Without his father, Sophocles, to assist him.

—Besides, Euripides is a clever rascal; A sharp, contriving rogue that will make a shift

To desert and steal away with me; the other

Is an easy-minded soul, and always was.

H. Where's Agathon?

B. He's gone and left me too, Regretted by his friends; a worthy poet—

H. Gone! Where, poor soul?

B. To the banquets of the blest!

H. But then you've Xenocles—

B. Yes! a plague upon him!

H. Pythangelus too—

X. But nobody thinks of me;

Standing all this while with bundles on my shoulder.

H. But have you not other young, ingenious youths

That are fit to out-talk Euripides ten times over;

To the amount of a thousand, at least, all writing tragedy—?

B. They're good for nothing—"Warblers of the Grove"—

—"Little foolish fluttering things"—poor puny wretches,

That dawdle and dangle about with the tragic muse;

Incapable of any serious meaning—

There's not one hearty poet amongst them all

That's fit to risk an adventurous valiant phrase.

H. How—"hearty?" What do you mean by "valiant phrases?"

B. (*the puzzle of a person who is called upon for a definition.*)

I mean . . . kind . . . of a . . . doubtful bold expression

To talk about . . . "*The viewless foot of Time*"

(*Tragic emphasis in the quotations.*)

And . . . "*Jupiter's Secret Chamber in the Skies*"—

And about . . . A person's soul . . . not being perjured

When . . . the tongue . . . forswears itself . . . in spite of the soul.

H. Do you like that kind of stuff?

B. I'm crazy after it.

H. Why, sure, it's trash and rubbish—Don't you think so?

B. "Men's fancies are their own—Let mine alone"—

H. But, in fact, it seems to me quite bad—rank nonsense.

B. You'll tell me next what I ought to like for supper.

X. But nobody thinks of me here, with the bundles.

B. (*with a careless, easy, voluble, degagé style.*)

But now to the business that I came upon.

[*Upon a footing of equality—The tone of a person who is dispatching business off-hand with readiness and unconcern.*]

(With the apparel that you see—the same as yours)

To obtain a direction from you to your friends.

(To apply to them—in case of anything—If anything should occur) the acquaintances

That received you there—the time you went before

(—For the business about Cerberus)—if you'd give me

Their names and their directions, and communicate

Any information relative to the country, The roads—the streets—the bridges and

the brothels,

The wharfs—the public walks,—the public houses,

The fountains—aqueducts,—and inns, and taverns

And lodgings,—free from bugs and fleas, if possible,

If you know any such—

X. But nobody thinks of me.

H. What a notion! You! will you risk it? Are ye mad?

B. (*meaning to be very serious and manly.*) I beseech you say no more—no more of that,

But inform me briefly and plainly about my journey;



The shortest road and the most convenient one.

*H. (with a tone of easy, indolent, deliberate banter)*

Well—which shall I tell you first, now?—

Let me see now—

There's a good convenient road by the Rope and Noose;

The hanging Road.

*B. No; that's too close and stifling.*

*H. Then there's an easy, fair, well-beaten track*

As you go by the Pestle and Mortar—

*B. What, the Hemlock?*

*H. To be sure—*

*B. That's much too cold—it will never do. They tell me it strikes a chill to the legs and feet.*

*H. Should you like a speedy, rapid, downhill road?*

*B. Indeed I should, for I'm a sorry traveler.*

*H. Go to the Keramicus then.*

*B. What then?*

*H. Get up to the very top of the tower.*

*B. What then?*

*H. Stand there and watch when the Race of the Torch begins, And mind when you hear the people cry "Start! start!"*

Then start at once with 'em.

*B. Me? Start? Where from?*

*H. From the top of the tower to the bottom.*

*B. No, not I,*

It's enough to dash my brains out! I'll not go

Such a road upon any account.

*H. Well, which way then?*

*B. The way you went yourself.*

*H. But it's a long one,*

For first you come to a monstrous bottomless lake.

*B. And what must I do to pass?*

*H. You'll find a boat there; A little tiny boat, as big as that, And an old man that ferries you over in it, Receiving twopence as the usual fee.*

*B. Ah! that same twopence governs everything*

Wherever it goes—I wonder how it managed

To find its way there?

*H. Theseus introduced it*

—Next you'll meet serpents, and wild beasts and monsters,

*(Suddenly, and with a shout in Bacchus's ear.)*

Horrific to behold!

*B. (starting a little.)* Don't try to fright me;

You'll not succeed, I promise you—I'm determined.

*H. Then there's an abyss of mire and floating filth,*

In which the damn'd lie wallowing and overwhelm'd;

The unjust, the cruel, and the inhospitable;

And the barbarous bilking cullies that withhold

The price of intercourse with fraud and wrong;

The incestuous, and the parricides, and the robbers;

The perjurers, and assassins, and the wretches,

That wilfully and presumptuously transcribe

Extracts and trash from Morsimus's plays.

*B. And by Jove! Synesias with his Pyrrhic dancers*

Ought to be there—they're worse, or quite as bad.

*H. But after this your sense will be saluted*

With a gentle breathing sound of flutes and voices,

And a beautiful spreading light like ours on earth,

And myrtle glades and happy quires among,

Of women and men with rapid applause and mirth.

*B. And who are all those folks?*

*H. The initiated.*

*X. (gives indications of restiveness as if ready to throw down his bundles).*

I won't stand here like a mule in a procession any longer, with these packages and bundles.

*H. (hastily in a civil hurry, as when you shake a man by the hand and shove him out of the room and give him your best wishes and advice all at once.)*

They'll tell you everything you want to know,

For they're establish'd close upon the road,

By the corner of Pluto's house—so fare you well;

Farewell, my little fellow. [Exit

*B. (pettishly.)* I wish you better.

*(To Xanthias.)* You, sirrah, take your bundles up again.

X. What, before I put them down?

B. Yes! now, this moment.

X. Nay! don't insist, there's plenty of people going

As corpses with the convenience of a carriage;

They'd take it for a trifle gladly enough.

B. But if we meet with nobody?

X. Then I'll take 'em.

B. Come, come, that's fairly spoken, and in good time,

For there they're carrying a corpse out to be buried.

Hullo! you there—you Deadman—can't you hear?

Would you take any bundles to hell with ye, my good fellow?

Deadman. What are they?

B. These.

D. Then I must

have two drachmas.

B. I can't—you must take less.

D. (*peremptorily.*) Bearers, move on.

B. No, stop! We shall settle between us—you're so hasty.

D. It's no use arguing; I must have two drachmas.

B. (*Emphatically and significantly.*)

Ninepence!

D. I'd best be alive again at that rate.

[*Exit.*]

B. Fine airs the fellow gives himself—a rascal;

I'll have him punished, I vow, for overcharging.

X. Best give him a good beating: give me the bundles,

I'll carry 'em.

B. You're a good, true-hearted

fellow:

And a willing servant—Let's move on to the ferry.

*The author has condescended to gratify the popular taste alluded to in the first scene, without intrenching upon the pure humor of his dialogue. Throughout the preceding scene, Xanthias acts a part in dumb show, exhibiting various attitudes and contortions of weariness and restlessness; his impatience breaks out in four interruptions; three of which are so managed as to produce a comic effect. In the first Xanthias puts himself in a ridiculous juxtaposition with Pythangelus; the second terminates a discussion proverbially endless, and the last enables Hercules to put an end to a dialogue (which would otherwise have been too long) with an air of brevity and dispatch suited to his character. Hercules and Bacchus offer a contrast of the two extremes of manly and*

*feeble character. Strength is represented in a state of calmness and playful repose, and feebleness in a paroxysm of occasional energy, conformably with the practice of ancient artists in their serious compositions.*

*The dialogue with the Deadman, besides its merit as an incomparable sample of humorous nonsense, has the advantage of introducing the spectators in imagination to the very suburbs of the infernal regions; for, if we look to the strict localities of the stage, nothing else intervenes between the dialogue at the door of Hercules's house (in Thebes, as the Scholiast supposes) and the passage of the Styx, which immediately follows.*

CHARON. BACCHUS. XANTHIAS.

Ch. Hoy! bear a hand there—Heave ashore.

B. What's this?

X. The lake it is—the place he told us of. By Jove! and there's the boat—and here's old Charon.

B. Well, Charon! Welcome, Charon! Welcome kindly!

Ch. Who wants the ferryman? Anybody waiting

To remove from the sorrows of life? A passage, anybody?

To Lethe's wharf?—To Cerberus's Reach? To Tartarus?—To Tænarus?—to Perdition?

B. Yes, I.

Ch. Get in then.

B. (*hesitating.*) Tell me, where are you going?

To perdition really?

Ch. (*not sarcastically, but civilly, in the way of business*)

Yes, to oblige you, I will. With all my heart—Step in there.

B. Have a care!

Take care, good Charon!—Charon have a care!

(*Bacchus gets into the boat.*)

Come, Xanthias, come!

Ch. I take no slaves aboard

Except they've volunteer'd for the naval victory.

X. I could not—I was suffering with sore eyes.

Ch. You must trudge away, round by the end of the lake there.

X. And whereabouts shall I wait?

Ch. At the stone of Repentance, By the Slough of Despond, beyond the Tribulations:

You understand me?

X. Yes, I understand you,

A lucky, promising direction, truly.

*Ch.* (to *Bac.*) Sit down at the oar—come quick, if there is more coming!  
(To *Bac.* again.) Hollo! what's that you're doing?

[*Bacchus* is seated in a buffoonish attitude in the side of the boat where the oar was fastened.]

*B.* What you told me.  
*I'm sitting at the oar.*

*Ch.* Sit there I tell you,  
You Fatguts; that's your place.

*B.* (changes his place.) Well, so I do.

*Ch.* Now ply your hands and arms.

*B.* (Makes a silly motion with his arms.)

Well, so I do.

*Ch.* You'd best leave off your fooling.  
Take to the oar  
And pull away.

*B.* But how shall I contrive?  
*I've never served on board—I'm only a landsman;*  
*I'm quite unused to it—*

*Ch.* We can manage it.  
As soon as you begin you shall have some music.

That will teach you to keep time.

*B.* What music's that?  
*Ch.* A chorus of Frogs—uncommon musical frogs.

*B.* Well, give me the word and the time.

*Ch.* Whooh up, up; whooh up, up.

#### CHORUS OF FROGS.

*This Chorus, from the clatter of cognate consonants, g, k, and ch, which appears in some parts of it, should seem to have been intended by the author as a caricature of some cotemporary dramatical lyrics. With the assistance of the Northumbrian bur, some of the lines may be made to croak with very tolerable effect; others should seem intended as a contrast, and contain some pretty imagery. The spelling of the words of the Chorus is accommodated to the actual pronunciation of the Frogs, which, it is presumed has remained unaltered. The B in Brekeke-kesh is very soft, and assimilates to the V. The e in kesh, is pronounced like the ei in leisure, and the last syllable prolonged and accented with a higher tone. The word as commonly pronounced by scholars (with the ictus or English accent on the third syllable) bears no resemblance to the sound which it is meant to imitate; which has on the contrary a slight ictus on the first syllable. The learned reader is requested to estimate the truth of this translation, not by direct collation with the text of the original, but by those impressions of its general spirit and effect which*

*may remain in his memory, or, (more fairly still) by a reference to the assignable or supposable effects intended to be produced by the original.*

#### CHORUS.

Brekeke-kesh, koash, koash,  
Shall the Choral Quiristers of the Marsh  
Be censured and rejected as hoarse and harsh;

And their chromatic essays  
Deprived of praise?

No, let us raise afresh  
Our obstreperous Brekeke-kesh;  
The customary croak and cry  
Of the creatures  
At the theatres

In their yearly revelry.  
Brekeke-kesh, koash, koash.

*B.* (Rowing in great misery.)

How I'm maul'd,

How I'm gall'd;

Worn and mangled to a mash—

There they go! "Koash, koash!"

*Frogs.* Brekeke-kesh, koash, koash.

*B.* O, beshrew,

All your crew;

You don't consider how I smart.

*Frogs.* Now for a sample of the art!

Brekeke-kesh, koash, koash.

*B.* I wish you hanged with all my heart.

—Have you nothing else to say?

"Brekeke-kesh, koash," all day!

*Frogs.* We've a right,  
We've a right,  
And we croak at ye for spite.  
We've a right,  
We've a right;  
Day and night,  
Day and night;  
Night and day,  
Still to creak and croak away.

Phœbus and every Grace

Admire and approve of the croaking race;

And the egregious guttural notes

That are gargled and warbled in their lyrical throats.

In reproof

Of your scorn

Mighty Pan

Nods his horn;

Beating time

To the rhyme

With his hoof,

With his hoof.

Persisting in our plan,

We proceed as we began.

Breke-kesh, Breke-kesh,

Kóash, kóash.

*B.* Oh, the Frogs, consume and rot 'em,  
I've a blister on my bottom,  
Hold your tongues, you tuneful crea-  
tures.

*Frogs.* Cease with your profane entreaties  
All in vain for ever striving:

Silence is against our natures,  
With the vernal heat reviving,  
Our aquatic crew repair  
From their periodic sleep,  
In the dark and chilly deep,  
To the cheerful upper air;  
Then we frolic here and there  
All amidst the meadows fair;  
Shady plants of asphodel,  
Are the lodges where we dwell;  
Chanting in the leafy bowers  
All the livelong summer hours,  
Till the sudden gusty showers,  
Send us headlong, helter skelter,  
To the pool to seek for shelter;  
Meagre, eager, leaping, lunging,  
From the sedgy wharfage plunging  
To the tranquil depth below,  
There we muster all a-row;  
Where, secure from toil and trouble,  
With a tuneful hubble-bubble,  
Our symphonious accents flow.  
Brekeke-kesh, koash, koash.

*B.* I forbid you to proceed.

*Frogs.* That would be severe indeed;  
Arbitrary, bold, and rash—  
Brekeke-kesh, koash, koash.

*B.* I command you to desist—  
Oh, my back, there! oh, my wrist!  
What a twist!  
What a sprain!

*Frogs.* Once again—  
We renew the tuneful strain.  
Brekeke-kesh, koash, koash.

*B.* I disdain—(Hang the pain!)  
All your nonsense, noise, and trash,  
Oh, my blister! Oh, my sprain!

*Frogs.* Brekeke-kesh, koash, koash.  
Friends and Frogs, we must display  
All our powers of voice to-day;  
Suffer not this stranger here,  
With fastidious, foreign ear,  
To confound us and abash.  
Brekeke-kesh, koash, koash.

*B.* Well, my spirit is not broke,  
If it's only for the joke,  
I'll outdo you with a croak.  
Here it goes—(very loud) "Koash,  
koash."

*Frogs.* Now for a glorious croaking crash,  
(Still louder).  
Brekeke-kesh, koash, koash.

*B.* (Splashing with his oar).

I'll disperse you with a splash.

*Frogs.* Brekeke-kesh, koash, koash.

*B.* I'll subdue

Your rebellious, noisy crew—

Have amongst you there, slap-dash.

[Strikes at them.]

*Frogs.* Brekeke-kesh, koash, koash.

We defy your oar and you.

*Ch.* Hold! We're ashore just—shift your  
oar. Get out—Now pay for your fare.

*B.* There—there it is—the twopence.

\* \* \* \* \*

The following scene is a humorous representa-  
tion of the concluding ceremony of the Eleu-  
sinian mysteries, on the last day of which the  
worship of Bacchus, under the invocation of  
Iacchus, was united with that of Ceres. Iac-  
chus seems to have been the last Avatar of the  
worship of Bacchus, as Pan was the first. It  
is to be observed that though the votaries are  
celebrating the rites of Bacchus, Bacchus  
being disguised and incognito, or not consid-  
ering himself concerned in the invocation of  
Iacchus, does not take any notice of them as  
his votaries or adherents.

CHORUS OF VOTARIES. BACCHUS.

XANTHIAS.

CHORUS. Shouting and Singing.

Iacchus, Iacchus! Ho!

Iacchus, Iacchus! Ho!

*X.* There, master, there they are, the in-  
itiated;  
All sporting about as he told us we should  
find 'em,  
They're singing in praise of Bacchus like  
Diagoras.

*B.* Indeed, and so they are; but we'll  
keep quiet  
Till we make them out a little more dis-  
tinctly.

CHORUS. Song.

Mighty Bacchus! Holy Power!

Hither at the wonted hour

Come away,

Come away,

With the wanton holiday,  
Where the revel uproar leads  
To the mystic holy meads,  
Where the frolic votaries fly  
With a tipsy shout and cry;  
Flourishing the thyrsus high,  
Flinging forth, alert and airy,  
To the sacred old vagary,  
The tumultuous dance and song,  
Sacred from the vulgar throng;  
Mystic orgies, that are known  
To the votaries alone—

To the mystic chorus solely—  
Secret—unreveal'd—and holy.

*X.* Oh glorious virgin, daughter of the goddess!

What a scent of roasted griskin reached my senses.

*B.* Keep quiet—and watch for a chance of a piece of the haalets.

CHORUS. *Song.*

Raise the fiery torches high!  
Bacchus is approaching nigh,  
Like the planet of the morn,  
Breaking with the hoary dawn,  
On the dark solemnity—  
There they flash upon the sight;  
All the plain is blazing bright,  
Flush'd and overflown with light:  
Age has cast his years away,  
And the cares of many a day,  
Sporting to the lively lay—  
Mighty Bacchus! march and lead  
(Torch in hand toward the mead)  
Thy devoted humble chorus,  
Mighty Bacchus—move before us.

SEMI-CHORUS.

Keep silence—keep peace—and let all the profane  
From our holy solemnity duly refrain;  
Whose souls, unenlightened by taste, are obscure;  
Whose poetical notions are dark and impure;  
Whose theatrical conscience  
Is sullied by nonsense,  
Who never were trained by the mighty Cratinus,  
In mystical orgies poetic and vinous;  
Who delight in buffooning and jests out of season;  
Who promote the designs of oppression and treason;  
Who foster sedition, and strife, and debate;  
All traitors, in short, to the stage and the state;  
Who surrender a fort, or in private, export  
To places and harbors of hostile resort,  
Clandestine consignments of cables and pitch;  
In the way that Thorycion grew to be rich  
From a scoundrelly dirty collector of tribute;  
All such we reject and severely prohibit:  
All statesmen retrenching the fees and the salaries  
Of theatrical bards, in revenge for the raileries,

And jests and lampoons, of this holy solemnity,  
Profanely pursuing their personal enmity,  
For having been flouted, and scoff'd, and scorn'd,

All such are admonish'd and heartily warn'd;  
We warn them once,  
We warn them twice,  
We warn and admonish—we warn them thrice,

To conform to the law,  
To retire and withdraw;  
While the chorus again with the formal  
<sup>saw,</sup>  
(Fix't and assign'd to the festive day)  
Move to the measure and march away.

SEMI-CHORUS.

March! march! lead forth—  
Lead forth manfully,  
March in order all;  
Bustling, hustling, justling,—  
As it may befall;  
Flocking, shouting, laughing,  
Mocking, flouting, quaffing,  
One and all;  
All have had a belly-full  
Of breakfast brave and plentiful;  
Therefore  
Evermore  
With your voices and your bodies  
Serve the goddess,  
And raise  
Songs of praise;  
She shall save the country still,  
And save it against the traitor's will;  
So she says.

SEMI-CHORUS.

Now let us raise in a different strain  
The praise of the goddess, the giver of grain;  
Imploring her favour  
With other behaviour,  
In measures more sober, submissive and grave.

SEMI-CHORUS.

Ceres, holy patroness,  
Condescend to mark and bless,  
With benevolent regard,  
Both the Chorus and the Bard;  
Grant them for the present day—  
Many things to sing and say,  
Follies intermix'd with sense;  
Folly, but without offence.  
Grant them with the present play  
To bear the prize of verse away.

## SEMI-CHORUS.

Now call again, and with a different measure,  
The pow'r of mirth and pleasure;  
The florid, active Bacchus, bright and gay  
To journey forth and join us on the way.

## SEMI-CHORUS.

O, Bacchus, attend! the customary patron  
Of every lively lay;  
Go forth without delay  
Thy wonted annual way  
To meet the ceremonious holy matron:  
Her grave procession gracing,  
Thine airy footsteps tracing  
With unlaborious, light, celestial motion;  
And here at thy devotion  
Behold thy faithful quire  
In pitiful attire;  
All overworn and ragged,  
This jerkin old and jagged,  
These buskins torn and burst,  
Though sufferers in the fray  
May serve us at the worst  
To sport throughout the day;  
And there within the shades,  
I spy some lovely maids;  
With whom we romp'd and revell'd,  
Dismantled and dishevelled;  
With their bosoms open,  
With whom we might be coping.  
X. Well, I was always hearty,  
Disposed to mirth and ease,  
I'm ready to join the party.  
B. And I will, if you please.

*Bacchus (to the Chorus).*

Pritheemy good fellows,  
Would you please to tell us  
Which is Pluto's door,  
I'm an utter stranger,  
Never here before.  
*Chorus.* Friend, you're out of danger  
You need not seek it far;  
There it stands before ye,  
Before ye, where you are.  
B. Take up your bundles, Xanthias.  
X. Hang all bundles;  
A bundle has no end, and these have none.  
[*Exeunt Bacchus and Xanthias.*]

## SEMI-CHORUS.

Now we go to dance and sing  
In the consecrated shades;  
Round the secret holy ring,  
With the matrons and the maids.  
Thither I must haste to bring  
The mysterious, early light;

Which must witness every rite  
Of the joyous happy night.

## SEMI-CHORUS.

Let us hasten—let us fly—  
Where the lovely meadows lie;  
Where the living waters flow;  
Where the roses bloom and blow.  
—Heirs of Immortality,  
Segregated, safe and pure,  
Easy, sorrowless, secure;  
Since our earthly course is run,  
We behold a brighter sun.  
Holy lives—a holy vow—  
Such rewards await them now.

*Scene. The Gate of Pluto's Palace.**Enter BACCHUS and XANTHIAS.*

B. (*going up to the door with considerable hesitation*). Well, how must I knock at the door now? Can't ye tell me? How do the native inhabitants knock at doors?

X. Pah! don't stand fooling there; but smite it smartly,  
With the very spirit and air of Hercules.  
B. Hello!

*Æacus (from within with the voice of a royal and infernal porter)*. Who's there?

B. (*with a forced voice*). 'Tis I, the valiant Hercules!

*Æ.* (*coming out*)—  
Thou brutal, abominable, detestable,  
Vile, villainous, infamous, nefarious scoundrel!

—How durst thou, villain as thou wert,  
to seize

Our watch-dog Cerberus, whom I kept  
and tended,  
Hurrying him off, half-strangled in your  
grasp.

—But now, be sure we have you safe and  
fast,

Miscreant and villain!—Thee, the Stygian  
cliffs,

With stern adamant durance, and the  
rocks

Of inaccessible Acheron, red with gore,  
Environ and beleaguer; and the watch,—  
And swift pursuit of the hideous hounds  
of hell;

And the horrible Hydra, with her hun-  
dred heads,

Whose furious ravening fangs shall rend  
and tear thee;

Wrenching thy vitals forth, with the heart  
and midriff;

While inexpressible Tartesian monsters,  
And grim Tithrasian Gorgons toss and  
scatter  
With clattering claws, thine intertwined  
intestines.  
To them, with instant summons, I repair,  
Moving in hasty march with steps of  
speed.

[*Æacus departs with a tremendous tragical exit,  
and Bacchus falls to the ground in a fright.*]

*Enter Two Women, Sullers or Keepers of an  
Eating-House.*

1st Woman. What, Platana! Goody Platana! there! that's he,  
The fellow that robs and cheats poor victuallers;

That came to our house and eat those  
nineteen loaves.

2d Woman. Ay, sure enough, that's he, the  
very man.

X. (*tauntingly to Bacchus*). There's mischief in the wind for somebody!

1st Woman. And a dozen and a half of  
cutlets, and fried chops at a penny  
halfpenny apiece,—

X. (*significantly*). There are pains and  
penalties  
Impending—

1st Woman. And all the garlic; such a  
quantity  
As he swallowed—

B. (*delivers this speech with Herculean dignity,  
after his fashion; having hitherto remained  
silent on the same principle*).

Woman, you're beside yourself;  
You talk you know not what—

2d Woman. No, no! you reckoned  
I should not know you again with them  
there buskins.

1st Woman. Good lack! and there was all  
that fish besides.

Indeed—with the pickle, and all—and the  
good green cheese

That he gorged at once, with the rind, and  
the rush-baskets;

And then, when I called for payment, he  
looked fierce,

And stared at me in the face, and grinned,  
and roared—

X. Just like him! That's the way  
wherever he goes.

1st Woman. And snatched his sword out,  
and behaved like mad.

X. Poor souls! you suffered sadly!

1st Woman. Yes, indeed;  
And then we both ran off with the fright  
and terror,

And scrambled into the loft beneath the  
roof;

And he took up two rugs and stole them  
off.

X. Just like him again—but something  
must be done.

Go call me Cleon; he's my advocate.

2d Woman. And Hyperbolus, if you meet  
him send him here.

He's mine; and we'll demolish him, I  
warrant.

1st Woman (*going close up to Bacchus in the  
true termagant attitude of rage and defiance,  
with the arms akimbo, and a neck  
and chin thrust out.*)

How I should like to strike those ugly  
teeth out

With a good big stone, you ravenous  
greedy villain!

You gormandizing villain! that I should—  
Yes, that I should; your wicked ugly  
fangs,

That have eaten up my substance, and  
devoured me.

B. And I could toss you into the public  
pit,

With the malefactors' carcasses; that I  
could,

With pleasure and satisfaction; that I  
could.

1st Woman. And I should like to rip that  
gullet out

With a reaping hook that swallowed all  
my tripe,

And liver and lights—but I'll fetch Cleon  
here,

And he shall summon him. He shall  
settle him,

And have it out of him this very day.

[*Exeunt 1st and 2nd Woman.*]

B. (*in a pretended soliloquy*) I love poor  
Xanthias dearly, that I do;

I wish I might be hanged else.

X. Yes, I know—

I know your meaning—No; no more of  
that,

I won't act Hercules—

B. Now pray don't say so,  
My little Xanthias.

X. How should I be Hercules?  
A mortal and a slave, a fellow like me?—

B. I know you're angry, and you've a  
right to be angry;

And if you beat me for it I'd not complain;  
But if ever I strip you again from this  
time forward,

I wish I may be utterly confounded,

With my wife, my children, and my family,  
And the blear-eyed Archidemus into the  
bargain.

\* \* \* \* \*

## CHORUS.

Muse, attend our solemn summons  
And survey the assembled commons,  
Congregated as they sit,  
An enormous mass of wit,  
—Full of genius, taste and fire,  
Jealous pride, and critic ire—  
Cleophon among the rest  
(Like the swallow from her nest,  
A familiar, foreign bird,) Chatters loud and will be heard,  
(With the accent and the grace  
Which he brought with him from Thrace):  
But we fear the tuneful strain  
Will be turn'd to grief and pain;  
He must sing a dirge perforce  
When his trial takes its course;  
We shall hear him moan and wail,  
Like the plaintive nightingale.

## EPIRREMA.

It behooves the sacred Chorus, and of right  
to them belongs,  
To suggest the best advice in their ad-  
dresses and their songs;  
In performance of our office, we present  
with all humility  
A proposal for removing groundless fears  
and disability,  
First, that all that were inveigled into Phry-  
nicus's treason,  
Should be suffer'd and received by rules of  
evidence and reason  
To clear their conduct—Secondly, that none  
of our Athenian race  
Should live suspected and subjected to loss  
of franchise and disgrace,  
Feeling it a grievous scandal when a single  
naval fight  
Renders foreigners and slaves partakers of  
the city's right:  
—Not that we condemn the measure; we  
conceived it wisely done,  
As a just and timely measure, and the first  
and only one:  
—But your kinsmen and your comrades,  
those with whom you fought and bore  
Danger, hardship and fatigue, or with their  
fathers long before,  
Struggling on the land and ocean, labouring  
with the spear and oar  
—These we think, as they profess repent-  
ance for their past behavior,

Might, by your exalted wisdoms, be received  
to grace and favor.

Better it would be, believe us, casting off  
revenge and pride,

To receive as friends and kinsmen all that  
combat on our side

Into full and equal franchise: on the other  
hand, we fear,

If your hearts are fill'd with fancies,  
haughty, captious, and severe;

While the shock of instant danger threatens  
shipwreck to the state,

Such resolve will be lamented and repented  
of too late.

If the Muse foresees at all

What in future will befall

Dirty Cleigenes the small—

He, the sovereign of the bath—

Will not long escape from scath;

But must perish by-and-by,

With his potash and his lye;

With his realm and dynasty,

His terraqueous scouring ball,

And his washes, one and all;

Therefore he can never cease

To declaim against a peace.

## ANTEPIRREMA.

Oftentimes have we reflected on a similar  
abuse,

In the choice of men for office, and of coins  
for common use;

For your old and standard pieces, valued,  
and approved, and tried,

Here among the Grecian nations, and in  
all the world beside;

Recognized in every realm for trusty stamp  
and pure assay,

Are rejected and abandon'd for the trash of  
yesterday;

For a vile, adulterate issue, drossy, counter-  
feit, and base,

Which the traffic of the city passes current  
in their place!

And the men that stood for office, noted for  
acknowledged worth,

And for manly deeds of honor, and for  
honorable birth;

Train'd in exercise and art, in sacred dance  
and song,

All are ousted and supplanted by a base  
ignoble throng;

Paltry stamp and vulgar mettle raise them  
to command and place,

Brazen counterfeit pretenders, scoundrels  
of a scoundrel race;

Whom the state in former ages scarce would  
have allowed to stand



At the sacrifice of outcasts, as the scape-goats of the land.

—Time it is—and long has been, renouncing all your follies past,

To recur to sterling merit and intrinsic worth at last.

—If we rise, we rise with honor; if we fall, it must be so!

—But there was an ancient saying, which we all have heard and know,

That the wise, in dangerous cases, have esteemed it safe and good

To receive a slight chastisement from a wand of noble wood.

*Scene. XANTHIAS and ÆACUS.*

*[When two persons, perfectly strangers, are thrown together in a situation which makes it advisable for them to commence an immediate intimacy, they commonly begin by discovering a marvellous coincidence of taste and judgment upon all current topics. This observation, which is not wholly superfluous here, appears to have been so far trite and hackneyed in the time of Aristophanes, as to allow its being exemplified in a piece of very brief burlesque. Xanthias and Æacus are the strangers; they discover immediately an uniformity of feeling and sentiment upon the topics most familiar to them as slaves, and conclude by a sudden pledge of friendship. It is to be observed, in the dialogue which follows, Æacus never departs from the high ground of superiority in point of local information. All his answers have a slight tinge of irony, as if he was saying—"Yes—much you know about it!"]*

Æ. By Jupiter! but he's a gentleman, That master of yours.

X. A gentleman! To be sure he is; Why, he does nothing else but wench and drink.

Æ. His never striking you when you took his name—

Outfacing him and contradicting him!— X. It might have been worse for him if he had.

Æ. Well, that's well spoken, like a true-bred slave.

It's just the sort of language I delight in.

X. You love excuses?

Æ. Yes; but I prefer Cursing my master quietly in private.

X. Mischief you're fond of?

Æ. Very fond indeed. X. What think ye of muttering as you leave the room

After a beating?

Æ. Why, that's pleasant too.

X. By Jove, is it! But listening at the door

To hear their secrets?

Æ. Oh, there's nothing like it.

X. And then the reporting them in the neighborhood.

Æ. That's beyond everything. That's quite ecstatic.

X. Well, give me your hand. And, there, take mine—and buss me.

And there again—and now for Jupiter's sake!—

(For he's the patron of our cuffs and beatings)

Do tell me what's that noise of people quarrelling

And abusing one another there within?

Æ. Æschylus and Euripides, only!

X. Heh?—?—?

Æ. Why, there's a desperate business has broke out

Among these here dead people;—quite a tumult.

X. As how?

Æ. First, there's a custom we have establish'd

In favor of professors of the arts.

When any one, the first in his own line, Comes down amongst us here, he stands entitled

To privilege and precedence, with a seat At Pluto's royal board.

X. I understand you.

Æ. So he maintains it, till there comes a better

Of the same sort, and then resigns it up.

X. But why should Æschylus be disturbed at this?

Æ. He held the seat for tragedy, as the master

In that profession.

X. Well, and who's there now?

Æ. He kept it till Euripides appear'd; But he collected audiences about him,

And flourish'd, and exhibited, and harangued—

Before the thieves, and housebreakers, and rogues,

Cut-purses, cheats, and vagabonds, and villains,

That make the mass of population here;

*[Pointing to the audience.]*

And they—being quite transported and delighted

With his equivocations and evasions, His subtleties and niceties and quibbles—

In short—they raised an uproar, and declared him

Archpoet, by a general acclamation.

And he with this grew proud and confident,  
And laid a claim to the seat where  
Æschylus sat.

X. And did he not get pelted for his pains?

Æ. (*With the dry concise importance of superior local information*).

Why, no. The mob call'd out, and it was carried,

To have a public trial of skill between them.

X. You mean the mob of scoundrels that you mention'd?

Æ. Scoundrels indeed! Ay, scoundrels without number.

X. But Æschylus must have had good friends and hearty?

Æ. Yes; but good men are scarce both here and elsewhere.

X. Well, what has Pluto settled to be done?

Æ. To have an examination and a trial In public.

X. But how comes it? Sophocles? Why does not he put forth his claim amongst them?

Æ. No, No! He's not the kind of man—not he!

I tell ye; the first moment that he came, He went up to Æschylus and saluted him And kiss'd his cheek and took his hand quite kindly;

And Æschylus edged a little from his seat To give him room, so now the story goes, (At least I had it from Cleidemides;)

He means to attend there as a stander-by—Proposing to take up the conqueror; If Æschylus gets the better, well and good, He gives up his pretensions—but if not He'll stand a trial, he says, against Euripides.

X. There'll be strange doings.

Æ. That there will—and shortly Here—in this place—strange things, I promise you;

A kind of thing that no man could have thought of;

Why, you'll see the poetry weigh'd out and measur'd.

X. What, will they bring their tragedies to the steel-yards?

Æ. Yes, will they—with their rules and compasses

They'll measure, and examine, and compare,

And bring their plummets, and their lines and levels,

To take the bearings—for Euripides

Says that he'll make a survey, word by word.

X. Æschylus takes the thing to heart, I doubt.

Æ. He bent his brows and pored upon the ground;

I saw him.

X. Well, but who decides the business?

Æ. Why, there the difficulty lies—for judges,

True learned judges, are grown scarce, and Æschylus

Objected to the Athenians absolutely.

X. Considering them as rogues and villains mostly.

Æ. As being ignorant and empty generally;

And in their judgment of the stage particularly,

In fine, they've fix'd upon that master of yours,

As having had some practice in the business.

But we must wait within—for when our masters

Are warm and eager, stripes and blows ensue.

## CHORUS.

The full-mouth'd master of the tragic quire,  
We shall behold him foam with rage and ire;

Confronting in the list

His eager, shrewd, sharp-tooth'd antagonist.  
Then will his visual orbs be wildly whirl'd

And huge invectives will be hurl'd.

Superb and supercilious,

Atrocious, atrabilious,

With furious gesture and with lips of foam,

And lion crest unconscious of the comb;

Erect with rage—his brow's impending gloom,

O'ershadowing his dark eyes' terrific blaze.

The opponent, dexterous and wary,

Will fend and parry;

While masses of conglomerated phrase,

Enormous, ponderous and pedantic

With indignation frantic,

And strength and force gigantic,

Are desperately sped

At his devoted head.

Then in different style

The touchstone and the file,

And subtleties of art

In turn will play their part;

Analysis and rule,

And every modern tool;

With critic scratch and scribble,

And nice invidious nibble;

Contending for the important choice,  
A vast expenditure of human voice.

*Scene.* EURIPIDES, BACCHUS, ÆSCHYLUS.

*Eu.* Don't give me your advice, I claim  
the seat

As being a better and superior artist.

*B.* What, Æschylus, don't you speak?  
You hear his language.

*Eu.* He's mustering up a grand com-  
manding visage

—A silent attitude—the common trick  
That he begins with in his tragedies.

*B.* Come, have a care, my friend. You'll  
say too much.

*Eu.* I know the man of old—I've scruti-  
nized

And shown him long ago for what he is,  
A rude unbridled tongue, a haughty spirit;  
Proud, arrogant and insolently pompous;  
Rough, clownish, boisterous and over-  
bearing.

*Æs.* Say'st thou me so? Thou bastard of  
the earth,  
With thy patch'd robes and rags of senti-  
ment

Raked from the streets and stitched and  
tacked together!

Thou mumping, whining, beggarly hypo-  
crite!

But you shall pay for it.

*B.* (*In addressing Æschylus attempts to  
speak in more elevated style*).

There now, Æschylus,  
You grow too warm. Restrain your ireful  
mood.

*Æs.* Yes; but I'll seize that sturdy beggar  
first,

And search and strip him bare of his  
pretensions.

*B.* Quick! Quick! A sacrifice to the  
winds. Make ready;

The storm of rage is gathering. Bring a  
victim.

*Æs.* A wretch that has corrupted every  
thing;

Our music with his melodies from Crete;  
Our morals with incestuous tragedies.

*B.* Dear, worthy Æschylus, contain your-  
self,

And as for you, Euripides, move off  
This instant, if you're wise; I give you  
warning.

Or else, with one of his big thumping  
phrases,

You'll get your brains dash't out, and all  
your notions

And sentiments and matter mash't to  
pieces.

And thee, most noble Æschylus, (*as above*)  
I beseech

With mild demeanor calm and affable  
To hear and answer. For it ill be seems  
Illustrious bards to scold like market-  
women.

But you roar out and bellow like a fur-  
nace.

*Eu.* (*The tone of a town blackguard work-  
ing himself up for a quarrel*).

I'm up to it. I'm resolved, and here I  
stand

Ready and steady—take what course you  
will;

Let him be first to speak, or else let me.  
I'll match my plots and characters against  
him;

My sentiments and language, and what  
not:

Ay! and my music too, my Meleager,

My Æolus and my Telephus and all.

*B.* Well, Æschylus,—determine. What  
say you?

*Æs.* (*Speaks in a tone of grave manly  
despondency*).

I wish the place of trial had been else-  
where,

I stand at disadvantage here.

*B.* As how?

*Æs.* Because my poems live on earth  
above,

And his died with him, and descended  
here,

And are at hand as ready witnesses;

But you decide the matter, I submit.

*B.* (*With official pertness and importance*).  
Come—let them bring me fire and frank-  
incense,

That I may offer vows and make oblations  
For an ingenious critical conclusion

To this same elegant and clever trial—

(*To the Chorus*).

And you too,—sing me a hymn there.—  
To the muses.

#### CHORUS.

To the Heavenly Nine we petition,

Ye, that on earth or in air are forever kindly  
protecting

the vagaries of learned ambition,

And at your ease from above our sense and  
folly directing,

(or poetical contests inspecting,

Deign to behold for a while as a scene of  
amusing attention

all the struggles of style and invention)

Aid, and assist, and attend, and afford to  
the furious authors  
your refined and enlighten'd suggestions;  
Grant them ability—force and agility, quick  
recollections,  
and address in their answers and ques-  
tions,  
Pithy replies, with a word to the wise, and  
pulling and hauling,  
with inordinate uproar and howling,  
Driving and drawing, like carpenters saw-  
ing, their dramas asunder:  
With suspended sense and wonder,  
All are waiting and attending  
On the conflict now depending!

B. Come, say your prayers, you two before  
the trial.

[*Æschylus offers incense.*]

Æs. O Ceres, nourisher of my soul, main-  
tain me

A worthy follower of thy mysteries.

B. (*to Euripides*). There, you there, make  
your offering.

Eu. Well, I will;

But I direct myself to other deities.

B. Heh, what? Your own? Some new  
ones?

Eu. Most assuredly!

B. Well! Pray away then—to your own  
new deities.

[*Euripides offers incense.*]

Eu. Thou foodful Air, the nurse of all my  
notions;

And ye, the organic powers of sense and  
speech,

And keen refined olfactory discernment,  
Assist my present search for faults and  
errors.

#### CHORUS.

Here beside you, here are we  
Eager all to hear and see  
This abstruse and mighty battle  
Of profound and learned prattle.  
—But, as it appears to me,  
Thus the course of it will be;  
He, the junior and appellant,  
Will advance as the assailant.  
Aiming shrewd satiric darts  
At his rival's noble parts;  
And with sallies sharp and keen  
Try to wound him in the spleen,  
While the veteran rends and raises  
Rifted, rough, uprooted phrases,  
Wielded like a threshing staff  
Scattering the dust and chaff.

B. Come, now begin, dispute away, but  
first I give you notice

That every phrase in your discourse must  
be refined, avoiding

Vulgar absurd comparisons, and awkward  
silly joking.

Eu. At the first outset, I forbear to state  
my own pretensions;

Hereafter I shall mention them, when his  
have been refuted;

After I shall have fairly shown, how he  
befool'd and cheated

The rustic audience that he found, which  
Phrynicus bequeath'd him.

He planted first upon the stage a figure  
veil'd and muffled,

An Achilles or a Niobe, that never showed  
their faces;

But kept a tragic attitude, without a word  
to utter.

B. No more they did; 'tis very true—

Eu. In the meanwhile the Chorus,  
Strung on ten strophes right-an-end, but  
they remained in silence.

B. I liked that silence well enough, as  
well, perhaps, or better

Than those new talking characters—

Eu. That's from your want of judgment,  
Believe me.

B. Why, perhaps it is; but what was his  
intention?

Eu. Why, mere conceit and insolence; to  
keep the people waiting,

Till Niobe should deign to speak, to drive  
his drama forward.

B. O what a rascal. Now I see the tricks  
he used to play me.

(*To Æschylus, who is showing signs of indigna-  
tion by various contortions.*)

What makes you writhe and wince about?

Eu. Because he feels my censures.

—Then having dragg'd and drawl'd along,  
half way to the conclusion,

He foisted in a dozen words of noisy  
boisterous accent,

With lofty plumes and shaggy brows,  
mere bugbears of the language,

That no man ever heard before.

Æs. Alas! alas!

B. (*to Æschylus*). Have done there!

Eu. He never used a simple word.

B. (*to Æschylus*). Don't grind your teeth  
so strangely.

Eu. But "Bulwarks and Scamanders"  
and "Hippogriffs and Gorgons."

"On burnished shields emboss'd in brass;"  
bloody remorseless phrases

Which nobody could understand.

*B.* Well, I confess, for my part, I used to keep awake at night, with guesses and conjectures

To think what kind of foreign bird he meant by griffin-horses.

*Æs.* A figure on the heads of ships; you goose, you must have seen them.

*B.* Well, from the likeness, I declare, I took it for Eruxis.

*Eu.* So! figures from the heads of ships are fit for tragic diction.

*Æs.* Well then—thou paltry wretch, explain, what were your own devices?

*Eu.* Not stories about flying stags, like yours, and griffin-horses;

Nor terms nor images derived from tap'stry Persian hangings,

When I receiv'd the muse from you I found her puff'd and pamper'd,

With pompous sentences and terms, a cumbrous huge virago.

My first attention was applied to make her look genteelly;

And bring her to a slighter shape by dint of lighter diet:

I fed her with plain household phrase, and cool familiar salad,

With water-gruel episode, with sentimental jelly,

With moral mincemeat; till at length I brought her into compass;

Cephisophon, who was my cook, contrived to make them relish.

I kept my plots distinct and clear, and to prevent confusion,

My leading characters rehears'd their pedigrees for prologues.

*Æs.* 'Twas well, at least, that you forbore to quote your own extraction.

*Eu.* From the first opening of the scene, all persons were in action;

The master spoke, the slave replied, the women, young and old ones

All had their equal share of talk—

*Æs.* Come, then, stand forth and tell us,

What forfeit less than death is due for such an innovation?

*Eu.* I did it upon principle from democratic motives.

*B.* Take care, my friend—upon that ground your footing is but ticklish.

*Eu.* I taught these youths to speechify.

*Æs.* I say so too.—Moreover

I say that for the public good—you ought to have been hang'd first.

*Eu.* The rules and forms of rhetoric,—the laws of composition;

To prate—to state—and in debate to meet a question fairly:

At a dead lift to turn and shift—to make a nice distinction.

*Æs.* I grant it all—I make it all—my ground of accusation.

*Eu.* The whole in cases and concerns occurring and recurring

At every turn and every day, domestic and familiar,

So that the audience, one and all, from personal experience,

Were competent to judge the piece and form a fair opinion

Whether my scenes and sentiments agreed with truth and nature.

I never took them by surprise to storm their understandings,

With Memnons and Tydides's and idle rattle-trappings,

Of battle-steeds and clattering shields to scare them from their senses;

But for a test (perhaps the best) our pupils and adherents

May be distinguish'd instantly by person and behaviour;

His are Phormisius the rough, Meganetes the gloomy,

Hobgoblin-headed, trumpet-mouth'd, grim-visaged, ugly-bearded;

But mine are Cleitophon the smooth,—Theramenes the gentle.

*B.* Theramenes, a clever hand, a universal genius,

I never found him at a loss in all the turns of party,

To change his watchword at a word or at a moment's warning.

*Eu.* Thus it was that I began,

With a nicer, neater plan;

Teaching men to look about

Both within doors and without;

To direct their own affairs,

And their house and household wares;

Marking every thing amiss—

"Where is that? and—What is this?"

"This is broken—that is gone,—"

'Tis the modern style and tone.

*B.* Yes, by Jove—and at their homes

Now-a-days each master comes

Of a sudden bolting in

With an uproar and a din;

Rating all the servants round

"If it's lost, it must be found.

"Why was all the garlic wasted?

"There, that honey has been tasted:

"And these olives pilfered here.

"Where's the pot we bought last year?

"What's become of all the fish?  
 "Which of you has broke the dish?"  
 Thus it is, but heretofore  
 The moment that they cross'd the door,  
 They sat them down to doze and snore.

## CHORUS.

"Noble Achilles! you see the disaster,  
 The shame and affront, and an enemy  
 nigh!"

Oh! bethink thee, mighty master,  
 Think betimes of your reply;  
 Yet beware, lest anger force  
 Your hasty chariot from the course;  
 Grievous charges have been heard,  
 With many a sharp and bitter word,  
 Notwithstanding, mighty chief,  
 Let Prudence fold her cautious reef  
 In your anger's swelling sail;  
 By degrees you may prevail,  
 But beware of your behavior  
 Till the wind is in your favor:  
 Now for your answer illustrious architect  
 Founder of lofty theatrical lays!  
 Patron in chief of our tragical trumperies!  
 Open the floodgate of figure and phrase!

*Æs.* My spirit is kindled with anger and  
 shame,

To so base a competitor forced to reply,  
 But I needs must retort, or the wretch  
 will report

That he left me refuted and foil'd in de-  
 bate;

Tell me then, What are the principal  
 merits

Entitling a poet to praise and renown?

*Eu.* The improvement of morals, the pro-  
 gress of mind,

When a poet, by skill and invention,  
 Can render his audience virtuous and wise.

*Æs.* But if you, by neglect or intention,  
 Have done the reverse, and from brave  
 honest spirits

Depraved, and have left them degraded  
 and base,

Tell me, what punishment ought you to  
 suffer?

*B.* Death, to be sure!—Take that answer  
 from me.

*Æs.* Observe then, and mark, what our  
 citizens were,

When first from my care they were trusted  
 to you;

Not scoundrel informers, or paltry buf-  
 foons,

Evading the services due to the state;

VOL. III.—W. H.

But with hearts all on fire, for adventure  
 and war,  
 Distinguish'd for hardiness, stature, and  
 strength,  
 Breathing forth nothing but lances and  
 darts,

Arms, and equipment, and battle array,  
 Bucklers, and shields, and habergions and  
 hauberks,  
 Helmets, and plumes, and heroic attire.

*B.* There he goes, hammering on with his  
 helmets,  
 He'll be the death of me one of these  
 days.

*Eu.* But how did you manage to make  
 'em so manly,  
 What was the method, the means that you  
 took?

*B.* Speak, *Æschylus*, speak, and behave  
 yourself better,  
 And don't in your rage stand so silent  
 and stern.

*Æs.* A drama, brimful with heroical spirit.

*Eu.* What did you call it?

*Æs.* The Chiefs against Thebes,  
 That inspired each spectator with martial  
 ambition

Courage, and ardor, and prowess, and  
 pride.

*B.* But you did very wrong to encourage  
 the Thebans,

Indeed you deserve to be punish'd, you  
 do,

For the Thebans are grown to be capital  
 soldiers,

You've done us a mischief by that very  
 thing.

*Æs.* The fault was your own, if you took  
 other courses;

The lesson I taught was directed to you:  
 Then I gave you the glorious theme of  
 the Persians,

Replete with sublime patriotical strains,  
 The record and example of noble achieve-  
 ment,

The delight of the city, the pride of the  
 stage.

*B.* I rejoiced, I confess, when the tidings  
 were carried

To old King Darius, so long dead and  
 buried,

And the chorus in concert, kept wringing  
 their hands,

Weeping and wailing, and crying, Alas!

*Æs.* Such is the duty, the task of a poet,  
 Fulfilling in honor, his office and trust,  
 Look to traditional history—look

To antiquity, primitive, early, remote.

See there, what a blessing illustrious poets  
 Conferr'd on mankind, in the centuries  
 past,  
 Orpheus instructed mankind in religion,  
 Reclaim'd them from bloodshed and bar-  
 barous rites:  
 Musæus deliver'd the doctrine of medicine,  
 And warnings prophetic for ages to come:  
 Next came old Hesiod, teaching us  
 husbandry,  
 Ploughing, and sowing, and rural affairs,  
 Rural economy, rural astronomy,  
 Homely morality, labor, and thrift:  
 Homer himself, our adorable Homer,  
 What was his title to praise and renown?  
 What but the worth of the lessons he  
 taught us,  
 Discipline, arms, and equipment of war.

\* \* \* \* \*

*Æs.* Gentle halcyons, ye that lave  
 Your snowy plume,  
 Sporting on the summer wave;  
 Ye too that around the room,  
 On the rafters of the roof  
 Strain aloft your airy woof;  
 Ye spiders, spiders, ever spinning,  
 Never ending, still beginning—  
 Where the dolphin loves to follow,  
 Weltering in the surge's hollow,  
 Dear to Neptune and Apollo;  
 By the seamen understood  
 Ominous of harm or good;  
 In capricious, eager sallies,  
 Chasing, racing round the galleys.  
 Such is your music. I shall now proceed  
 To give a specimen of your monodies—  
 O dreary shades of night!  
 What phantoms of affright  
 Have scared my troubled sense  
 With saucer eyes immense;  
 And huge horrific paws  
 With bloody claws!  
 Ye maidens haste, and bring  
 From the fair spring  
 A bucket of fresh water; whose clear stream  
 May purify me from this dreadful dream:  
 But oh! my dream is out!  
 Ye maidens search about!  
 O mighty powers of mercy, can it be;  
 That Glyke, Glyke, she,  
 (My friend and civil neighbor heretofore)  
 Has robb'd my hen roost of its feather'd  
 store?  
 With the dawn I was beginning  
 Spinning, spinning, spinning, spinning,  
 Unconscious of the meditated crime;  
 Meaning to sell my yarn at market-time.

Now tears alone are left me,  
 My neighbor hath bereft me,  
 Of all—of all—of all—all but a tear!  
 Since he, my faithful trusty chanticleer  
 Is flown—is flown. Is gone—is gone!  
 —But, O ye nymphs of sacred Ida, bring  
 Torches and bows, with arrows on the string;  
 And search around  
 All the suspected ground:  
 And thou, fair huntress of the sky;  
 Deign to attend, descending from on high—  
 —While Hecate, with her tremendous torch,  
 Even from the topmost garret to the porch  
 Explores the premises with search exact,  
 To find the thief and ascertain the fact—  
*B.* Come, no more songs!

*Æs.* I've had enough of 'em.  
 For my part, I shall bring him to the  
 balance,  
 As a true test of our poetic merit,  
 To prove the weight of our respective  
 verses.

*B.* Well, then, so be it—if it must be so,  
 That I'm to stand here like a cheese-  
 monger  
 Retailing poetry with a pair of scales.

[A huge pair of scales are here discovered on  
 the stage.]

#### CHORUS.

Curious eager wits pursue  
 Strange devices quaint and new,  
 Like the scene you witness here,  
 Unaccountable and queer;  
 I myself, if merely told it,  
 If I did not here behold it,  
 Should have deem'd it utter folly,  
 Craziness and nonsense wholly.

*B.* Move up; stand close to the balance!

*Eu.* Here are we—

*B.* Take hold now, and each of you re-  
 peat a verse

And don't leave go before I call to you!  
*Eu.* We're ready.

*B.* Now, then, each repeat a verse.

*Eu.* "I wish that Argo with her woven  
 wings."

*Æs.* "O streams of Sperchius, and ye  
 pastured plains."

*B.* Let go!—See now—this scale out-  
 weighs that other  
 Very considerably—

*Eu.* How did it happen?

*B.* He slipp'd a river in, like the wooljob-  
 bers,

To moisten his metre—but your line was  
 light,

A thing with wings—ready to fly away.

*Eu.* Let him try once again then, and take hold.

*B.* Take hold once more.

*Eu.* We're ready.

*B.* Now repeat.

*Eu.* "Speech is the temple and altar of persuasion."

*Æs.* "Death is a god that loves no sacrifice."

*B.* Let go!—See there again! This scale sinks down;

No wonder that it should, with Death put into it,

The heaviest of all calamities.

*Eu.* But I put in persuasion, finely express'd

In the best terms.

*B.* Perhaps so; but persuasion is soft and light and silly—Think of something

That's heavy and huge to outweigh him, something solid.

*Eu.* Let's see—Where have I got it? Something solid?

*B.* "Achilles has thrown twice—Twice a deuce ace!"

Come, now, one trial more; this is the last.

*Eu.* "He grasp'd a mighty mace of massy weight."

*Æs.* "Cars upon cars, and corpses heap'd pell mell."

*B.* He has nick'd you again—

*Eu.* Why so? What has he done?

*B.* He has heap'd ye up cars and corpses, such a load

As twenty Egyptian laborers could not carry—

*Æs.* Come, no more single lines—let him bring all,

His wife, his children, his Cephisophon, His books, and everything, himself to boot—

I'll counterpoise them with a couple of lines.

*B.* Well, they're both friends of mine—I sha'n't decide

To get myself ill-will from either party; One of them seems extraordinary clever,

And the other suits my taste particularly.

*Pluto.* Won't you decide then, and conclude the business?

*B.* Suppose then I decide; what then?

*P.* Then take him

Away with you, whichever you prefer, As a present for your pains in coming

down here.

*B.* Heaven bless ye—Well—let's see now?—Can't ye advise me?

This is the case—I'm come in search of a poet—

*P.* With what design?

*B.* With this design; to see

The city again restored to peace and

wealth,

Exhibiting tragedies in a proper style.

—Therefore whichever gives the best advice

On public matters, I shall take him with me.

—First then of Alcibiades, what think ye? The city is in hard labor with the question.

*Eu.* What are her sentiments towards him?

*B.* What?

"She loves and she detests and longs to have him."

But tell me, both of you, your own opinions.

*Eu.* (*Euripides and Æschylus speak each in his own tragical style.*) I hate the man

that in his country's service

Is slow, but ready and quick to work her harm;

Unserviceable, except to serve himself.

*B.* Well said, by Jove!—Now you—Give us a sentence.

*Æs.* 'Tis rash and idle policy to foster A lion's whelp within the city walls,

But when he's rear'd and grown you must indulge him.

*B.* By Jove, then, I'm quite puzzled; one of them

Has answer'd clearly, and the other sensibly:

But give us both of ye one more opinion;

—What means are left of safety for the state?

*Eu.* To tack Cinesias, like a pair of wings, To Cleocritus's shoulders, and dispatch them

From a precipice to sail across the seas.

*B.* It seems a joke; but there's some sense in it.

*Eu.* . . . Then being both equipt with little cruets,

They might co-operate in a naval action, By sprinkling vinegar in the enemies'

eyes.

—But I can tell you and will.

*B.* Speak and explain then.

*Eu.* If we mistrust where present trust is plac'd,

Trusting in what was heretofore mistrusted—

*B.* How! What? I'm at a loss—Speak it again,



Not quite so learnedly—more plainly and simply.

*Eu.* If we withdraw the confidence we plac'd

In these our present statesmen, and transfer it

To those whom we mistrusted heretofore, This seems, I think, our fairest chance of safety:

If with our present counsellors we fail, Then with their opposites we might succeed.

*B.* That's capitally said, my Palamedes! My politician! Was it all your own? Your own invention?

*Eu.* All except the cruets; That was a notion of Cephisophon's.

*B. (to Æschylus)* Now you—what say you?

*Æs.* Inform me about the city—What kind of persons has she plac'd in office?

Does she promote the worthiest?

*B.* No, not she, She can't abide 'em.

*Æs.* Rogues, then, she prefers? *B.* Not altogether, she makes use of 'em, Perforce, as it were.

*Æs.* Then who can hope to save A state so wayward and perverse that finds No sort of habit fitted for her wear?

*B.* Drugget or superfine, nothing will suit her!

*B.* Do think a little how she can be sav'd.

*Æs.* Not here; when I return there, I shall speak.

*B.* No, do pray send some good advice before you.

*Æs.* When they regard their lands as enemy's ground,

Their enemy's possessions as their own, Their seamen and the fleet their only safe-guard,

Their sole resource hardship and poverty, And resolute endurance in distress—

*B.* That's well—but juries eat up ev'ry thing,

And we shall lose our supper if we stay. *P.* Decide then—

*B.* You'll decide for your own selves, I'll make a choice according to my fancy.

*Eu.* Remember, then, your oath to your poor friend;

And, as you swore and promis'd, rescue me.

*B.* "It was my tongue that swore"—I fix on Æschylus.

*Eu.* O wretch! what have you done?

*B.* Me? done? what should I?

Voted for Æschylus to be sure—Why not?

*Eu.* And after such a villainous act, you dare

To view me face to face—Art not ashamed?

*B.* Why shame, in point of fact, is nothing real:

Shame is the apprehension of a vision Reflected from the surface of opinion—

—The opinion of the public—They must judge.

*Eu.* O cruel!—Will you abandon me to death?

*B.* Why perhaps death is life, and life is death,

And victuals and drink an illusion of the senses:

For what is Death but an eternal sleep? And does not Life consist in sleeping and eating?

*P.* Now, Bacchus, you'll come here with us within.

*B. (a little startled and alarmed.)* What for?

*P.* To be receiv'd and entertain'd With a feast before you go.

*B.* That's well imagin'd, With all my heart—I've not the least objection.

#### CHORUS.

Happy is the man possessing

The superior holy blessing

Of a judgment and a taste

Accurate, refin'd and chaste;

As it plainly doth appear

In the scene presented here;

Where the noble worthy Bard

Meets with a deserv'd reward,

Suffer'd to depart in peace

Freely with a full release,

To revisit once again

His kindred and his countrymen—

Hence moreover

You discover;

That to sit with Socrates

In a dream of learned ease;

Quibbling, counter-quibbling, prating,

Argufying and debating

With the metaphysic sect,

Daily sinking in neglect,

Growing careless, incorrect,

While the practice and the rules

Of the true poetic Schools

Are renounc'd or slighted wholly,

Is a madness and a folly.

#### PLUTO.

Go forth with good wishes and hearty good-will,

And salute the good people on Pallas's hill;

Let them hear and admire father Æchylus still  
 In his office of old which again he must fill.  
 —You must guide and direct them,  
 Instruct and correct them,  
 With a lesson in verse,  
 For you'll find them much worse;  
 Greater fools than before, and their folly  
 much more,  
 And more numerous far than the blockheads  
 of yore—  
 —And give Cleophon this,  
 And bid him not miss,  
 But be sure to attend  
 To the summons I send;  
 To Nichomachus too  
 And the rest of the crew  
 That devise and invent  
 New taxes and tribute  
 Are summons's sent  
 Which you'll mind to distribute.  
 Bid them come to their graves,  
 Or, like runaway slaves,  
 If they linger and fail,  
 We shall drag them to jail;  
 Down here in the dark  
 With a brand and a mark.  
 Æs. I shall do as you say;  
 But the while I'm away,  
 Let the seat that I held,  
 Be by Sophocles fill'd,  
 As deservedly reckon'd  
 My pupil and second  
 In learning and merit  
 And tragical spirit—  
 —And take special care;  
 Keep that reprobate there  
 Far aloof from the Chair;  
 Let him never sit in it  
 An hour or a minute,  
 By chance or design  
 To profane what was mine.  
 P. Bring forward the torches—The Chorus  
 shall wait  
 And attend on the poet in triumph and  
 state  
 With a thundering chant of majestic tone  
 To wish him farewell, with a tune of his  
 own.

ARISTOPHANES.

## STORY OF A NEW HAT.

A business man had purchased a new stiff hat, and he went into a saloon with half a dozen friends to fit the hat on his

head. They all took beer and passed the hat around so all could see it. One of the meanest men that ever held a county office went to the bartender and had a thin slice of Limburger cheese cut off, and when the party were looking at the frescoed ceiling through their beer glasses, the wicked person slipped the cheese under the sweat-leather of the hat, and the man put it on and walked out. The man who owned the hat is one of your nervous people who is always complaining of being sick, and who feels as though some dreadful disease was going to take possession of him and carry him off. He went back to his place of business, took off his hat and laid it on the table, and proceeded to answer some letters. He thought he detected a smell, and when his partner asked him if he didn't feel sick, he believed he did. He then turned pale, and said he guessed he would go home. He met a man on the sidewalk who said the air was full of miasma, and in the street car a man who sat next to him moved away to the end of the car, and asked him if he had just come from Chicago. The man with the hat said he had not, when the strangers said they were having a great deal of small-pox there and he guessed he would get out and walk, and he pulled the bell and jumped off. The cold perspiration broke out on the forehead of the man with the new hat, and he took it off to wipe his forehead, when the whole piece of cheese seemed to roll over and breathe, and the man got the full benefit of it, and he came near fainting away. He got home, and his wife met and asked him what was the matter. He said he believed mortification had set in, and she took one whiff as he took off his hat, and said that she should think it had. "Where did you get into it?" said she. "Get into it?" said the man. "I have not got into anything, but some deadly disease has got hold of me and I shall not live." She got his clothes off, soaked his feet in mustard water, and he slept. The hat was lying on the centre-table, and the children would come in and get a smell of it and look at each other with reproachful glances, and go out and play. The man slept and dreamed that a small-pox flag was hung in front of his house, and that he was riding in a butcher's wagon to the pest-house. The woman sent for a doctor, and when the man of

pills arrived she told him all about the case. The doctor picked up the patient's new hat, tried it on, and got a sniff. He said the hat was picked before it was ripe. The doctor and the wife held a *post mortem* examination of the hat and found the slice of Limburger. "Few and short were the prayers they said." They woke the patient, and to prepare his mind for the revelation that was about to be made, the doctor asked him if his worldly affairs were arranged in a satisfactory condition. He gasped and said they were. The doctor asked him if he had made his will. He said that he had not, but he wanted a lawyer sent for at once. The doctor then asked him if he felt as though he was prepared to shuffle off. The man said he had always tried to lead a different life, and tried to be done by the same as he would do it himself, but that he might have made a mistake some way, and that he would like to have a minister sent for to take an account of the stock.

The doctor brought to the bedside the hat, opened up the sweat-leather, and showed the dying man what it was that smelled so, and told him he was as well as any man in the city. The man pinched himself to see if he was alive, and jumped out of bed and called for his revolver, and the doctor couldn't keep up with him on the way down town. The last we saw of the odoriferous citizen he was trying to bribe the bartender to tell him which one of those pelicans it was that put that slice of cheese in his hat lining.

#### THE LAWYER AND THE OYSTER.

Two comrades, as grave authors say,  
(But in what chapter, page, or line,  
Ye critics, if ye please, define)  
Had found an oyster in their way.

Contest and foul debate arose,  
Both viewed at once with greedy eyes,  
Both challeng'd the delicious prize,  
And high words soon improved to blows.

Actions on actions hence succeed,  
Each hero's obstinately stout,  
Green bags and parchment fly about,  
Pleadings are drawn, and Counsel feed.

The lawyer of the place, good man!  
Whose kind and charitable heart,  
In human ills still bore a part,  
Thrice shook his head, and thus began:—

"Neighbours and friends, refer to me  
This doughty matter in dispute,  
I'll soon decide the important suit,  
And finish all without a fee.

"Give me the oyster then—'tis well—"  
He opens it, and at one sup  
Gulps the contested trifle up,  
And, smiling, gives to each a shell.

"Henceforth let foolish discord cease,  
Your oyster's good as e'er was eat;  
I thank you for my dainty treat;  
And bless you both! go live in peace!"

Ye men of England and of Wales,  
From this learn common sense;  
Nor thrust your neighbours into jails  
For every slight offence.

Banish those vermin of debate  
That on your substance feed;  
The knaves who now are served in plate,  
Would starve—if fools agreed.

#### IMPROMPTU BY GEORGE COLMAN.

[About a year before Colman's death, a young lady asked him for a verse in her album; he shook his head, but good-naturedly promised to try, and at once extemporized the following—his last poetical jest:]

My muse and I ere youth and spirit fled,  
Sat up together many a night no doubt,  
But now I've sent the poor old lass to bed  
Simply because *my fire is going out*.

FREDERICK THE GREAT was very fond of disputation; but as he generally terminated the discussion by collaring his antagonist and kicking his shins, few of his guests were disposed to enter into the arena against him. One day, when he was even more than usually disposed for an argument, he asked one of his suite why he did not venture to give his opinion on some particular question? "It is impossible, your Majesty," was the reply, "to express an opinion before a Sovereign who has such strong convictions, and who wears such very thick boots."

## GIL BLAS AND THE ARCHBISHOP.

[ALAIN RENÉ LE SAGE, the famous romancist and dramatist, was born at Sarzeau, France, May 8th, 1688. He studied law and philosophy in Paris, but soon abandoned a professional career in order to devote himself to literature. His first pronounced literary success was the comedy, "*Crispin Rival of his Master*", (1707), and the fame thus acquired was increased by "*Asmodée*." His play "*Turcaret*," which exposed the iniquities of the revenue agents, achieved a brilliant success; and it is said that he was offered one hundred thousand francs by members of the class whose misdeeds it exposed, on condition of his suppressing it. He, however, refused the bribe. *Gil Blas*, his next celebrated work, which was published in 1715, owes its rare success to the admirable and natural pictures of human life in all conditions and phases of which it is made up. It has been translated into all the languages of Europe. Le Sage was welcomed to the best social circles, and bore the reputation of a high-minded, honorable man.]

Our selection is a noted passage from *Gil Blas*. The hero, having been suddenly thrown out of employment, journeys to Grenada, where he meets a friend whose aid he solicits in obtaining another situation. The friend heartily pledges his good offices; and how quickly he redeemed this pledge, let *Gil Blas* himself relate.]

AND indeed, at our very next meeting, he said, "The Archbishop of Grenada, my kinsman and friend, wants a young man of letters, possessed of a good hand, to make fair copies of his writings; for he is a great author, has composed a vast number of homilies, and studies more every day, which he pronounces with applause. As I believe you are such an one as he wants, I proposed you to him, and he has promised to take you into his service. Go and present yourself to him in my name; and you may judge by the reception which you shall receive, whether or not I have spoke in your behalf."

This was just such a place as I desired: wherefore having dressed to the best advantage, in order to appear before that prelate, I repaired one morning to the archbishop's palace. Here, was I to imitate the authors of romance, I should give a pompous description of this episcopal palace of Grenada: I would enlarge upon the structure of the building, extol the richness of the furniture, describe the statues and pictures, and not spare the readers the least tittle of the stories they represented: but I shall content myself with observing, that it equalled the royal palace in magnificence.

I found in the apartments a crowd of ecclesiastics, and gentlemen of the sword, the greatest part whereof were the officers of his grace: his almoners, his gentlemen, his ushers, and valets de chambre. The laity were, almost all, so superbly dressed, that one would have taken them for noblemen rather than domesticks, by their haughty looks, and affectation of being men of consequence. While I beheld them, I could not help laughing, and ridiculing them within myself. "Egad, (said I,) these people are very happy in bearing the yoke of servitude without feeling it; for, in short, if they felt it, I imagine that their behaviour would be less assuming." Addressing myself to a grave jolly personage, that stood at the door of the archbishop's closet, in order to open and shut it when there was occasion: I asked civilly if I could not speak with his grace. "Wait (said he drily) till his grace comes out to go to mass, and he will give you a moment's audience in passing." I armed myself with patience, and endeavoured to enter into conversation with some of the officers: but they began to examine me from head to foot, without deigning to speak one syllable; and then looked at one another, smiling with disdain, at the liberty which I had taken, to mingle in their discourse. I was, I own, quite disconcerted at seeing myself treated in this manner by valets, and had scarce recollected myself from the confusion in which I was, when the closet door opened, and the archbishop appeared.

Immediately a profound silence prevailed among the officers, who, all of a sudden, laid aside their insolent carriage, and assumed a respectful look in presence of their master. This prelate was in his sixty and ninth year, pretty much of the make of my uncle the Canon Gil Perez; that is, plump and short: he was very much bandy-legged into the bargain, and so bald, that he had only a small tuft of hair remaining on the back part of his head; for which reason, he was obliged to cover his head in a fine woollen cap with long ears. In spite of all that, I observed in him the air of a man of quality; doubtless, because I knew him to be one. We common people look upon all your great noblemen with a prepossession that often gives them an air of greatness which nature has refused.

The archbishop immediately advancing towards me, asked what I wanted, with a voice full of sweetness: and I told him, that I was the young man of whom Don Fernand de Leyva had spoke to him. He gave me no time to proceed, but cried, "O! you are the person then of whom he spoke so handsomely. I retain you in my service: you are a valuable acquisition. You may stay where you are." So saying, he went out, supported by two ushers, after having heard some clergymen, who had something to communicate. Scarce was he out of the room, when the same officers who disdained my conversation, now courted it. They surrounded me, and with the utmost complaisance expressed their joy, at seeing me become a commensal officer of the palace. Having heard what their master said to me, they had a longing desire to know on what footing I was retained: but I was so malicious as to baulk their curiosity, in revenge for their contempt.

His grace returning in a little time, made me follow him into his closet, that he might talk with me in private. I concluded, that his design in so doing, was to try my understanding; and, accordingly, kept myself on my guard, and was resolved to weigh every word before I should speak it. He first of all examined me, on what is called humanity; and I did not answer amiss: he had occasion to see, that I was pretty well acquainted with the Greek and Latin authors. He then put me upon logick; where I expected him, and found me quite master of that subject. "Your education (said he to me, with some surprise) has not been neglected: let us now see your hand-writing." I thereupon took out of my pocket a sheet, which I had brought for the purpose: and the prelate seemed very well pleased with my performance. "I am satisfied with your hand, (cried he), and still more with your understanding. I shall thank my nephew Don Fernand for having given me such an able young man, whom I look upon as a real present."

Being interrupted by the arrival of some noblemen of Grenada, who came to dine with the archbishop, I left them together, and withdrew among the officers, who were quite profuse in their complaisance to me. I went to dinner with them at the usual time; and if they observed me at table, I did not fail to ex-

amine them also. What sagacity there is in the exteriors of churchmen! To me they appeared all saints; so much was my mind over-awed by the place where I was: and I did not so much as suspect, that there could be any false money in the case; as if no such thing was even seen among the princes of the church.

Being seated by an old valet de chambre, whose name was Melchior de la Ronda, he took great care to help me to the choice bits; and this attention which he expressed for me, inspiring me with a respect for him, he was charmed with my polite behaviour. "Signior cavalier (said he softly to me, after dinner,) I want to have some private conversation with you." At the same time, he carried me to a part of the palace, where nobody could overhear us; and there talked to me in this manner: "Son, from the very first moment in which I saw you, I felt an inclination for you: of this I will give you a certain proof, by imparting something which may be of great advantage to you. You are here in a family, where true and false devotees live pell-mell; so that it will be an infinite time before you can of yourself, be acquainted with the ground. But I will spare you such a tedious and disagreeable study, by discovering the characters of both; after which, you may the more easily conduct yourself.

I will begin (added he) with his grace, who is a very pious prelate, incessantly employed, in edifying and reforming the people, by sermons of his own composition full of excellent morals. He quitted the court about twenty years ago, in order to devote himself entirely to his zeal for his flock. He is a learned man and a great orator, whose sole pleasure consists in preaching, and his hearers are ravished with admiration. Perhaps there is a little vanity in the case: but besides that it does not belong to man to penetrate the heart, it would be ungrateful in me to inquire into the faults of a person whose bread I eat. If I was permitted to disapprove of any thing in my master I would blame his severity. Instead of making an allowance for ecclesiastical foibles, he punishes them with too much rigour: in particular, he prosecutes, without mercy, those who, relying on their innocence, attempt to justify themselves in a legal manner, in contempt of his authority. I observe another fault which

is common to him with a great many people of quality: although he loves his domesticks, he makes no consideration for their services, but lets them grow old, without ever thinking of procuring for them some small settlement. If he gives them gratifications sometimes, they owe them solely to the goodness of somebody who has spoken in their behalf: for it would never come into his head to provide for them otherwise."

This is what the old valet de chambre told me of his master; and he afterwards communicated his thoughts of the clergymen with whom he had dined; pictures which but ill agreed with their external deportment. Indeed he did not represent them as dishonest men, but only as bad priests; excepting some, however, whose virtue he very much extolled. I was no longer at a loss how to regulate my features among those gentlemen: that very evening at supper, I, like them, assumed a stage aspect; a task that costs nothing: so that we must not wonder that there are so many hypocrites in the world.

I had been in the afternoon, to fetch my baggage and horse from the inn where I had lodged; after which I returned to supper at the palace, where I found a very handsome chamber, and a down-bed, prepared for me. His grace ordered me to be called early next morning; and gave me a homily to transcribe, injoining me to copy it with all possible exactness. This I performed minutely, without having forgot either accent, point, or comma; so that the joy he expressed was mingled with surprise. "Good heaven! (cried he in a transport, when he had surveyed all the sheets of my copy,) was ever anything seen so correct? You transcribe so well that you must certainly understand grammar. Tell me ingenuously, my friend, have you found nothing that shocked you in writing it over? Some neglect, perhaps, in the style, or improper term?" "O, Sir, (answered I, with an air of modesty,) I am not learned enough to make critical observations; and if I was, I am persuaded that the works of your grace would escape my censure." The prelate smiled at my reply; and, though he said nothing, discovered through all his piety, that he was a downright author.

By this kind of flattery, I entirely gained his good graces, became more and more dear to him every day; and at

length understood from Don Fernand, who visited him very often, that I was so much beloved, I might look upon my fortune as already made. This my master himself confirmed to me, a little time after, on the following occasion. One evening he repeated in his closet, when I was present, with great enthusiasm, an homily which he intended to pronounce the next day in the cathedral. and, not satisfied with asking my opinion of it in general, obliged me to single out the particular passages which I most admired. I had the good luck to mention those that he himself looked upon to be the best, his own favourite morceaus: by which means I passed, in his judgment, for a man who had a delicate knowledge of the true beauties of a work. "This is, (cried he,) what is called having taste and sentiment: well, friend, I assure thee thou hast not got Boeotian ears." In a word, he was so well satisfied with me, that he pronounced with some vivacity, "Gil Blas, henceforth give thyself no uneasiness about thy fortune: I undertake to make it extremely agreeable; I love thee; and, as a proof of my affection, make thee my confident."

I no sooner heard these words than I fell at his grace's feet, quite penetrated with gratitude; I heartily embraced his bandy legs, and looked upon myself as a man on the highway to wealth and opulence. "Yes, my child, (resumed the archbishop, whose course had been interrupted by my prostration,) thou shalt be the repository of my most secret thoughts. Listen with attention to what I am going to say: my chief pleasure consists in preaching; the Lord gives a blessing to my homilies; they touch the hearts of sinners, make them seriously reflect on their conduct, and have recourse to repentance. I have sometimes the satisfaction to see a miser terrified by the images which I represent to his avarice, open his treasures, and squander them with a prodigal hand. I have also torn, as it were, the Epicurean from his pleasures, filled hermitages with the sons of ambition, and confirmed in her duty the wife who has been shaken by the allurements of a seducing lover. These conversions, which are frequent, ought of themselves to excite my study; nevertheless, I will confess my weakness; I propose to myself another reward, a reward which the deli-

cacy of my virtue reproaches me with in vain! I mean the esteem that the world shows for fine polished writing. The honour of being reckoned a perfect orator has charmed my imagination; my performances are thought equally strong and delicate; but I would, of all things, avoid the fault of good authors who write too long, and retire without forfeiting the least tittle of my reputation. Wherefore, my dear Gil Blas, (continued the prelate,) one thing that I exact of thy zeal is, whenever thou shalt perceive my pen smack of old age, and my genius flag, don't fail to advertise me of it; for I don't trust to my own judgment, which may be seduced by self-love. That observation must proceed from a disinterested understanding, and I make choice of thee, which I know is good; resolved to stand to thy decision."

"Thank heaven, Sir, (said I,) that period is far off: besides, a genius like that of your grace will preserve its vigor much better than any other; or, to speak more justly, will be always the same. I look upon you as another cardinal Ximenes, whose superior genius, instead of being weakened by age, seems to receive new strength from it." "No flattery, friend, (said he, interrupting me,) I know, I am liable to sink all at once: people at my age begin to feel infirmities, and the infirmities of the body often affect the understanding. I repeat it to thee again, Gil Blas, as soon as thou shalt judge mine in the least impaired, be sure to give me notice; and be not afraid of speaking freely and sincerely, for I shall receive thy advice as a mark of thy affection. Besides, thy interest is concerned; if, unhappily for thee, it should come to my ears, that the publick says my discourses have no longer their wonted force, and that it is high time for me to repose myself; I frankly declare that thou shalt lose my friendship, as well as the fortune I have promised. Such will be the result of thy foolish reserve!"

Here my patron left off speaking, in order to hear my reply, which was a promise to behave according to his desire. From that moment he concealed nothing from me; I became his favourite; an event which none of his domestics, except Melchior de la Ronda, could perceive without envy. It was a diverting scene to behold the manner in which the gentlemen and squires then lived with the

confident of his grace: they were not ashamed to be guilty of groveling meannesses, in order to capture my good-will. I could scarce believe they were Spaniards; though I did them good offices, without being the dupe of their selfish complaisance. His grace the archbishop, at my request, exerted himself in their favour: to one he procured a company, and put him in a condition to make a figure in the army. Another he sent to Mexico, to take possession of a considerable post which he had obtained for him; and my friend Melchior, through my means, enjoyed a handsome gratification. This condescension convinced me, that though the prelate did not anticipate people's desires, he rarely refused any favour that was asked.

But what I did for a certain priest deserves, in my opinion, to be told: one day, a licentiate, whose name was Lewis Garcia, a young man of a very good appearance, was presented to me by our steward; who said, "Signior Gil Blas, this honest clergyman is one of my best friends; he was chaplain of a nunnery; and his virtue has not escaped scandal: some people have done him ill offices with his grace, who has suspended him, and is unhappily so much prejudiced against him, that he will listen to no solicitation in his behalf. We have employed, to no purpose, all the persons of rank in Grenada, to beg that he may be re-established; but our master is quite inflexible."

"Gentlemen (said I) you have gone the wrong way to work; it would have been better for Mr. Licentiate if no solicitation had been made; for in their endeavours to serve him, they have done him a manifest injury. I am well acquainted with his grace; intreaties and recommendations serve only to aggravate, in his opinion, the fault of an ecclesiastic. It was but t'other day I heard him say to himself, "The more people a priest, who has been guilty of irregularity, engage to speak to me in his behalf, the more is the scandal augmented, and the more severity do I exercise." "That is unfortunate (replied the steward), and my friend would be very much embarrassed, if he was not blessed with a good hand: happily for him, he writes to admiration; and, by the help of that talent, keeps himself out of difficulties." I was curious to see if this writing, so much extolled, was much better than

my own: and the licentiate, who had a specimen in his pocket, shewed me a page that I admired very much, for it looked like a writing master's copy. While I considered this beautiful performance, a thought coming into my head, I desired Garcias to leave the paper, telling him that I might possibly make some use of it, that would turn out to his advantage; that I could not explain myself at that time, but would next day tell him more of the matter. The licentiate, to whom, in all probability, the steward had made an eulogium of my genius, withdrew as much satisfied as if he had been already reinstated in his office. I was truly desirous that he might be so; and that same day laboured for him in the following manner: being alone with the archbishop, I shewed him the writing of Garcias, with which my patron seemed quite charmed: then laying hold of the opportunity, "Sir (said I to him), since you won't cause your homilies to be printed, I wish they were at least written in this hand." "I am satisfied with thine (answered the prelate), but I own I should not be sorry to have a copy of my work in that hand." "Your Grace, (I replied) has nothing to do but to speak: the man who paints so well is a licentiate of my acquaintance who will be ravished to do that service for you; the more, because by these means he may interest your goodness in extricating him from the melancholy situation in which he has the misfortune to be at present."

The prelate did not fail to ask the name of the licentiate: upon which I said, "He is called Lewis Garcias, and is in despair on account of having incurred your displeasure." "That Garcias (said he, interrupting me) was, if I am not mistaken, chaplain to a convent of nuns, and lies under the censure of the church: I remember some informations that I received against him: his morals are but indifferent." "Sir," said I (interrupting him in my turn,) "I will not undertake to justify him; but I know he has enemies; and pretends, that the authors of those informations which you have seen, were more bent upon doing him ill offices than on telling the truth." "That may be (replied the archbishop); there are abundance of very dangerous dispositions in this world. Besides, granted that his conduct has not been always irreproachable, he may have repented of his misbe-

haviour; and in short, there is mercy for every transgression. Bring the licentiate hither; I take off his suspension."

Thus it is, that the most severe men abate of their severity, when more dear self-interest is concerned. The archbishop granted, without difficulty, to the vain pleasure of having his works well writ, that which he had refused to the most powerful solicitations. I carried the news immediately to the steward, who imparted them to his friend Garcias; who, the very next day, coming to make an acknowledgment of thanks suitable to the favour obtained, I presented him to my master, who contented himself with reprimanding him slightly, and gave him the homilies to transcribe. Garcias acquitted himself so well, that he was re-established in his ministry, and even obtained the living of Gabia, a large market-town in the neighbourhood of Grenada.

While I thus bestowed my service on different people, Don Fernand being about to leave Grenada, I visited that nobleman before his departure, in order to thank him anew for the excellent post which he had procured for me. I appeared to him so well satisfied with my condition, that he said, "My dear Gil Blas, I am ravished to find thee so well pleased with my uncle the archbishop." "I am charmed with him (I replied), and shall never be able to shew myself grateful enough for his generosity to me. Nothing less could have consoled me for the loss of Don Cæsar and his son."—"I am persuaded (answered he) that they are both extremely mortified at your absence; but, perhaps, you are not separated for ever: fortune may one day bring you together again." Melted by these words, I sighed, and found at that instant my love for Don Alphonso so great, that I would have willingly abandoned the archbishop, with all the agreeable hopes he had given me, to return to the castle of Leyva, if the obstacle that banished me from it had been removed. Don Fernand perceived the emotions of my soul, which pleased him so much, that he embraced me with affection, and assured me that his whole family would always bear a part in my destiny.

Two months after this gentleman's departure, in the very zenith of my favour, we had a hot alarm in the episcopal palace: the archbishop was seized with a fit of apoplexy: he was, however, suc-



coured immediately, and such salutary medicines administered, that in a few days his health was re-established: but his understanding had received a rude shock, which I plainly perceived in the very next discourse which he composed. I did not, however, find the difference between this and the rest so sensible, as to make me conclude that the orator began to flag; and waited for another homily to fix my resolution. This indeed was quite decisive; sometimes the good old prelate repeated the same thing over and over; sometimes rose too high, or sunk too low: it was a vague discourse, the rhetoric of an old professor, a mere capucinade.\*

I was not the only person who took notice of this: the greatest part of the audience, when he pronounced it, as if they had been also hired to examine it, said softly to one another, "This sermon smells strong of the apoplexy." Come, master homily-critic (said I then to myself) prepare to do your office: you see that his grace begins to fail: it is your duty to give him notice of it, not only as the depositor of his thoughts, but likewise, lest some one of his friends should be free enough with him to prevent you: in that case you know what would happen: your name would be erased from his last will, in which there is, doubtless, a better legacy provided for you, than the library of the licentiate Sedillo.

After these reflections, I made others of a quite contrary nature. To give the notice in question, seemed a delicate point: I imagined that it might be ill received by an author like him, conceited of his own works; but rejecting this suggestion, I represented to myself, that he could not possibly take it amiss, after having exacted it of me in so pressing a manner. Add to this, that I depended upon my being able to mention it with address, and make him swallow the pill without reluctance. In a word, finding that I ran a greater risque in keeping silence than in breaking it, I determined to speak.

The only thing that embarrassed me now, was how to break the ice. Luckily the orator himself extricated me from that difficulty, by asking what people said

of him, and if they were satisfied with his last discourse. I answered, that his homilies were always admired, but in my opinion, the last had not succeeded so well as the rest, in affecting the audience.

"How, friend! (replied he, with astonishment) has it met with any Aristarchus?"

"No, sir (said I) by no means; such works as your's are not to be criticized; every body is charmed with them. Nevertheless, since you have laid your injunctions upon me to be free and sincere, I will take the liberty to tell you, that your last discourse, in my judgment, has not altogether the energy of your other performances. Are not you of the same opinion?"

My master grew pale at these words; and said with a forced smile, "So then, Mr. Gil Blas, this piece is not to your taste?" "I don't say so, Sir," cried I, quite disconcerted: "I think it excellent, although a little inferior to your other works." "I understand you (he replied) you think I flag, don't you? Come, be plain: you believe it is time for me to think of retiring." "I should not have been so bold (said I) as to speak so freely, if your grace had not commanded me: I do no more, therefore, than obey you: and I most humbly beg, that you will not be offended at my freedom." "God forbid (cried he, with precipitation). God forbid that I should find fault with it. In so doing, I should be very unjust. I don't at all take it ill that you speak your sentiment; it is your sentiment only that I find bad. I have been most egregiously deceived in your narrow understanding."

Though I was disconcerted, I endeavoured to find some mitigation, in order to set things to rights again: but how is it possible to appease an incensed author, one especially, who has been accustomed to hear himself praised? "Say no more, my child," said he: "you are yet too raw to make proper distinctions. Know, that I never composed a better homily than that which you disapprove; for my genius (thank heaven) hath, as yet, lost nothing of its vigour. Henceforth I will make a better choice of a confidant, and keep one of greater ability than you. Go (added he, pushing me by the shoulder out of his closet) go tell my treasurer to give you a hundred ducats, and may heaven conduct you with that sum. Adieu, Mr. Gil Blas, I wish you all manner of prosperity, with a little more taste."

\* *Capucinade*. A sarcasm on the sermons of the Capuchins, which are not remarkable for correctness of composition.

## A BEE STORY BY BRICKTOP.

I HAD an improved back yard. I went through a seed store and bought a sample of everything that would grow in this climate. The result was a perfect tangle of flowers and things, from an overgrown sunflower to a forget-me-not. Mrs. Bricktop is very proud of our garden, and while gushing over it the other morning, a happy thought worked its way under her back hair: "What a delightful thing it would be to have a hive of bees, and raise our own honey, as well as everything else!" I have always thought that woman inspired ever since she convinced me that I couldn't do better than to marry her. This was an original, bold idea; a happy thought. I promised her a hive of bees, and went to business with a lighter heart, and firmer belief in the genuineness of home comforts and amusements.

I bought a hive of honey-bees and brought it home with me that very night. It was one of those patent hydrostatic, back-action hives, in which the bees have peculiar accommodations and all the modern improvements. It was a nice little hive, none of your old-fashioned barn-size affairs. It even had windows in it, so that the bees could look out and see what was going on, and enjoy themselves. Both myself and Mrs. B. were delighted; and before dark I arranged a stand for the hive in the garden, and opened the bay-windows so that the bees could take an early start and get to business by sunrise next morning. Mrs. B. called me honey several times during the evening; and such sweet dreams as we had!

We intended to be up early next morning to see how our little birds took to our flowers; but a good half-hour before we probably should have done so we were awakened by the unearthly yells of a cat. Mrs. B. leaped from her downy couch, exclaiming, "What can be the matter with our yellow Billy?" The yells of anguish convinced us that something more than ordinary was the matter with him, and so we hurried into our toilets. We rushed out into our back yard, and, oh, what a sight met our astonished gaze! The sight consisted of a yellow cat that appeared to be doing its best to make a pin-wheel of itself. He was rolling over

and over in the grass, bounding up and down, anon darting through the bushes and foliage, standing on his head, and then trying to drive his tail into the ground, and all the while keeping up the most confounded yowling that was ever heard.

"The cat is mad," said Mrs. B., affrighted. "Why shouldn't he be? the bees are stinging him," said I, comprehending the trouble. Mrs. B. flew to the rescue of her cat, and the cat flew at her. So did the bees. One of them drove his drill into her nose, another vaccinated her on the chin, while another began to lay out his work near her eye. Then she howled, and began to act almost as bad as the cat. It was quite an animated scene. She cried murder, and the neighbors looked out from their back windows and cried out for the police, and asked where the fire was. This being a trifle too much, I threw a towel over my head and rushed to her rescue. In doing so, I ran over and knocked her down, trod upon the cat, and made matters no better. Mrs. B. is no child on a wrestle, and she soon had me under her, and was tenderly stamping down the garden-walk with my head, using my ears for handles. Then I yelled, and some of the bees came to her assistance, and stung me all over the face.

In the mean time the neighbors were shouting, and getting awfully excited over the show, while our servant, supposing us fighting, opened the basement door and admitted a policeman, who at once proceeded to go between man and wife. The bees hadn't got at Mrs. B.'s tongue yet, and she proceeded to show the policeman that I had abused her in the most shameful manner, and that I had bought a hive of bees on purpose to torment her into the grave. I tried to explain; but just then a bee stung the officer on the nose, and he understood it all in less than a minute. He got mad and actually lost his temper. He rubbed his nose and did some official cussing. But as this didn't help matters any, he drew his club and proceeded to demolish that patent beehive. The bees failed to recognize his badge of office, and just swarmed on him. They stung him wherever he had no clothing, and in some places where he did have it. Then he howled, and commenced acting after the manner of the cat and its mistress. He rolled on the ground for a moment, and then got up and made

for the street, shouting "fire." Then the bees turned to the people who had climbed upon the fence to see the fun. Then they had some fun. Windows went down, and some of the neighbors acted as though they thought a twenty-inch shell was about to explode.

By this time a fire-engine had arrived, and a line of hose was taken through the house into the back yard. One of the hosemen asked where the fire was; but just then one of the bees bit him behind the ear, and he knew. They turned a stream upon that half-wrecked bee-hive, and began to "play away" with one hand and fight bees with the other. But the water had the desired effect, and those bees were soon among the things that were. A terrible crowd had gathered in the mean time in front of the house, but a large portion of it followed the flying policeman, who was rubbing his affected parts, and making tracks for the station-house and a surgeon.

This little adventure somehow dampened our enthusiasm regarding the delight of making our own honey. During the next week we wore milk-and-water poultices pretty ardently, but not a word was said about honey; and now Mrs. B. has gone to stay a week with her mother, leaving me and the convalescent cat and the tickled neighbors to enjoy our own felicity.

J. B. COLLIER.

### THE PIG IN A POKE.

#### A TALE.

A FARMER'S lease contain'd a flaw;  
To mend it, he appeal'd to law.  
Dear-bought experience told him plain,  
That law without a fee was vain;  
And that, to clear his counsel's tone, he  
Must bribe him or with meat or money.

One morn he calls his clown in chief,  
'Here, take this pig to Lawyer Brief.'  
The clown (unlike his wife, they say)  
Could both be silent, and obey:

The pig, secured within a sack,  
At ease hung dangling from his back;  
Thus loaded, straight to town he went,  
With many an awkward compliment.

A half-way house convenient stood,  
Where host was kind, and ale was good:  
In steps the clown, and calls to Cecil—  
'A quart of stout, to wet my whistle!'  
Eased of his load, he takes a chair,  
And quaffs oblivion to all care.

Three artful wags accost the clown,

And ask his errand up to town.

With potent ale his heart grows warm,  
Which, drunk or sober, meant no harm:  
He tells them plainly whence he came;  
His master, and the lawyer's name;  
And, ere the circling mug was drain'd,  
Show'd what the prostrate sack contain'd.  
Whilst two the witless clown amuse,  
With merry tales, and mournful news,  
A third removes the sack unseen,  
And soon sets free the guest within:  
But, lest our clown the trick should trace,  
A well-fed cur supplies the place.  
The point clear'd up of what's to pay,  
Our clown in peace pursued his way.  
Arrived, he makes his awkward bow,  
With many a *Wherefore*, and *As how*.

'Heaven bless your honour many a year!  
Look what a pig I've brought you here.'

The sack untied without demur,  
Forthwith out gently crept the cur.  
Both stood aghast with eager eyes,  
And both, no doubt, look'd wondrous wise.  
The clown, who saw the lawyer foam,  
Swore 'twas a pig when brought from home:  
And, wondering at the queer disaster,  
In haste return'd to tell his master.

Well pleased to see him take the bait,

The wags his quick return await.  
What peals of noisy mirth prevail,  
To hear him tell the mystic tale!  
The devil is in't, they all agree,  
And seem to wonder more than he.  
From them to Cecil he repairs,  
To her the strange event declares:  
Meantime the wags, to end the joke,  
Replace the pig within its poke.  
The rustic soon resumes his load,  
And, whistling, plods along the road.

Th' impatient farmer hails the clown,  
And asks, 'What news from London town?  
The pig was liked; they made you drink?'—  
'Nay, master! master! What d'ye think?

The pig (or I'm a stupid log)  
Is changed into a puppy dog'—

'A dog!'—'Nay, since my word you doubt,  
See here; I'll fairly turn him out.'

No sooner was the sack untied,  
Than a loud grunt his word belied:  
'Death,' cries the farmer, 'tell me whence  
Proceeds this daring insolence?  
Make haste, take back this pig again you  
Presuming elf; or, zounds! I'll brain you!'

The clown of patient soul and blood,  
Awhile in silent wonder stood;  
Then briefly cried, with phiz demure—  
'Yon lawyer is a *witch* for sure!  
How hoarse his voice! his face how grim!  
What's pig with us is dog with him:  
Heaven shield my future days from evil!  
For, as I live, I've seen the devil.'

F.—THE WIT'S MAGAZINE, 1764.]

## TAM O'SHANTER.

## A TALE.

"Of Brownie and of Bogillie full is this Buik."  
—GAWIN DOUGLAS.

(*Edinburgh Ed., 1793.*)

[ROBERT BURNS, the great lyric poet of Scotland, was born 25th January, 1759, in a small cottage near Ayr. His father, then a nursery gardener, and afterwards the occupant of a small farm, had to struggle all his life with poverty and misfortune, but made every exertion to give his children a good education; and the young poet enjoyed an amount of instruction and miscellaneous reading which, to those unacquainted with the habits of the Scottish peasantry, would seem incompatible with the straitened circumstances and early toil which were his lot. About his sixteenth year, he began composing verses in the Scottish dialect, which attracted notice in the vicinity, and extended the circle of his acquaintance; and thus he became exposed to temptations which, acting on an extremely sociable and passionate disposition, broke in upon the previous sobriety and correctness of his life. A small farm, on which he had entered with his brother in 1781, proved far from a prosperous undertaking; and being harassed and embittered by other misfortunes—the result of imprudence—he resolved to leave his native land, and go to Jamaica. Partly to procure the means of paying his passage, he published a collection of his poems at Kilmarnock in 1786. The reception these met with was highly favorable, and his genius was recognized in quarters where he had not looked for notice. While preparing to embark, he received a letter encouraging him to go to Edinburgh, and issue a new edition. This was the turning point of his life. During his stay in the Scottish metropolis, he associated with all that was eminent in letters, rank, and fashion, and his conversational powers excited little less admiration than his poetry. The profits of the publication were considerable, and enabled him to take the farm of Ellisland, near Dumfries, where he settled in 1788, having publicly ratified his marriage with Jean Armour. With his farm he conjoined the office of an exciseman; but, after three or four years, he was obliged to give up farming, and from that time lived in Dumfries, dependent on his salary from the excise, which, at first only £50, never rose above £70. The striking contrasts in the lot of the rich and the poor with which his residence in Edinburgh had impressed him, made him hail the French revolution with enthusiasm; and some imprudent expressions of his having been reported to the authorities, destroyed his prospects of promotion in the service, and only the interference of an influential friend prevented him from losing his office. Such was then the terror of innovation, and the hatred of everything like liberal opinions, that many of

the better classes, who had fettered the poet, now shunned the "Jacobin," as they stigmatized him. Embittered by what he felt to be injustice, he recklessly allowed those habits of dissipation to grow upon him which made the more respectable of all classes look coldly on him; and the remorse thus occasioned in his calmer moments aggravated that tendency to melancholy which the gloom and toll of his early years had probably implanted in his constitution. Broken in health, he died 21st of July, 1796.]

[In order to facilitate the reading of Burns, for those unfamiliar with the Scottish dialect, we have, where necessary, placed the English equivalent in note form at the bottom of the page.]

[This is a west of Scotland legend embellished by Genius—no other poem in our language displays such a variety of power in the same number of lines. "In the inimitable tale of Tam O'Shanter," says Scott, "Burns has left us evidence of his ability to combine the ludicrous with the awful. No poet, with the exception of Shakespeare, ever possessed the power of exciting the most varied and discordant emotions with such rapid transitions."]

When <sup>1</sup>chapman billies leave the street,  
And <sup>2</sup>drouthy neibors, neibors meet;  
As market days are wearing late,  
An' folk begin to tak the gate;  
While we sit bowsing at the nappy,  
An' getting fou and unco happy,  
We think na on the lang Scots miles,  
The mosses, waters, slaps, and styles,  
That lie between us and our hame,  
Where sits our sulky, sullen dame,  
Gathering her brows like gathering storm,  
Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.

This truth fand honest TAM O'SHANTER,  
As he frae Ayr ae night did canter:  
(Auld Ayr, whom ne'er a town surpasses,  
For honest men and bonnie lasses).

O Tam! had'st thou but been sae wise,  
As taen thy ain wife Kate's advice!  
She tauld thee weel thou was a <sup>3</sup>skellum,  
A bletherin, blusterin, drunken <sup>4</sup>blellum;  
That frae November till October,  
Ae market-day thou was na sober;  
That ilka <sup>5</sup>melder wi' the Miller,  
Thou sat as lang as thou had siller;  
That ev'ry naig was ca'd a shoe on  
The Smith and thee gat roarin fou on;  
That at the L—d's house, ev'n on Sunday,  
Thou drank wi' Kirton Jean till Monday.  
She prophesied, that, late or soon,  
Thou wad be found, deep drown'd in Doon,  
Or catch'd wi' warlocks in the mirk,  
By Alloway's auld, haunted kirk.

<sup>1</sup> Tradesmen.

<sup>2</sup> Fool.

<sup>4</sup> Quarreller.

<sup>3</sup> Thirsty.

<sup>5</sup> Settlement.

Ah, gentle dames! it gars me <sup>1</sup> greet,  
To think how many counsels sweet,  
How many lengthen'd, sage advices,  
The husband frae the wife despises!

But to our tale:—Ae market-night,  
Tam had got planted unco right,  
Fast by an ingle, bleezing finely,  
Wi' reaming <sup>2</sup>swats, that drank divinely;  
And at his elbow, Souter Johnny,  
His ancient, trusty, <sup>3</sup>drouthy crony:  
Tam lo'ed him like a very brither;  
They had been fou for weeks thegither.  
The night drave on wi' sangs an' clatter;  
And ay the ale was growing better:  
The Landlady and Tam grew gracious,  
Wi' favors secret, sweet and precious:  
The Souter tauld his queerest stories;  
The Landlord's laugh was ready chorus:  
The storm without might rair and rustle,  
Tam did na mind the storm a whistle.

Care, mad to see a man sae happy,  
E'en drown'd himsel amang the nappy.  
As bees flee hame wi' lades o' treasure,  
The minutes wing'd their way wi' pleasure:  
Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious,  
O'er a' the ills o' life victorious!

But pleasures are like poppies spread,  
You seize the flow'r, its bloom is shed;  
Or like the snow falls in the river,  
A moment white—then melts forever;  
Or like the Borealis race,  
That fit ere you can point their place;  
Or like the rainbow's lovely form  
Evanishing amid the storm.  
Nae man can tether time nor tide,  
The hour approaches Tam maun ride—  
That hour, o' night's black arch the key-stane,  
That dreary hour Tam mounts his beast in;  
And sic a night he took the road in,  
As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in.

The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last;  
The rattling showers rose on the blast;  
The speedy gleams the darkness swallow'd;  
Loud, deep, and lang the thunder bellow'd:  
That night, a child might understand,  
The deil had business on his hand.

Weel mounted on his grey mare Meg,  
A better never lifted leg,  
Tam skelpit on thro' dub and mire,  
Despising wind, and rain, and fire;  
<sup>4</sup>Whiles holding fast his gude blue bonnet,  
Whiles crooning o'er an auld Scots sonnet,

Whiles glow'ring round wi' prudent cares,  
Lest bogles catch him unawares;  
Kirk-Alloway was drawing nigh,  
Where ghaists and <sup>5</sup>houlets nightly cry.

By this time he was cross the ford,  
Where in the snaw the chapman <sup>6</sup>smoor'd;  
And past the birks and <sup>7</sup>meikle stane,  
Where drunken Charlie brak's neck-bane;  
And thro' the whins, and by the cairn,  
Where hunters fand the murder'd bairn,  
And near the thorn, aboon the well,  
Where Mungo's mither hang'd hersel.  
Before him Doon pours all his floods,  
The doubling storm roars thro' the woods,  
The lightnings flash frae pole to pole,  
Near and more near the thunders roll,  
When, glimmering thro' the groaning trees,  
Kirk-Alloway seem'd in a breeze,  
Thro' ilka <sup>8</sup>bore the beams were glancing,  
And loud resounded mirth and dancing.

Inspiring bold John Barleycorn!  
What dangers thou canst make us scorn!  
Wi' tippenny, we fear nae evil;  
Wi' usquebae, we'll face the devil!  
The <sup>9</sup>swats sae ream'd in Tammie's noddle,  
Fair play, he car'd na deils a <sup>10</sup>boddle;  
But Maggie stood, right sair astonish'd,  
Till, by the heel and hand admonish'd,  
She ventur'd forward on the light;  
And, wow! Tam saw an unco sight!

Warlocks and witches in a dance:  
Nae cotillon, brent new frae France,  
But horn-pipes, jigs, strathspeys, and reels,  
Put life and mettle in their heels.  
A winnock-bunker in the east,  
There sat auld Nick, in shape o' beast;  
A towzie tyke, black, grim, and large,  
To gie them music was his charge:  
He screw'd the pipes and gart them skirl,  
Till roof and rafters a' did dirl.  
Coffins stood round, like open presses,  
That shaw'd the dead in their last dresses;  
And (by some devilish cantraip sleight)  
Each in its cauld hand held a light,  
By which heroic Tam was able  
To note upon the haly table,  
A murderer's banes, in gibbet-airns;  
Twa span-lang, wee, unchristen'd bairns;  
A thief, new-cutted frae a rape,  
Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape;  
Five tomahawks, wi' blude red-rusted;  
Five scymitars, wi' murder crusted;  
A garter, which a babe had strangled;  
A knife a father's throat had mangled,

<sup>1</sup> Weep.  
<sup>2</sup> Thirsty chum.

<sup>3</sup> Ale.  
<sup>4</sup> Sometimes.

<sup>5</sup> Owl.  
<sup>6</sup> Hole.

<sup>7</sup> Smothered.  
<sup>8</sup> Ale.

<sup>9</sup> Large.  
<sup>10</sup> Fraction.





J. M. WRIGHT PINX.

J. M. WRIGHT PINX.

## *The Folly Beggars.*

"I AM A SON OF MARS  
WHO HAVE BEEN IN MANY WARS"

GPBBIE & CO.







Whom his ain son of life bereft,  
The grey hairs yet stack to the heft;  
Wi' mair of horrible and awefu',  
Which even to name wad be unlawfu'.

As Tammie glowr'd, amas'd, and curious,  
The mirth and fun grew fast and furious;  
The Piper loud and louder grew,  
The dancers quick and quicker flew,  
They reel'd, they set, they cross'd, they  
cleekit,

Till ilka carlin swat and 'reekit,  
And coost her 'duddies to the wark,  
And linket at it in her sark!

Now, Tam, O Tam! had thae been queans,  
A' plump and strapping in their teens!  
Their sarks, instead o' creeshie flainen,  
Been snaw-white seventeen-hunder linen!—  
Thir breeks o' mine, my only pair,  
That ance were plush, o' guid blue hair,  
I wad hae gi'en them off my hurdies,  
For ae blink o' the bonie burdies!  
But wither'd beldams, auld and droll,  
Rigwoodie hags wad 'spean a foal,  
Louping an' flinging on a crummock,  
I wonder did na turn thy stomach.

But Tam kent what was what fu' brawlie:  
There was ae winsome wench and 'waulie,  
That night enlisted in the core;  
Lang after kenn'd on Carrick shore;  
(For many a beast to dead she shot,  
And perish'd mony a bonnie boat,  
And shook baith meikle corn and 'bear,  
And held the country-side in fear);  
Her cutty sark, o' Paisley 'harn,  
That while a lassie she had worn,  
In longitude tho' sorely scanty,  
It was her best, and she was 'vauntie.  
Ah! little kent thy reverend grannie,  
That sark she coft for her wee Nannie,  
Wi' twa pund Scots ('twas a' her riches),  
Wad ever grac'd a dance of witches!

But here my Muse her wing 'smaun cour,  
Sic flights are far beyond her power;  
To sing how Nannie lap and flang  
(A souple jade she was and strang),  
And how Tam stood, like ane bewitch'd,  
And thought his very een enrich'd;  
Even Satan glowr'd, and fidg'd fu' fain,  
And hotch'd and blew wi' might and main:  
Till first ae caper, syne anither,  
Tam tint his reason a' thegither,  
And roars out, "Weel done, Cutty-sark!"  
And in an instant all was dark:  
And scarcely had he Maggie rallied,  
When out the hellish legion sallied.

<sup>1</sup> Smoked.      <sup>2</sup> Clothing.      <sup>3</sup> Wean.  
<sup>4</sup> Attractive.      <sup>5</sup> Barley.  
<sup>6</sup> Wool.      <sup>7</sup> Proud.      <sup>8</sup> Must hold.

As bees bizz out wi' angry <sup>1</sup>fyke,  
When plundering herds assail their <sup>2</sup>byke;  
As open pussie's mortal foes,  
When, pop! she starts before their nose;  
As eager runs the market-crowd,  
When "Catch the thief!" resounds aloud;  
So Maggie runs, the witches follow,  
Wi' mony an eldritch skrie and hollow.

Ah, Tam! Ah, Tam! thou'll get thy fairin!  
In hell they'll roast thee like a herrin!  
In vain thy Kate awaits thy coming!  
Kate soon will be a woe-fu' woman!  
Now, do thy speedy utmost, Meg,  
And win the key-stane of the brig.  
There, at them thou thy tail may toss,  
A running stream they dare na' cross.  
But ere the Keystane she could make  
The fient a tail she had to shake!  
For Nannie, far before the rest,  
Hard upon noble Maggie prest,  
And flew at Tam wi' furious <sup>3</sup>ettle;  
But little wist she Maggie's mettle!  
Ae spring brought off her master hale,  
But left behind her ain grey tail:  
The carlin claut her by the rump,  
And left poor Maggie scarce a stump.

Now, wha this tale o' truth shall read,  
Each man, and mother's son, take heed:  
Whene'er to drink you are inclin'd,  
Or cutty-sarks rin in your mind,  
Think! ye may buy the joys o'er dear,  
Remember Tam o'Shanter's meare.

ROBT. BURNS.

## THE JOLLY BEGGARS.

### A CANTATA.

[This inimitable poem, unheard of while the poet lived, was first given to the world, with other characteristic pieces, by Mr. Stewart of Glasgow, in the year 1801. Some have surmised that it is not the work of Burns; but the parentage is certain: the original manuscript at the time of its composition, in 1785, was put into the hands of Mr. Richmond of Mauchline, and afterwards given by Burns himself to Mr. Woodburn, factor of the laird of Craigengillan: the song of "For a'that, and a'that" was inserted by the poet, with his name, in the *Musical Museum* of February, 1790. Cromek admired, yet did not, from overruling advice, print it in the *Reliques*, for which he was sharply censured by Sir Walter Scott, in the *Quarterly Review*. The scene of the poem is in Mauchline, where Poozie Nannie had her change house.]

<sup>1</sup> Activity.      <sup>2</sup> Hive.      <sup>3</sup> Intent.

## RECITATIVO.

When 'lyart leaves bestrow the yird,  
Or wavering like the 'bauckie-bird,  
Bedim cauld Boreas' blast;  
When hailstones drive wi' bitter 'skyte  
And infant frosts begin to bite,  
In hoary 'cranreuch drest;  
Ae night at e'en a merry core  
O' randie, 'gangrel bodies,  
In Poosie-Nansie's held the splore,  
To drink their 'orra duddies:  
Wi' quaffing and laughing,  
They ranted an' they sang;  
Wi' jumping and thumping,  
The vera girdle rang.

First, neist the fire, in auld red rags,  
Ane sat, weel brac'd wi' mealy bags,  
And knapsack a' in order;  
His 'doxy lay within his arm,  
Wi' 'usquebae an' blankets warm—  
She blinket on her sodger:  
An' ay he gies the tozie drab  
The tither skelpin' kiss,  
While she held up her greedy 'gab  
Just like an aumous dish.  
'Ilksmack still, did crack still,  
Just like a cadger's whip,  
Then staggering and swaggering  
He roar'd this ditty up—

## AIR.

## Tune—"Soldier's Joy."

I am a son of Mars,  
Who have been in many wars,  
And show my cuts and scars  
Wherever I come;  
This here was for a wench,  
And that other in a trench,  
When welcoming the French  
At the sound of the drum.  
Lal de daudle, &c.

My prenticeship I past  
Where my leader breath'd his last,  
When the bloody die was cast  
On the heights of Abram:  
I served out my trade  
When the gallant game was play'd,  
And the 'Moro low was laid  
At the sound of the drum.  
Lal de daudle, &c.

<sup>1</sup> Falling.<sup>2</sup> Stroke.<sup>3</sup> Tramping.<sup>4</sup> Sweetheart.<sup>5</sup> Mouth.<sup>6</sup> Bat.<sup>7</sup> Hoarfrost.<sup>8</sup> Superfluous rags.<sup>9</sup> Whiskey.<sup>10</sup> Fort at Havana.

I lastly was with Curtis,  
Among the floating batt'ries,  
And there I left for witness  
An arm and a limb;  
Yet let my country need me,  
With Elliot to head me,  
I'd clatter on my stumps  
At the sound of a drum.  
Lal de daudle, &c.

And now tho' I must beg,  
With a wooden arm and leg,  
And many a tatter'd rag  
Hanging over my bum,  
I'm as happy with my wallet,  
My bottle and my 'callet,  
As when I used in scarlet  
To follow a drum.  
Lal de daudle, &c.

What tho' with hoary locks  
I must stand the winter shocks,  
Beneath the woods and rocks  
Oftentimes for a home,  
When the tother bag I sell,  
And the tother bottle tell,  
I could meet a troop of hell,  
At the sound of a drum.  
Lal de daudle, &c.

## RECITATIVO.

He ended; and 'kebars sheuk,  
Aboon the chorus roar;  
While frightened 'rattons backward leuk,  
And seek the 'benmost bore:  
A fairy fiddler frae the neuk,  
He skirl'd out—encore!  
But up arose the martial 'Chuck,  
And laid the loud uproar.

## AIR.

## Tune—"Soldier Laddie."

I once was a maid, tho' I cannot tell when,  
And still my delight is in proper young men,  
Some one of a troop of dragoons was my  
daddie,  
No wonder I'm fond of a sodger laddie.  
Sing, Lal de dal, &c.

The first of my loves was a swaggering  
blade,  
To rattle the thundering drum was his  
trade;

<sup>1</sup> Sweetheart.<sup>2</sup> Rattlers shook.<sup>3</sup> Farthest hole.<sup>4</sup> Rats.<sup>5</sup> Feminine.

His leg was so tight, and his cheek was so  
ruddy,  
Transported I was with my sodger laddie.  
Sing, Lal de dal, &c.

But the godly old chaplain left him in the  
lurch,  
The sword I forsook for the sake of the  
church;  
He ventur'd the soul, and I risk'd the body,  
'Twas then I prov'd false to my sodger  
laddie.  
Sing, Lal de dal, &c.

Full soon I grew sick of my sanctified sot,  
The regiment at large for a husband I got,  
From the gilded spontoon to the fife I was  
ready,  
I asked no more but a sodger laddie.  
Sing, Lal de dal, &c.

But the peace it reduc'd me to beg in de-  
spair,  
Till I met my old boy in a Cunningham  
fair;  
His rags regimental they flutter'd so gaudy,  
My heart it rejoic'd at my sodger laddie.  
Sing, Lal de dal, &c.

And now I have liv'd—I know not how  
long,  
And still I can join in a cup or a song,  
But whilst with both hands I can hold the  
glass steady,  
Here's to thee, my hero, my sodger laddie.  
Sing, Lal de dal, &c.

## RECITATIVO.

Poor Merry Andrew in the 'neuk,  
Sat guzzling wi' a tinkler<sup>3</sup> hizzie;  
They mind't na wha the chorus teuk,  
Between themselves they were sae busy:  
At length wi' drink and courting dizzy  
He stoitered up an' made a face;  
Then turn'd, an' laid a smack on Grizzie,  
Syne tun'd his pipes wi' grave grimace.

## AIR.

Tune.—“*Auld Sir Symon.*”

Sir Wisdom's a fool when he's fou,  
Sir Knave is a fool in a session;  
He's there but a 'prentice I trow,  
But I am a fool by profession.

<sup>1</sup> Corner.

<sup>2</sup> Wench.

My grannie she bought me a beuk,  
And I held awa to the school;  
I fear I my talent misteuk  
But what will ye hae of a fool?

For drink I would venture my neck,  
A 'hizzie's the half o' my craft,  
But what could ye other expect,  
Of ane that's avowedly daft?

I ance was ty'd up like a 'stirk,  
For civilly swearing and quaffing;  
I ance was abused in the kirk,  
For touzling a lass i' my 'daffin.

Poor Andrew that tumbles for sport,  
Let naebody name wi' a jeer;  
There's ev'n I'm tauld i' the court  
A tumbler ca'd the premier.

Observ'd ye, yon reverend lad  
Maks faces to tickle the mob;  
He rails at our mountebank squad,  
Its rivalry just i' the job.

And now my conclusion I'll tell,  
For faith I'm confoundedly dry;  
The chiel that's a fool for himsel',  
Gude L——d! he's far dafter than I.

## RECITATIVO.

Then neist outspak a 'raucle carlin,  
Wha kent fu' weel to 'cleek the sterling,  
For monie a pursie she had hooked,  
And had in mony a well been ducked.  
Her dove had been a Highland laddie,  
But weary fa' the waefu' 'woodie!  
Wi' sighs and sobs she thus began  
To wail her braw John Highlandman.

## AIR.

Tune.—“*O an ye were dead, guidman.*”

A Highland lad my love was born,  
The Lalland laws he held in scorn;  
But he still was faithfu' to his clan,  
My gallant braw John Highlandman.

## CHORUS.

Sing, hey my braw John Highlandman!  
Sing, ho my braw John Highlandman!  
There's not a lad in a' the lan'  
Was match for my John Highlandman.

<sup>3</sup> Wench.

<sup>4</sup> Fun.

<sup>5</sup> Scoop the cash.

<sup>6</sup> Young heifer.

<sup>7</sup> Bold old woman.

<sup>8</sup> Rope.

With his philibeg an' tartan plaid,  
An' gude claymore down by his side,  
Tho' ladies' hearts he did trepan,  
My gallant braw John Highlandman.  
Sing, hey, &c.

We ranged a' from Tweed to Spey,  
An' liv'd like lords and ladies gay;  
For a Lalland face he feared none,  
My gallant braw John Highlandman.  
Sing, hey, &c.

They banished him beyond the sea,  
But ere the bud was on the tree,  
Adown my cheeks the pearls ran,  
Embracing my John Highlandman.  
Sing, hey, &c.

But, och! they catch'd him at the last,  
And bound him in a dungeon fast;  
My curse upon them every one,  
They've hang'd my braw John Highlandman.  
Sing, hey, &c.

And now a widow, I must mourn,  
The pleasures that will ne'er return  
No comfort but a hearty can  
When I think on John Highlandman.  
Sing, hey, &c.

## RECITATIVO.

A pigmy scraper, wi' his fiddle,  
Wha us'd at trysts and fairs to <sup>1</sup>driddle,  
Her strappan limb and <sup>2</sup>gausy middle,  
He reach'd na higher.  
Had hol'd his heartie like a riddle,  
An' blawn't on fire.

Wi' hand on hainch, an' upward e'e,  
He croon'd his gamut, one, two, three,  
Then in an Arioso key,  
The wee Apollo  
Set off wi' Allegretto glee  
His giga solo.

## AIR.

Tune.—“*Whistle o'er the lave o't.*”

Let me <sup>3</sup>ryke up to <sup>4</sup>dight that tear,  
And go wi' me and be my dear,  
And then your every care and fear  
May whistle owre the lave o't.

## CHORUS.

I am a fiddler to my trade,  
An' a' the tunes that e'er I play'd,

The sweetest still to wife or maid,  
Was whistle owre the lave o't.

At kirns and weddings we'se be there,  
And O! sae nicely's we will fare;  
We'll bouse about till Daddie Care  
Sings whistle owre the lave o't.  
I am, &c.

Sae merrily the banes we'll pyke,  
And sun oursells about the dyke,  
And at our leisure, when ye like,  
We'll whistle owre the lave o't.  
I am, &c.

But bless me wi' your heav'n o'charms,  
And while I kittle hair on thairms,  
Hunger, cauld, and a' sic harms,  
May whistle owre the lave o't.  
I am, &c.

## RECITATIVO.

Her charms had struck a sturdy <sup>5</sup>caird,  
As weel as poor gut-scraper;  
He tak's the fiddler by the beard,  
And draws a roosty rapier—  
He swoor by a' was swearing worth,  
To spect him like a pliver,  
Unless he wad from that time forth  
Relinquish her for ever.

Wi' ghastly e'e, poor tweedle-dee  
Upon his hunkers bended,  
And pray'd for grace wi' ruefu' face,  
And sae the quarrel ended.  
But tho' his little heart did grieve  
When round the tinkler prest her,  
He feign'd to <sup>6</sup>snirtle in his sleeve,  
When thus the caird address'd her;

## AIR.

Tune.—“*Clout the Caudron.*”

My bonny lass, I work in brass,  
A tinkler is my station:  
I've travell'd round all Christian ground  
In this my occupation:  
I've taen the gold, an' been enrolled  
In many a noble squadron:  
But vain they search'd, when off I march'd  
To go and clout the caudron.  
I've taen the gold, &c.

<sup>1</sup> Make music.  
<sup>2</sup> Boast.

<sup>3</sup> Capacious.  
<sup>4</sup> Wipe.

<sup>5</sup> Tinker.

<sup>6</sup> Laugh.

Despise that shrimp, that wither'd imp,  
 Wi' a' his noise and caprin,  
 And tak a share wi' those that bear  
 The budget and the apron.  
 And by that stoup, my faith and houp,  
 An' by that dear Kilbaigie,  
 If e'er ye want, or meet wi' scant,  
 May I ne'er weet my craigie.  
 An' by that stoup, &c.

## RECITATIVO.

The caird prevail'd —th' unblushing fair  
 In his embraces sunk,  
 Partly wi' love o'ercome sae sair,  
 An' partly she was drunk.  
 Sir Violino, with an air  
 That show'd a man of spunk,  
 Wish'd unison between the pair,  
 An' made the bottle clunk  
 To their health that night.

But urchin Cupid shot a shaft,  
 That play'd a dame a 'shavie,  
 A sailor rak'd her fore and aft,  
 Behint the chicken cawie.  
 Her lord, a wight o' Homer's craft,  
 Tho' limping wi' the spavie,  
 He hirpl'd up, and lap like daft,  
 And 'shor'd them Dainty Davie  
 O boot that night.

He was a care-defying blade  
 As ever Bacchus listed,  
 Tho' Fortune sair upon him laid,  
 His heart she ever mis'd it.  
 He had nae wish but—to be glad,  
 Nor want but—when he thirsted;  
 He hated nought but—to be sad,  
 And thus the Muse suggested  
 His sang that night.

## AIR.

Tune.—“*For a' that, an' a' that.*”

I am a bard of no regard,  
 Wi' gentle folks, an' a' that;  
 But Homer-like, the 'glowran byke,  
 Frae town to town I draw that.

## CHORUS.

For a' that, an' a' that,  
 An' twice as muckle's a' that;  
 I've lost but ane, I've twa behin',  
 I've wife enough for a' that.

I never drank the Muses' tank,  
 Castalia's burn, an' a' that;  
 But there it streams, and richly reams,  
 My Helicon I ca' that.  
 For a' that, &c.

Great love I bear to a' the fair,  
 Their humble slave, an' a' that;  
 But lordly will, I hold it still  
 A mortal sin to thraw that.  
 For a' that, &c.

In raptures sweet, this hour we meet,  
 Wi' mutual love, an' a' that;  
 But for how lang the fie may stang,  
 Let inclination law that.  
 For a' that, &c.

Their tricks and craft have put me daft,  
 They've ta'en me in, and a' that;  
 But clear your decks, and here's the sex!  
 I like the jads for a' that.

## CHORUS.

For a' that, an' a' that,  
 An' twice as muckle's a' that;  
 My dearest bluid, to do them guid,  
 They're welcome till't for a' that.

## RECITATIVO.

So sung the bard—and Nansie's wa's  
 Shook with a thunder of applause,  
 Re-echo'd from each mouth:

They toom'd their pocks, an' pawn'd their  
 duds,  
 They scarcely left to co'er their 'fuds,  
 To quench their lowan drouth.  
 Then owre again, the jovial thrang,  
 The poet did request,  
 To loose his pack an' 'wale a sang,  
 A ballad o' the best;  
 He rising, rejoicing,  
 Between his twa Deborahs  
 Looks round him, an' found them  
 Impatient for the chorus.

## AIR.

Tune.—“*Jolly Mortals, fill your Glasses.*”

See! the smoking bowl before us,  
 Mark our jovial ragged ring!  
 Round and round take up the chorus  
 And in rapture let us sing.

<sup>1</sup> Damage.    <sup>2</sup> Sang.    <sup>3</sup> Staring crowd.

<sup>4</sup> Nakedness.    <sup>5</sup> Chorus.

## CHORUS.

A fig for those by law protected!  
 Liberty's a glorious feast!  
 Courts for cowards were erected.  
 Churches built to please the priest.

What is title? what is treasure?  
 What is reputation's care?  
 If we lead a life of pleasure,  
 'Tis no matter how or where!  
 A fig, &c.

With the ready trick and fable,  
 Round we wander all the day;  
 And at night, in barn or stable,  
 Hug our doxies on the hay.  
 A fig, &c.

Does the train-attended carriage  
 Through the country lighter rove?  
 Does the sober bed of marriage  
 Witness brighter scenes of love?  
 A fig, &c.

Life is all a variorum,  
 We regard not how it goes;  
 Let them cant about decorum  
 Who have characters to lose.  
 A fig, &c.

Here's to budgets, bags, and wallets!  
 Here's to all the wandering train!  
 Here's our ragged brats and callets!  
 One and all cry out—Amen!

A fig for those by law protected!  
 Liberty's a glorious feast!  
 Courts for cowards were erected,  
 Churches built to please the priest.

## HOLY WILLIE'S PRAYER.

[Holy Willie was a small farmer, leading elder to Dr. Auld, austere in speech, scrupulous to all outward appearances, a professing Christian. He experienced, however, "a sore fall;" he was "found out" to be a hypocrite after Burns' castigation, and was expelled the church for embezzling the money of the poor of the parish. His name was William Fisher.]

"And send the godly in a pet to pray."  
 —POPE.

O THOU, wha in the Heavens dost dwell,  
 Wha, as it pleases best thyself,

<sup>1</sup> Sweethearts.

Sends aye to Heaven and ten to Hell,  
 A' for thy glory,  
 And no for onie guid or ill  
 They've done afore thee.

I bless and praise thy matchless might,  
 Whan thousands thou hast left in night,  
 That I am here afore thy sight,  
 For gifts and grace,  
 A burning an' a shining light  
 To a' this place.

What was I, or my generation,  
 That I should get such exaltation?  
 I, wha deserve such just damnation,  
 For broken laws,  
 Five thousand years 'fore my creation,  
 Thro' Adam's cause.

When frae my mither's womb I fell,  
 Thou might hae plung'd me into Hell,  
 To gnash my gums, to weep and wail  
 In burnin' lake,  
 Where damned Devils roar and yell,  
 Chain'd to a stake.

Yet I am here a chosen sample,  
 To show thy grace is great and ample;  
 I'm here a pillar in thy temple,  
 Strong as a rock.  
 A guide, a buckler, an example  
 To a' thy flock.

O L—d, thou kens what zeal I bear,  
 When drinkers drink, and swearers swear,  
 And singin' here, and dancing there,  
 Wi' great and sma':  
 For I am keepit by thy fear,  
 Free frae them a'.

But yet, O L—d! confess I must,  
 At times I'm fash'd wi' fleshly lust,  
 An' sometimes, too, wi' warldly trust—  
 Vile self gets in;  
 But thou remembers we are dust,  
 Deft'd in sin.

O L—d! yestreen, thou kens, wi' Meg—  
 Thy pardon I sincerely beg,  
 O! may it ne'er be a livin' plague  
 To my dishonor,  
 An' I'll ne'er lift a lawless leg  
 Again upon her.

Besides, I farther maun allow,  
 Wi' Lizzie's lass, three times I trow;  
 But, L—d, that Friday I was fou,  
 When I came near her,  
 Or else thou kens thy servant true  
 Wad ne'er hae steer'd her.

May be thou lets this fleshly thorn  
Beset thy servant e'en and morn,  
Lest he owre high and proud should turn,  
          'Cause he's sae gifted;  
If sae, thy hand maun e'en be borne,  
          Until thou lift it.

L—d, bless thy chosen in this place,  
For here thou hast a chosen race;  
But G—d confound their stubborn face,  
          And blast their name,  
Wha bring thine elders to disgrace,  
          An' public shame.

L—d, mind Gawn Hamilton's deserts,  
He drinks, an swears, an' plays at cartes,  
Yet has sae monie takin' arts,  
          Wi' great and sma',  
Frae God's ain priests the people's hearts  
          He steals awa'.

An' whan we chasten'd him therefore,  
Thou kens how he bred sic a splore,  
As set the world in a roar  
          O' laughin' at us,  
Curse thou his basket and his store,  
          Kail and potatoes.

L—d, hear my earnest cry an' pray'r,  
Against that presbyt'ry o' Ayr;  
Thy strong right hand, L—d, make it bare,  
          Upo' their heads;  
L—d, weigh it down, and dinna spare,  
          For their misdeeds.

O L—d, my G—d, that glib-tongued Aiken,  
My very heart and saul are quakin',  
To think how we stood sweatin', shakin',  
          An' swat wi' dread,  
While he wi' hingin' lips gaed snakin',  
          And hid his head.

L—d, in the day of vengeance try him,  
L—d, visit them wha did employ him,  
And pass not in thy mercy by 'em,  
          Nor hear their pray'r;  
But, for thy people's sake, destroy 'em,  
          And dinna spare.

But, L—d, remember me and mine  
Wi' mercies temp'ral and divine,  
That I for gear and grace may shine,  
          Excelled by nane,  
An' a' the glory shall be thine,  
          Amen, Amen.

ROBERT BURNS.

## A ROYAL QUANDARY.

ON the first consignment of Seidlitz Powders to the capital of Delhi, the monarch was deeply interested in the accounts of the refreshing beverage. A box was brought to the king in full court, and the interpreter explained to his majesty how it was to be used. Into a goblet he put the contents of the twelve blue papers; and, having added water, the king drank it off. This was the alkali, and the royal countenance exhibited no sign of satisfaction. It was then explained that in the combination of the two powders lay the luxury; and the twelve white powders were quickly dissolved in water, and as eagerly swallowed by his majesty. With a shriek that will never be forgotten, the monarch rose, staggered, exploded, and, in his agony, screamed, "*Hold me down!*" Then, rushing from the throne, he fell prostrate on the floor. There he lay during the effervescence of the compound, spirting like a thousand pennyworths of imperial pop, and believing himself in the agonies of death, a melancholy and convincing proof that kings are mortal.

## CHARLES MATHEWS AND THE SILVER SPOON.

SOON after Mathews went from York to the Haymarket Theatre, he was invited with other performers to dine with Mr. Atteborough, afterwards an eminent silversmith, but who at that period followed the business of a pawnbroker. It so happened that Atteborough was called out of the dining room, at the back of the shop, during dinner. Mathews, with wonderful celerity, altering his hair, countenance, hat, etc., took a large gravy-spoon off the dinner-table, ran instantly into the street, entered one of the little dark doors leading to the pawnbroker's counter, and actually pledged to the unconscious Atteborough his own gravy-spoon. Mathews contrived with equal rapidity to return and seat himself (having left the street door open) before Atteborough reappeared at the dinner-table. As a matter of course, this was made the subject of a wager. An *éclaircissement* took place before the party broke up, to the infinite astonishment of Atteborough.



## PRENTISS ON CORN WHISKEY.

[S. S. PRENTISS, an American politician, noted for his gifts of eloquence as well as his humor, was born at Portland, Me., in 1808. Removed to Mississippi in 1827, where he became an eminent and successful lawyer and Representative in Congress. His powers of sarcasm were notable, and were often felt by his political adversaries. He died in 1850, near Natchez. The following is from Sparks's "Recollections of Fifty Years."]

McNutt was the Democratic candidate for Governor. The campaign was a most animated one, and Prentiss, the Republican nominee, addressed the people in very nearly every county in the State; the people, *en masse*, flocked to hear him, and his name was in every mouth. The Democratic nominee did not attempt to meet him on the stump. Prentiss' march through the State was over the heads of the people, hundreds following him from county to county in his ovation. McNutt was a Virginian, and was a man of stupendous abilities; he was a lawyer by profession, and was Governor of the State. Next to Poindexter, he was the ablest man who ever filled the chair. Unfortunately, like most of the young and talented of that day in the West, he was too much addicted to the intoxicating bowl. Upon the only meeting of these, Prentiss and McNutt, the latter, in his speech, urged as a reason for the rejection or defeat of the former his dissipated habits, which, he said, were rendering him useless, with all his genius, learning, and eloquence.

Prentiss in reply, said:

"My fellow-citizens, you have heard the charge against my morals, sagely, and, I had almost said, soberly made by the gentleman, the Democratic nominee for the chief executive office of this State: had I said this, it would have been what the lawyers term a misnomer. It would be impossible for him to do or say anything soberly, for he has been drunk ten years; not yesterday, or last week, in a frolic, or, socially, with the good fellows, his friends, at the genial and generous board—but at home, and by himself and demijohn; not upon the rich wines of the Rhine or the Rhone, the Saone or the Guadalquivir; not with high-spirited or high-witted men, whose souls, when mellowed with glorious wine, leap from their lips sublimated words swollen with wit, or thought brilliant and dazzling as the blood of the grape inspiring them—

no, but by himself: selfish and apart from witty men, or ennobling spirits, in the secret seclusion of a dirty little back-room, and on corn-whiskey!—these only, communing in affectionate brotherhood, the son of Virginia and the spirits of old Kentucky! Why, fellow-citizens, as the Governor of the State, he refused to sign the gallon-law until he had tested, by experiment, that a gallon would do him all day!

"Now I will admit, fellow-citizens, that sometimes, when in the enjoyment of social communion with gentlemen, I am made merry with these, and the rich wines of glorious France. It is then I enjoy the romance of life. Imagination stimulated with the juice of the grape, gave to the world the Song of Solomon, and the Psalms of that old poet of the Lord—glorious old David.

"The immortal verse of wandering old Homer, the blind son of Scio's isle, was the inspiration of Samian wine, and good old Noah, too, would have sung some good and merry song, from the inspiration of the juice of the vine he planted, but having to wait so long, his thirst, like the Democratic nominee's here, became so great, that he was tempted to drink too deeply, and got too drunk to sing; and this, I fancy, is the true reason why this distinguished gentleman never sings.

"Perhaps there is no music in his soul. The glug—glug—glug of his jug, as he tilts and pours from its reluctant mouth the corn-juice so loved of his soul, is all the music dear to his ear, unless it be the same glug—glug—glug—as it disappears down his rapacious throat.

Now, fellow-citizens, during this ardent campaign, which has been so fatiguing, I have only been drunk once. Over in Simpson County I was compelled to sleep in the same bed with this distinguished nominee—this delight of the Democracy—this wonderful exponent of the principles and practices of the unwashed Democracy—and in the morning I found myself drunk on corn whiskey; I had lain too close to this soaked mass of Democracy, and was drunk from absorption."

This was more than the Governor could stand, and, amidst the shouts and laughter of the assembled multitude, he left the stand, and declined to meet again, before the people, the young Ajax-Telamon of the Whig party.

## CORWIN'S REPLY TO MCCRARY.

[THOMAS CORWIN, an American advocate and politician, was born in Kentucky in 1794, died at Washington, D. C., in 1865. He early acquired distinction at the bar, and his rare talent for public oratory, brought him many political honors. Representative in Congress from Ohio in 1830-40, and again in 1859-61, he was chosen Governor of Ohio in 1840, Senator from 1845-50, Secretary of the Treasury 1850-53, and Minister to Mexico in 1862. Mr. Corwin was one of the few natural orators who have risen without the advantages of liberal education to the highest honors. His intellect was keen and analytical, his power of statement masterly, and his command of the lighter weapons of ridicule and satire unrivalled among his contemporaries. His speeches in political campaigns drew great crowds, who were alternately kindled by his soaring flights of eloquence and convulsed by his humorous sallies, which were set off by a facial expression so mobile and irresistibly comic, that it was often remarked that when Tom Corwin took to politics, the stage lost a great comic actor. His colloquial powers were brilliant, and he was the centre of a throng of amused and eager listeners in every company where he was present.]

The following is extracted from Mr. Corwin's *impromptu* speech in reply to General Cray of Michigan, a pompous little militia general, who had attacked in Congress the military judgment and well-won fame of General W. H. Harrison, of Ohio (elected the same year President of the United States.)

If the gentleman from South Carolina [Mr. Pickens], and the gentleman from Maine [Mr. Parris], who consider the Cumberland road a work of mere sectional advantage to a very small portion of the people, have attended to the sage disquisitions of the gentleman from Michigan on the art of war, they must now either come to the conclusion that almost the whole of the gentleman's speech is what old-fashioned people would call a "*non sequitur*," or else that this road connects itself with not merely the military defenses of the Union, but is interwoven most intimately with the progress of science, and especially that most difficult of all sciences, the proper application of strategy to the exigencies of barbarian warfare. It will be seen that the far-seeing sagacity and long reaching understanding of the gentleman from Michigan has discovered that, before we can vote with a clear conscience on the instructions proposed, we must be well informed as to the number of Indians who fought at the battle of Tippecanoe, in 1811; how these

savages were painted, whether red, black, or blue, or whether all were blended on their barbarian faces. Further, according to his views of the subject, before we vote money to make a road, we must know and approve of what General Harrison thought, said, and did, at the battle of Tippecanoe.

Again, upon this process of reasoning, we must inquire where a General should be when a battle begins, especially in the night, and what his position during the fight, and where he should be found when it is over; and particularly how a Kentuckian behaves himself when he hears an Indian war-whoop in day or night. And, after settling all these puzzling propositions, still we must fully understand how and by whom the battle of the Thames was fought, and in what manner it then and there became our troops, regular and militia, to conduct themselves. Sir, it must be obvious that if these topics are germane to the subject, then does the Cumberland road encompass all the interests and all the subjects that touch the rights, duties, and destinies of the civilized world; and I hope we shall hear no more from Southern gentlemen of the narrow, sectional, or unconstitutional, character of the proposed measure. That branch of the subject is, I hope, forever quieted, perhaps unintentionally, by the gentleman from Michigan. His military criticism, if it has not answered the purposes intended, has at least, in this way, done some service to the Cumberland road. And if my poor halting comprehension has not blundered, in pursuing the soaring upward flight of my friend from Michigan, he has in this discussion written a new chapter in the "*regula philosophandi*," and made not ourselves only, but the whole world his debtors in gratitude, by overturning the old worn-out principles of the "*inductive system*."

Mr. Speaker, there have been many and ponderous volumes written, and various unctuous discourses delivered, on the doctrine of "*association*." Dugald Stewart, a Scotch gentleman of no mean pretensions in his day, thought much and wrote much concerning that principle in mental philosophy; and Brown, another of the same school, but of later date, has also written and said much on the subject. This latter gentleman, I think, calls it "*suggestion*," but never, I venture to

say, did any metaphysician, pushing his researches furthest and deepest into that occult science, dream that would come to pass which we have discovered and clearly developed—that is, that two subjects so unlike as an appropriation to a road in 1840, and the tactics proper in Indian war in 1811 were not merely akin, but actually, identically, the same.

Mr. Speaker, this discussion, I should think, if not absolutely absurd and utterly ridiculous, which my respect for the gentleman from Michigan and the American Congress will not allow me to suppose, has elicited another trait in the American character which has been the subject of great admiration with intelligent travelers from the old world. Foreigners have admired the ease with which we Yankees, as they call us, can turn our hands to any business or pursuit, public or private; and this has been brought forward by our own people as a proof that man, in this great and free republic is a being very far superior to the same animal in other parts of the globe less favored than ours. A proof of the most convincing character of this truth, so flattering to our national pride, is exhibited before our eyes in the gentleman from Michigan delivering to the world a grave lecture on the campaigns of General Harrison, including a variety of very interesting military events in the years 1811, 1812, and 1813. In all other countries, and in all former times, before now, a gentleman who would either speak or be listened to, on the subject of war, involving subtle criticisms on strategy, and careful reviews of marches, sieges, battles, regular and casual, and irregular onslaughts, would be required to show, first, that he had studied much, investigated fully, and digested well, the science and history of his subject. But here, sir, no such painful preparation is required; witness the gentleman from Michigan. He has announced to the House that he is a militia general on the peace establishment. That he is a lawyer we know, tolerably well read in Tidd's practice and Espinasse's Nisi Prius. These studies, so happily adapted to the subject of war, with an appointment in the militia in time of peace, furnish him at once with all the knowledge necessary to discourse to us, as from high authority, upon all the mysteries in the "trade of death." Again, Mr. Speaker, it must

occur to every one that we, to whom these questions are submitted and these criticisms are addressed, being all colonels at least, and most of us, like the gentleman himself, brigadiers, are, of all conceivable tribunals, best qualified to decide any nice point connected with military science. I hope the House will not be alarmed by an impression that I am about to discuss one or the other of the military questions now before us at length, but I wish to submit a remark or two, by way of preparing us for a proper appreciation of the merits of the discourse we have heard. I trust, as we are all brother officers, that the gentleman from Michigan and the two hundred and forty colonels or generals of this honorable House, will receive what I have to say, as coming from an old brother in arms, and addressed to them in a spirit of candor,

Such as becomes comrades free,  
Reposing after victory.

Sir, we all know the military studies of the gentleman from Michigan before he was promoted. I take it to be beyond a reasonable doubt, that he had perused with great care the title-page of "Baron Steuben." Nay, I go further; as the gentleman has incidentally assured us he is prone to look into musty and neglected volumes, I venture to assert, without vouching the fact from personal knowledge, that he has prosecuted his researches so far as to be able to know, that the rear rank stands right behind the front. This, I think, is fairly inferable from what I understand him to say of the two lines of encampment at Tippecanoe. Thus we see, Mr. Speaker, that the gentleman from Michigan, so far as study can give us knowledge of a subject, comes before us with claims of great profundity. But this is a subject which, of all others, requires the aid of actual experience to make us wise. Now the gentleman from Michigan, being a militia general, as he has told us, his brother officers, in a simple statement has revealed the glorious history of toils, privations, sacrifices, and bloody scenes, through which we know, from experience and observation, a militia officer in time of peace is sure to pass. We all, in fancy, now see the gentleman from Michigan in that most dangerous and glorious event in the life of a militia

general on the peace establishment—a parade day! The day for which all the other days of his life seem to have been made. We can see the troops in motion; umbrellas, hoe and ax-handles and other like deadly implements of war overshadowing all the field, when lo! the leader of the host approaches,

“Far off his coming shines;”

his plume, white, after the fashion of the great Bourbon, is of ample length, and reads its doleful history in the bereaved necks and bosoms of forty neighboring hen roosts!

Like the great Suwaroff, he seems somewhat careless in forms and points of dress; hence his epaulettes may be on his shoulders, back or sides, but still gleaming, gloriously gleaming in the sun. Mounted he is, too, let it not be forgotten. Need I describe to the colonels and generals of this honorable House the steed, which heroes bestride on such occasions? No, I see the memory of other days is with you. You see before you the gentleman from Michigan mounted on his crop-eared, bushy-tailed mare, the singular obliquity of whose hinder limbs is described in the most expressive phrase, “sickle hams”; her height just fourteen hands, “all told;” yes, sir, there you see his “steed that laughs at the shaking of the spear;” that is his “war-horse whose neck is clothed with thunder.” Mr. Speaker, we have glowing descriptions in history, of Alexander the Great and his war-horse Bucephalus, at the head of his invincible Macedonian phalanx, but, sir, such are the improvements of modern times, that every one must see that our militia general, with his crop-eared mare, with bushy tail and sickle ham, would literally frighten off a battle-field a hundred Alexanders. But, sir, to the parade day. The general thus mounted and equipped is in the field, and ready for action. On the eve of some desperate enterprise, such as giving order to shoulder arms, it may be there occurs a crisis, one of the accidents of war, which no sagacity could foresee or prevent. A cloud rises and passes over the sun! Here an occasion occurs for the display of that greatest of all traits in the character of a commander, that tact which enables him to seize upon and turn to good account events unlooked for as they arise. Now for the caution wherewith the Roman

Fabius foiled the skill and courage of Hannibal. A retreat is ordered, and troops and general, in a twinkling, are found safely bivouacked in a neighboring grocery! But even here the general still has room for the exhibition of heroic deeds. Hot from the field, and chafed with the untoward events of the day, your general unsheaths his trenchant blade, eighteen inches in length, as you will remember, and with energy and remorseless fury he slices the watermelons that lie in heaps around him and shares them with his surviving friends. Other of the sinews of war are not wanting here. Whiskey, Mr. Speaker, that great leveler of modern times, is here also, and the shells of the watermelons are filled to the brim. Here again, Mr. Speaker, is shown, how the extremes of barbarism and civilization meet. As the Scandinavian Heroes of old, after the fatigues of war, drank wine from the skulls of their slaughtered enemies, in Odin’s Halls, so now our militia general and his forces, from the skulls of melons thus vanquished, in copious draughts of whiskey assuage the heroic fire of their souls, after the bloody scenes of a parade day. But, alas, for this short-lived race of ours, all things will have an end, and so even is it with the glorious achievements of our general. Time is on the wing and will not stay his flight; the sun, as if frightened at the mighty events of the day, rides down the sky, and at the close of the day, when “the hamlet is still,” the curtain of night drops upon the scene;

“And glory, like the phoenix in its fires,  
Exhales its odors, blazes and expires.”

We now come to see something of the man, the general, whose military history our able and experienced general from Michigan has reviewed. We know that debates like this have sometimes been had in the British Parliament. There, I believe, the discussion was usually conducted by those in the House, who have seen, and not merely heard, of service. We all know, that Colonel Napier has in several volumes, reviewed the campaigns of Wellington, and criticised the movements and merits of Beresford, and Sault, and Massena, and many others, quite, yes, I say *quite* as well known in military history as any of us, not even excepting our general from Michigan. We respect the opinions of Napier, because we know, he

not only *thought* of war, but that he *fought* too. We respect and admire that combination of military skill, with profound statesmanlike views, which we find in "Cæsar's Commentaries," because we know the "mighty Julius" was a soldier, trained in the field and inured to the accidents and dangers of war. But, sir, we generals of Congress require no such painful discipline to give value to our opinions. We men of the nineteenth century know all things instinctively. We understand perfectly the military art by nature. Yes, sir, the notions of the gentleman from Michigan, agree exactly with a sage by the name of "Dogberry," who insisted, that "reading and writing come by nature." Mr. Speaker we have heard and read enough of the "advance of knowledge, the improvements of the species and the great march of mind," but never till now have we understood the extent of meaning in these pregnant phrases. For instance, the gentleman from Michigan asserts that General Harrison has none of the qualities of a general because at the battle of Tippecanoe he was found at one time at a distance from his tent, urging his men on to battle. He exposed his person too much, it seems. He should have staid at his tent, and waited for the officers to come to him for orders. Well sir, see now to what conclusion this leads us. Napoleon seized a standard at Lodi, and rushed in front of his columns across a narrow bridge, which was swept by a whole park of German artillery. Hence, Napoleon was no officer; he did not know how to command an army. He, like Harrison, exposed his person too much. Oh, Mr. Speaker, what a pity for poor Napoleon that he had not studied Steuben, and slaughtered water-melons, with us natural-born generals of this great age of the world! Sir, it might have altered the map of Europe; nay, changed the destinies of the world!

Something was said by the gentleman from Michigan about the encampment at Tippecanoe. If I understood him rightly, he condemned it as injudicious, because it had a river on one side and a morass on another. Now, Mr. Speaker, I shall give no opinion on the question thus stated; but it just now occurs to me that this very subject, which I think in the military vocabulary is called castrametation, admits of some serious injury bear-

ing upon the criticism under consideration. In almost all scientific research, we find that what is now reduced to system, and arises to the dignity of science, was at first the product of some casualty, which, falling under the notice of some reflecting mind, gave rise to surprising results. The accidental falling of an apple developed the great law of gravitation. I am sure I have somewhere seen it stated that Pyrrhus, the celebrated king of Epirus, who is allowed by all authority to have been the first general of his time, first learned to fortify his camp by having a river in his rear and a morass on his flank; and this was first suggested to him, by seeing a wild boar, when hunted to desperation, back himself against a tree or rock that he may fight his pursuers, without danger of his being assailed in his rear. Now, sir, if I comprehend the gentleman from Michigan, he has against him on his point not only the celebrated king of Epirus, but also the wild boar, who it seems, was the tutor of Pyrrhus, in the art of castrametation. Here then, are two approved authorities, one of whom nature taught the art of war, as she kindly did us colonels, and the other that renowned hero of Epirus, who gave the Romans so much trouble in his time. These authorities are near two thousand years old, and, as far as I know, unquestioned, till the gentleman from Michigan attacked them yesterday. Here again, I ask who shall decide? Pyrrhus and the boar on one side, and the gentleman from Michigan on the other. Sir, I decline jurisdiction of the question, and leave the two hundred and forty colonels of this House to settle the contest, "*non nostrum tantas componere lites.*"

#### THE EDINBURGH LADIES' PETITION

TO DR. MOYES, WITH LORD BYRON'S  
REPLY.

Dear Doctor, let it not transpire  
How much your lectures we admire,  
How at your eloquence we wonder,  
When you explain the cause of thunder;  
Of lightning and of electricity,  
With so much plainness and simplicity;  
The origin of rocks and mountains,  
Of seas and rivers, lakes and fountains,

Of rain and hail, of frost and snow,  
And all the winds and storms that blow;  
Besides an hundred wonders more,  
Of which we never heard before.  
But now, dear Doctor, not to flatter,  
There is a most important matter,  
A matter which you never touch on,  
A matter which our thoughts run much on,  
A subject, if we right conjecture,  
Which well deserves a long, long lecture,  
Which all the ladies would approve—  
The Natural History of Love.  
Oh! list to our united voice,  
Deny us not, dear Dr. Moyes;  
Tell us why our poor tender hearts  
So willingly admit Love's darts?  
Teach us the marks of love's beginning,  
What is it makes a beau so winning?  
What is it makes a coxcomb witty,  
A dotard wise, a red coat pretty?  
Why we believe such horrid lies,  
That we are angels from the skies,  
Our teeth are pearl, our cheeks are roses,  
Our eyes are stars—such charming noses!  
Explain our dreams waking and sleeping,  
Explain our laughing and our weeping,  
Explain our hoping and our doubting,  
Our blushing, simpering, and pouting.  
Teach us all the enchanting arts  
Of winning and of keeping hearts.  
Teach us, dear Doctor, if you can,  
To humble that proud creature man;  
To turn the wise ones into fools,  
The proud and insolent to tools;  
To make them all run helter-skelter  
Their necks into the marriage-halter;  
Then leave us to ourselves with these,  
We'll rule and turn them as we please.  
Dear Doctor, if you grant our wishes,  
We promise you five hundred kisses;  
And rather than the affair be blunder'd  
We'll give you *six score to the hundred*.

*Approved by 300 Ladies, 1807.*

### LORD BYRON'S REPLY.

[The following are Lord Byron's own words in reference to the preceding composition:—"This petition, a sprightly little poem, was put into my hands by a lady for whom I entertain a very great respect, accompanied by a wish that I would reply in the Doctor's name. Though by no means adequate to the task, I have endeavoured, in the following lines, to give such answers to the questions as my own trifling experience suggested, more from my dislike to refuse any request of a female than the most distant hope of affording a perspicuous or satisfactory solution of the different queries.—*March, 1807.*"]

In all the arts, without exception,  
The moderns show a vast perception:

From morbid symptoms diagnostic  
Each Doctor draws a sage prognostic;  
Whilst each professor forms a project  
From diagrams or subtle logic.  
Herschel improves us in Astronomy,  
Lavater writes on Physiognomy;  
The principles of Nature's history  
To man appear no more a mystery.  
Monboddo says that once a tail huge  
Adorned man before the deluge;  
And that at length mankind got rid of 'em,  
Because they stood no more in need of 'em.  
Since we on fours no longer went all,  
Clothes were declared more ornamental.  
Religion splits in many a schism;  
Lectures commence on Galvanism;  
The marvelous phantasmagoria  
Work on the optics and sensoria;—  
But not content with common things,  
Behold, some daily wonder springs;  
An infant Billington, or Banti,  
Squalls out "Adagio" or "Andante!"  
The town to see the veteran Kemble  
In nightly crowds no more assemble;  
The house is crammed, in every place full,  
To see the boy of action graceful;  
While Roscius lends his name to Betty,  
Sully must yield the palm to Petty;  
And last, though not the least in crime,  
A sucking Peer pretends to rhyme,  
Though many think the noble fool  
Had better far return to school,  
And there improve in learning faster,  
Instead of libelling his master.  
Knowledge is daily more prolific,  
And babes will soon be scientific.  
Yet, in the midst of general science,  
One theme to sophists gives defiance,  
Which some condemn, but most approve—  
The Natural History of Love!

\* \* \* \* \*  
Why fools are oft prefer'd to wise men  
I know, but never will advise them;  
We really can't explain the reason,  
Because to mention it were treason.  
Why? all the charming easy creatures  
Believe that Heaven is in their features,  
Has lent her stars—that earth has given  
Her roses, to outrival Heaven;  
Or why the sea, to please the girl,  
Bids oysters mourn their absent pearl,  
Requires but little explanation—  
Their own mistakes are the occasion.  
While vanity shall hold the glass,  
All this will daily come to pass.  
To cure their laughing and their weeping,  
Their wandering dreams, and e'en their  
sleeping,  
'Tis known by men of nice precision,  
That Hymen is the best physician;  
He will unravel hopes and doubting,

And put an end to fits of pouting.  
 But how to tame the other sex  
 Would any saint or sage perplex.  
 Ladies! I think you can't complain,  
 You hold a wide extensive reign;  
 First learn to rule yourselves, and then,  
 Perhaps, you'll quite subdue the men.  
 As for that word, the marriage halter,  
 The very mention makes me falter;  
 The texture is so monstrous coarse,  
 It drags us into Heaven by force.  
 Though much disposed to sin in rhyming,  
 The muses never speak of Hymen;  
 I'm therefore almost doubtful whether  
 I'd best be silent altogether,  
 Or with a compliment conclude,  
 Since all before is downright rude;  
 But when I read the blest reward  
 Awaits the Doctor, or his bard,  
 "Five hundred kisses!" oh, ye Gods!  
 For half I'd dare all mortal odds:  
 Though I can never be victorious,  
 To fall in such a cause is glorious;  
 I'll therefore, since I've made beginning,  
 Conclude, with scarce a hope of winning.  
 To make my deities propitious,  
 I'll wish what each in secret wishes;  
 Though much I fear that e'en veracity  
 Can ne'er atone for such audacity.  
 "May each amongst you find a mate  
 Content at home in peace to wait;  
 Grateful for each connubial blessing,  
 And quite enough in spouse possessing;  
 A cheerful, constant, kind, and free one,—  
 But Heaven forbid that I should be one!"

### THE DUMB-WAITER.

[FREDERICK S. COCKENS, 1818-60; born in N. Y.; in early life a wine-merchant, and editor of the *Wine Press*, for which he wrote papers on the culture of the grape and the manufacture of wine. This led him to more popular authorship, and he contributed to *Magazines*. His first volume was *Primitives*, by Richard Hayward. Then came the *Sparrowgrass Papers*, his best effort. Afterwards he published *Acadia, or a sojourn among the Blue Noses*; and a *Memorial of Fitz-Greene Halleck*. One of his latest and best works is *Sayings, Wise and Otherwise*.]

WE have put a dumb-waiter in our house. A dumb-waiter is a good thing to have in the country, on account of its convenience. If you have company, every thing can be sent up from the kitchen without any trouble; and if the baby gets to be unbearable, on account of his teeth, you can dismiss the complainant by stuffing him into one of the

shelves, and letting him down upon the help.

To provide for contingencies, we had all our floors deafened. In consequence, you cannot hear anything that is going on in the story below; and when you are in an upper room of the house, there might be a democratic ratification-meeting in the cellar, and you would not know it. Therefore, if any one should break into the basement, it would not disturb us; but to please Mrs. Sparrowgrass, I put stout iron bars on all the lower windows. Besides, Mrs. Sparrowgrass had bought a rattle when she was in Philadelphia; such a rattle as watchmen carry there. This is to alarm our neighbor, who, upon the signal, is to come to the rescue with his revolver. He is a rash man, prone to pull trigger first, and make inquiries afterward.

One evening Mrs. S. had retired, and I was busy writing, when it struck me a glass of ice-water would be palatable. So I took the candle and a pitcher, and went down to the pump. Our pump is in the kitchen. A country pump in the kitchen is more convenient; but a well with buckets is certainly most picturesque. Unfortunately our well-water has not been sweet since it was cleaned out.

First, I had to open a bolted door that lets you into the basement hall, and then I went to the kitchen door, which proved to be locked. Then I remembered that our girl always carried the key to bed with her, and slept with it under her pillow. Then I retraced my steps; bolted the basement door, and went up into the dining-room. As is always the case, I found, when I could not get any water I was thirstier than I supposed I was. Then I thought I would wake our girl up. Then I concluded not to do it. Then I thought of the well, but I gave that up on account of its flavor. Then I opened the closet doors: there was no water there; and then I thought of the dumb-waiter! The novelty of the idea made me smile; I took out two of the movable shelves, stood the pitcher on the bottom of the dumb-waiter, got in myself with the lamp; let myself down until I supposed I was within a foot of the floor below, and then let go.

We came down so suddenly that I was shot out of the apparatus as if it had been a catapult; it broke the pitcher, extin-

guished the lamp, and landed me in the middle of the kitchen at midnight, with no fire, and the air not much above the zero point. The truth is, I had miscalculated the distance of the descent,—instead of falling one foot, I had fallen five. My first impulse was, to ascend by the way I came down, but I found that impracticable. Then I tried the kitchen door: it was locked. I tried to force it open; it was made of two-inch stuff, and held its own. Then I hoisted a window, and there were the rigid iron bars. If I ever felt angry at anybody it was at myself, for putting up those bars to please Mrs. Sparrowgrass. I put them up, not to keep people in, but to keep people out.

I laid my cheek against the ice-cold barriers, and looked at the sky; not a star was visible; it was as black as ink overhead. Then I thought of Baron Trenck and the prisoner of Chillon. Then I made a noise! I shouted until I was hoarse, and ruined our preserving-kettle with the poker. That brought our dogs out in full bark, and between us we made the night hideous. Then I thought I heard a voice, and listened: it was Mrs. Sparrowgrass calling to me from the top of the stair-case. I tried to make her hear me, but the infernal dogs united with howl, and growl, and bark, so as to drown my voice, which is naturally plaintive and tender. Besides, there were two bolted doors and double-deafened floors between us. How could she recognize my voice, even if she did hear it?

Mrs. Sparrowgrass called once or twice, and then got frightened; the next thing I heard was a sound as if the roof had fallen in, by which I understood that Mrs. Sparrowgrass was springing the rattle! That called out our neighbor, already wide awake; he came to the rescue with a bull-terrier, a Newfoundland pup, a lantern, and a revolver. The moment he saw me at the window, he shot at me, but fortunately just missed me. I threw myself under the kitchen table, and ventured to expostulate with him, but he would not listen to reason. In the excitement I had forgotten his name, and that made matters worse. It was not until he had roused up everybody around, broken in the basement door with an axe, gotten into the kitchen with his cursed savage dogs and shooting-iron, and seized me by the collar, that he recognized me,—and

then he wanted me to explain it! But what kind of an explanation could I make to him? I told him he would have to wait until my mind was composed, and then I would let him understand the matter fully. But he never would have had the particulars from me, for I do not approve of neighbors that shoot at you, break in your door, and treat you in your own house as if you were a jail-bird. He knows all about it, however,—somebody has told him—*somebody* tells everybody every thing in our village.

### TEN JESTS OF HIEROCLES.

[HIEROCLES, "The New Platonist," flourished in Alexandria about the middle of the fifth century.]

1. A YOUNG man, meeting an acquaintance, said, "I heard that you were dead." "But," says the other, "you see me alive." "I do not know how that may be," replied he: "you are a notorious liar; my informant was a person of credit."

2. A man wrote to a friend in Greece, begging him to purchase books. From negligence or avarice, he neglected to execute the commission; but, fearing that his correspondent might be offended, he exclaimed, when next they met, "My dear friend, I never got the letter you wrote to me about the books."

3. A robust countryman, meeting a physician, ran to hide behind a wall: being asked the cause, he replied, "It is so long since I have been sick, that I am ashamed to look a physician in the face."

4. A man, hearing that a raven would live two hundred years, bought one to try.

5. A foolish fellow, having a house to sell, took a brick from the wall to exhibit as a sample.

6. A man, meeting a friend, said, "I spoke to you last night in a dream." "Pardon me," replied the other; "I did not hear you."

7. A man that had nearly been drowned while bathing, declared that he would never enter the water again till he had learned to swim.

8. During a storm, the passengers on board a vessel that appeared in danger, seized different implements to aid them in swimming, and one of the number selected for this purpose the anchor.

9. A wittol, a barber, and a bald-headed man travelled together. Losing their way,



they were forced to sleep in the open air; and, to avert danger, it was agreed to keep watch by turns. The lot fell first on the barber, who, for amusement, shaved the fool's head while he slept; he then woke him, and the fool, raising his hand to scratch his head, exclaimed, "Here's a pretty mistake! Rascal, you have waked the bald-headed man instead of me."

10. A gentleman had a cask of fine wine, from which his servant stole a large quantity. When the master perceived the deficiency, he diligently inspected the top of the cask, but could find no traces of an opening. "Look if there be not a hole in the bottom," said a bystander. "Block-head," he replied, "do you not see that the deficiency is at the top, and not at the bottom?"

### BREVITY.

THE London member of the house of Rothschild once wrote to his Paris correspondent to ascertain if any alteration had occurred in the price of certain stocks. The inquiry was only a simple

?

The reply was equally brief:—

O—I

Mr. McNair, a man of few words, wrote to his nephew at Pittsburg the following laconic letter:—

DEAR NEPHEW,

;

To which the nephew replied, by return of mail,—

DEAR UNCLE,

;

The long of this short was, that the uncle wrote to his nephew, *See my coal on*, which a *se-mi-col-on* expressed; and the youngster informed his uncle that the coal was shipped, by simply saying, *Col-on*.

When Lord Buckley married a rich and beautiful lady, whose hand had been solicited at the same time by Lord Powis, in the height of his felicity he wrote thus to the Duke of Dorset:—

Dear Dorset:—I am the happiest dog alive!

BUCKLEY.

ANSWER.

Dear Buckley:—Every dog has his day.

DORSET.

A lady having occasion to call upon Abernethy, the great surgeon, and knowing his repugnance to anything like verbosity, forbore speaking except simply in reply to his laconic inquiries. The consultation, during three visits, was conducted in the following manner:—

*First Day.*—(Lady enters and holds out her finger.) *Abernethy.*—"Cut?" *Lady.*—"Bite." *A.*—"Dog?" *L.*—"Parrot."

*A.*—"Go home and poultice it."  
*Second Day.*—(Finger held out again.) *A.*—"Better?" *L.*—"Worse." *A.*—"Go home and poultice it again."

*Third Day.*—(Finger held out as before.) *A.*—"Better?" *L.*—"Well." *A.*—"You're the most sensible woman I ever met with. Good-by. Get out."

If brevity is the soul of wit, Talleyrand was the greatest of wits. A single word was often sufficient for his keenest retort. When a hypochondriac, who had notoriously led a profligate life, complained to the diplomatist that he was enduring the torments of hell,—"*Je sens les tourmens de l'enfer*,"—the answer was, "*Déjà?*" (Already?) To a lady who had lost her husband, Talleyrand once addressed a letter of condolence in two words:—"O, Madame!" In less than a year the lady had married again; and then his letter of congratulation was, "Ah, Madame!" Could anything be more wittily significant than the "O" and the "Ah" of this sententious correspondence?

Prince Metternich once requested the autograph of Jules Janin. The witty journalist sent him the following:—

"I acknowledge the receipt from M. de Metternich of twenty bottles of Johannisberg, for which I return infinite thanks."

JULES JANIN.

The prince, in return, doubled the quantity, and sent him forty bottles.

This is equal to the joke of Rochester, on the occasion of Charles II.'s crew of rakes writing pieces of poetry and handing them to Dryden, so that he might decide which was the prettiest poet. Rochester finished his piece in a few minutes, and Dryden decided that it was the best. On reading it, the lines were found to be the following:—

"I promise to pay, to the order of John Dryden, twenty pounds.—ROCHESTER."

## THE WIDOW.

[CHRISTIAN FÜRCHTEGOTT GELLERT was born at Hainichen, in Saxony, in 1715. His father was a poor clergyman with thirteen children. He was sent first to the "Prince's School," and entered the University at Leipzig, where he studied theology. He died in 1769. His most popular piece in Germany, is "The Widow."]

DORINDA's youthful spouse,  
Whom as herself she loved, and better,  
too,—  
"Better?"—methinks I hear some caviller  
say,  
With scornful smile; but let him smile away!  
A true thing is not therefore the less true,  
Let laughing cavillers do what they may.  
Suffice it, death snatched from Dorinda's  
arms—  
Too early snatched, in all his glowing  
charms—  
The best of husbands and the best of men;  
And I can find no words,—in vain my pen,  
Though dipped in briny tears, would fain por-  
tray,  
In lively colors, all the young wife felt,  
As o'er his couch in agony she knelt,  
And clasped the hand, and kissed the cheek  
of clay.  
The priest, whose business 't was to soothe  
her, came;  
All friendship came,—in vain;  
The more they soothed, the more Dorinda  
cried.  
They had to drag her from the dead one's  
side.  
A ceaseless wringing of the hands  
Was all she did; one piteous "Alas!"  
The only sound that from her lips did pass;  
Full four-and-twenty hours thus she lay.  
Meanwhile, a neighbor o'er the way  
Had happened in, well skilled in carving  
wood.  
He saw Dorinda's melancholy mood,  
And, partly at her own request,  
Partly to show his reverence for the blest,  
And save his memory from untimely end,  
Resolved to carve in wood an image of his  
friend.  
Success the artist's cunning hand attended;  
With most amazing speed the work was  
ended;  
And there stood Stephen large as life.  
A masterpiece soon makes its way to light;  
The folk ran up and screamed, so soon as Ste-  
phen met their sight,  
"Ah, Heavens! Ah, there he is! Yes, yes,  
'tis he!  
O happy artist! happy wife!  
Look at the laughing features! Only see  
The open mouth, that seems as if 'twould  
speak!

VOL. III.—W. H.

I never saw before, in all my life,  
Such nature,—no, I vow, there could not be  
A truer likeness; so he looked to me,  
When he stood godfather last week."  
They brought the wooden spouse,  
That now alone the widow's heart could  
cheer,  
Up to the second story of the house,  
Where he and she had slept one blessed year.  
There in her chamber, having turned the  
key,  
She shut herself with him, and sought  
relief  
And comfort in the midst of bitter grief,  
And held herself as bound, if she would be  
Forever worthy of his memory,  
To weep away the remnant of her life.  
What more could one desire of a wife?  
So sat Dorinda many weeks, heart-broken,  
And had not, my informant said,  
In all that time, to living creature spoken,  
Except her house-dog and her serving maid,  
And this, after so many weeks of woe,  
Was the first day that she had dared to  
glance  
Out of her window: and to-day, by chance,  
Just as she looked, a stranger stood below.  
Up in a twinkling came the house-maid  
running,  
And said, with look of sweetest, half hid cun-  
ning,  
"Madam, a gentleman would speak to you,  
A lovely gentleman as one would wish to  
view,  
Almost as lovely as your blessed one;  
He has some business with you must be  
done,—  
Business, he said, he could not trust with  
me."  
"Must just make up some story, then," said  
she,  
"I cannot leave, one moment, my dear  
man;  
In short, go down and do the best you  
can;  
Tell him I'm sick with sorrow; for, ah me!  
It were no wonder—"  
"Madam, 't will not do;  
He has already had a glimpse of you,  
Up at your window, as he stood below;  
You *must* come down; now do, I pray.  
The stranger will not thus be sent away.  
He's something weighty to impart, I know.  
I *should* think, madam, you *might* go."  
A moment the young widow stands per-  
plexed,  
Fluttering 'twixt memory and hope; the  
next,  
Embracing, with a sudden glow,  
The image that so long had soothed her woe,

She lets the stranger in. Who can it be?  
A suitor? Ask the maid; already she  
Is listening at the key-hole; but her ear  
Only Dorinda's plaintive tone can hear.  
The afternoon slips by. What can it mean?  
The stranger goes not yet, has not been seen  
To leave the house. Perhaps he makes re-  
quest—

Unheard-of boldness!—to remain, a guest?  
Dorinda comes at length, and, sooth to say,  
alone.—

Where is the image, her dear, sad de-  
light?—

"Maid," she begins, "say, what shall now  
be done?"

The gentleman will be my guest to-night.  
Go, instantly, and boil the pot of fish."

"Yes, madam, yes, with pleasure,—as you  
wish."

Dorinda goes back to her room again.

The maid ransacks the house to find a  
stick

Of wood to make a fire beneath the pot,—in  
vain.

She cannot find a single one, then quick  
She calls Dorinda out; in agony.

"Ah, madam, hear the solemn truth," says  
she:

"There's not a stick of fish-wood in the  
house.

Suppose I take that image down and split  
it?

That

Is good, hard wood, and to our purpose  
pat."

"The image? No, indeed!—But—well—  
yes, do!

What need you have been making all this  
touse?"

"But, ma'am, the image is too much for me;  
I cannot lift it all alone, you see;—

"T would go out of the window easily."

"A lucky thought! and that will split it for  
you, too.

The gentleman in future lives with me;

I may no longer nurse this misery."

Up went the sash, and out the blessed Stephen  
flew.

### RELICS.

"WHAT is this?" said a traveller, who  
entertained reasonable doubts as to the  
genuineness of certain so-called relics of  
antiquity, while visiting an old cathedral  
in the Netherlands: "What is contained  
in this phial?"

"Sir," replied the sacristan, "that phial  
contains one of the frogs picked up when

Pharaoh was visited with the plague of  
frogs."

"I am sure, then," rejoined the travel-  
ler, "there could have been no epicures  
in those days."

"Why so?" said the sacristan.

"Because they would have eaten him,  
he is so large and fat."

The traveller took up another phial,  
which was near. "This contains?" said  
he—

"That is a most precious relic of the  
church, which we value very highly."

"It looks very dark."

"There is good reason for that."

"I am somewhat curious. Tell me  
why."

"You perceive it is very dark."

"I own it."

"That, sir, is some of the darkness  
which Moses spread over the land of  
Egypt."

"Indeed! I presume, what the mod-  
erns call *darkness made visible*."

### A MAN WHO DIDN'T OVERESTIMATE HIMSELF.

A HEBREW merchant from a Western  
city went into one of our large wholesale  
houses the other day, and said he wished  
to buy about \$1,500 worth of goods. He  
was willing to pay \$1,200 cash, and give  
his note for ninety days for the rest of the  
bill. The firm looked up the house which  
the customer represented and came to the  
conclusion that his note wouldn't be of  
much value. They concluded, however,  
to sell him the goods he desired, making  
a sufficient advance in the usual price to  
cover the amount of the note. The sale  
was made, and the bill amounted to \$1,450.  
The purchaser paid the \$1,200 and drew  
his note for the remainder.

"Now mine vriends," said he, "I vanta  
you to gif me von present. I always has  
a present after so big a bill."

"Well," replied the merchant, "we  
can't give you much of a present, but  
you can pick out a necktie for yourself,  
if you wish."

"No, no. I vanta no neckties. I vanta  
a silk dress for mine vife."

"O, we can't do that!" said the mer-  
chant, "but I'll tell you what we will do.  
We will give you your note."

"My note! No, py my gracious, I  
takes ze necktie!"

## THE COLLEGIAN AND THE PORTER.

[JAMES AND HORACE SMITH, authors of *The Rejected Addresses*, were sons of an eminent London Solicitor; James was born Feb. 10, 1775, died Dec. 24, 1839. Horace was born Dec. 31, 1779, died July 12, 1849. James followed his father's profession and succeeded him as solicitor to the board of ordnance. Horace adopted the profession of a stock broker, and realized a handsome fortune, on which he retired with his family to Brighton. Both were popular and accomplished men—James remarkable for his conversational powers and gayety, and Horace (the wealthier of the two) distinguished for true liberality and benevolence. The work by which they are best known is a small volume of poetical parodies or imitations, perhaps the best in the language. On the opening of the new Drury Lane theater, in October, 1812, the committee of management advertised for an address to be spoken on the occasion, and the brothers Smith adopted a suggestion made to them, that they should write a series of supposed "Rejected Addresses." They accomplished their task in the course of a few weeks—James furnishing imitations of Wordsworth, Southey, Coleridge, Crabbe, Cobbett, etc.; while Horace contributed imitations of Scott, Byron (all but the first stanza,) Moore, and others. In point of talent, the authors were about equally matched, for though James had the greater number of successful imitations, the one by Horace of Scott is the most felicitous of the whole. It is a curious fact in literary history that a work so exceedingly popular should have had great difficulty in finding a publisher; and that the copyright, which had been originally offered to Murray for £20 and refused, was purchased by him in 1819, after the book had run through sixteen editions, for £131. The authors received above £1000 from the sale of the work.]

At Trin. Coll. Cam.—which means, in proper spelling,

Trinity College, Cambridge—there resided  
One Harry Dashington—a youth excelling

In all the learning commonly provided  
For those who choose that classic station  
For finishing their education.

That is—he understood computing

The odds at any race or match;

Was a dead hand at pigeon shooting;

Could kick up rows—knock down the  
watch—

Play truant and the rake at random—

Drink—tie cravats—and drive a tandem.

Remonstrance, fine, and rustication,  
So far from working reformation,

Seemed but to make his lapses greater,  
Till he was warned that next offence  
Would have this certain consequence—  
Expulsion from his Alma Mater.

One need not be a necromancer

To guess, that with so wild a wight,

The next offence occur'd next night;  
When our Incurable came rolling  
Home, as the midnight chimes were tolling,  
And rang the College Bell. No answer.

The second peal was vain—the third

Made the street echo its alarm,

When to his great delight he heard

The sordid Janitor, Old Ben,

Rousing and growling in his den.

'Who's there?—I suppose young Harum-  
scarum.'

'Tis I, my worthy Ben—'tis Harry.'

'Ay, so I thought, and there you'll tarry.

'Tis past the hour—the gates are closed—

You know my orders—I shall lose

My place if I undo the door.'

'And I' (young Hopeful interposed)

'Shall be expell'd if you refuse.

So prythee—Ben began to snore.

'I'm wet,' cried Harry, 'to the skin,  
Hip! hallo! Ben—don't be a ninny;  
Beneath the gate I've thrust a guinea,  
So tumble out and let me in.'

'Humph,' growled the greedy old curmud-  
geon,

Half overjoy'd, and half in dudgeon,

'Now you may pass; but make no fuss,

On tiptoe walk, and hold your prate.'

'Look on the stones, old Cerberus,'

Cried Harry as he passed the gate,

'I've dropped a shilling—take the light,

You'll find it just outside—good-night.'

Behold the Porter, in his shirt,

Dripping with rain that never stopp'd,

Groping and raking in the dirt,

And all without success; but that

Is hardly to be wondered at,

Because no shilling had been dropp'd.

So he gave o'er the search at last,

Regain'd the door and found it fast!

With sundry oaths, and growls and groans,

He rang once—twice—thrice; and then,

Mingled with giggling, heard the tones

Of Harry, mimicking old Ben—

'Who's there? 'Tis really a disgrace

To ring so loud—I've locked the gate,

I know my duty. 'Tis too late,

You would not have me lose my place?

'Psha, Mr. Dashington; remember

This is the middle of November,

I'm stripp'd; 'tis raining cats and dogs;

'Hush! hush!' quoth Hal, 'I'm fast asleep!'

And then he snored as loud and deep

As a whole company of hogs.

'But hark ye, Ben, I'll grant admittance

At the same rate I paid myself.'

'Nay, master, leave me half the pittance,'  
 Replied the avaricious elf.  
 'No—all or none—a full acquittance;  
 The terms, I know, are somewhat high;  
 But you have fixed the price not I—  
 I won't take less; I can't afford it.'  
 So, finding all his haggling vain,  
 Ben, with an oath and groan of pain,  
 Drew out the guinea, and restored it.

'Surely you'll give me,' growl'd the outwitted  
 Porter, when again admitted!  
 'Something, now you've done your joking,  
 For all this trouble, time and soaking.'  
 'Oh, surely, surely,' Harry said,  
 'Since, as you urge, I broke your rest,  
 And you're half drowned, and quite un-  
 dress'd,  
 I'll give you,' said the generous fellow—  
 Free, as most people are, when mellow—  
 'Yes, I'll give you—leave to go to bed.'

HORACE SMITH.

#### LOVE IN A COTTAGE.

[NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS, a distinguished *Littérateur*, was born at Portland, Maine, 1807. He adopted the profession of literature early in life, and for many years was an industrious editor and voluminous writer. Most of his works have been reprinted, and attained to some degree of popularity in this country. He was the brother of the strong-minded and erratic 'Fanny Fern.' He died in the year 1867.]

They may talk of love in a cottage,  
 And bowers of trellised vine—  
 Of nature bewitchingly simple,  
 And milkmaids half divine;  
 They may talk of the pleasure of sleeping  
 In the shade of a spreading tree,  
 And a walk in the fields at morning,  
 By the side of a footstep free.

But give me a sly flirtation  
 By the light of a chandelier—  
 With music to play in the pauses,  
 And nobody very near;  
 Or a seat on a silken sofa,  
 With a glass of pure old wine  
 And mamma too blind to discover  
 The small white hand in mine.

Your love in a cottage is hungry,  
 Your vine is a nest of flies—  
 Your milkmaid shocks the Graces,  
 And simplicity talks of pies!  
 You lie down to your shady slumber  
 And wake with a bug in your ear.  
 And your damsel that walks in the morning  
 Is shod like a mountaineer.

True love is at home on a carpet,  
 And mightily likes his ease—  
 And true love has an eye for a dinner,  
 And starves beneath shady trees.  
 His wing is the fan of a lady,  
 His foot's an invisible thing,  
 And his arrow is tipped with a jewel,  
 And shot from a silver string.

N. P. WILLIS.

#### ON LENDING A PUNCH BOWL.

This ancient silver bowl of mine, it tells of  
 good old times,  
 Of joyous days, and jolly nights, and merry  
 Christmas chimes:  
 They were a free and jovial race, but honest,  
 brave and true,  
 That dip'd their ladle in the punch when this  
 old bowl was new.

A Spanish galleon brought the bar—so runs  
 the ancient tale;  
 'Twas hammer'd by an Antwerp smith, whose  
 arm was like a flail;  
 And now and then between the strokes, for  
 fear his strength should fail,  
 He wiped his brow and quaff'd a cup of good  
 old Flemish ale.

'Twas purchased by an English squire to  
 please his loving dame,  
 Who saw the cherubs and conceived a longing  
 for the same;  
 And oft as on the ancient stock another twig  
 was found,  
 'Twas filled with caudle spiced and hot, and  
 handed smoking round.

But, changing hands, it reached at length a  
 Puritan divine,  
 Who used to follow TIMOTHY, and take a little  
 wine,  
 But hated punch and prelacy; and so it was,  
 perhaps,  
 He went to Leyden, where he found convent-  
 icles and schnaps.

And then, of course, you know what next, it  
 left the Dutchman's shore  
 With those that in the *Mayflower* came, a  
 hundred souls and more—  
 Along with all their furniture, to fill their new  
 abodes—  
 To judge by what is still on hand, at least a  
 hundred loads.

'Twas on a dreary winter's eve, the night was  
 closing dim,

When old MILES STANDISH took the bowl, and  
fill'd it to the brim;  
The little Captain stood and stirr'd the posset  
with his sword,  
And all his sturdy men-at-arms were ranged  
about the board.

He poured the fiery Hollands in—the man that  
never fear'd—  
He took a long and solemn draught, and wiped  
his yellow beard;  
And one by one the musketeers—the men  
that fought and pray'd  
All drank as 'twere their mother's milk, and  
not a man afraid.

That night, affrighted from his nest, the  
screaming eagle flew—  
He heard the Pequot's ringing whoop, the  
soldier's wild halloo;  
And there the sachem learned the rule he  
taught to kith and kin,  
'Run from the white man when you find he  
smells of Hollands gin!'

A hundred years, and fifty more, had spread  
their leaves and snows,  
A thousand rubs had flattened down each little  
cherub's nose,  
When once again the bowl was fill'd, but not  
in mirth or joy,  
'Twas mingled by a mother's hand to cheer  
her parting boy.

'Drink, John,' she said, 'twill do you good,  
poor child, you'll never bear  
This working in the dismal trench, out in the  
midnight air;  
And if—God bless me!—you were hurt,  
'twould drive away the chill:  
So John *did* drink—and well he wrought that  
night at Bunker's Hill!

I tell you, there was generous warmth in good  
old English cheer;  
I tell you 'twas a pleasant thought to bring its  
symbol here;  
'Tis but the fool that loves excess; hast thou  
a drunken soul?  
Thy bane is in thy shallow skull, not in my  
silver bowl!

I love the memory of the past—its press'd yet  
fragrant flowers—  
The moss that clothes its broken walls—the  
ivy on its towers;  
Nay, this poor bauble it bequeath'd, my eyes  
grow moist and dim,  
To think of all the vanished joys that danced  
around its brim.

Then fill a fair and honest cup, and bear it  
straight to me;  
The goblet hallows all it holds, whate'er the  
liquid be;  
And may the cherubs on its face protect me  
from the sin  
That dooms one to those dreadful words;  
'My dear, where have you been?'

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

The Emperor Nicholas of Russia was  
thus "sold," a few years ago. During an  
interview which Martineff, the comedian  
and mimic, had succeeded in obtaining  
with the Prince (Volkhonsky, high stew-  
ard), the emperor walked into the room  
unexpectedly, yet with a design, as was  
soon made evident. Telling the actor  
that he had heard of his talents, and  
should like to see a specimen of them, he  
bade him mimic the old minister. This  
feat was performed with so much gusto  
that the emperor laughed immoderately,  
and then, to the great horror of the poor  
actor, desired to have himself "taken off."  
"Tis physically impossible," pleaded  
Martineff. "Nonsense!" said Nicholas:  
"I insist on its being done." Finding  
himself on the horns of a dilemma, the  
mimic took heart of grace, and, with a  
promptitude and presence of mind that  
probably saved his credit, buttoned his  
coat over his breast, expanded his chest,  
threw up his head, and, assuming the im-  
perial port to the best of his power, strode  
across the room and back; then, stopping  
opposite the minister, he cried, in the ex-  
act tone and manner of the Czar, "Volk-  
honsky! pay Monsieur Martineff one  
thousand silver roubles." The emperor  
for a moment was disconcerted; but, re-  
covering himself with a faint smile, he  
ordered his enemy to be paid.

EQUALITY.—When Dr. Johnson court-  
ed Mrs. Porter, he told her he was of  
mean extraction; had no money; and  
had an uncle hanged! The lady, by way  
of reducing herself to an equality with  
him, replied that she had no more money  
than himself; and that, although she had  
not a relation hanged, she had fifty who  
*deserved hanging*. And thus was accom-  
plished this singular union.

## A SHOOTING EXPLOIT OF TOM SHERIDAN.

TOM SHERIDAN used to tell a story *for* and *against* himself, which we shall take leave to relate.

He was staying at Lord Craven's, at Benham (or rather Hempstead), and one day proceeded on a shooting excursion, like Hawthorn, with only "his dog and his gun," on foot, and unattended by companion or keeper; the sport was bad—the birds few and shy—and he walked and walked in search of game, until unconsciously he entered the domain of some neighbouring squire. A very short time after, he perceived advancing toward him, at the top of his speed, a jolly, comfortable-looking gentleman, followed by a servant, armed, as it appeared, for conflict. Tom took up a position, and waited the approach of the enemy.

"Halloa! you sir," said the squire, when within half ear-shot, "what are you doing here, sir, eh?"

"I'm shooting, sir," said Tom.

"Do you know where you are, sir?" said the squire.

"I'm here, sir," said Tom.

"Here, sir!" said the squire, growing angry, "and do you know where *here* is, sir?—these, sir, are *my* manors; what d'ye think of that, sir, eh?"

"Why, sir, as to your manners," said Tom, "I can't say they seem over-agreeable."

"I don't want any jokes, sir," said the squire; "I hate jokes. Who are you, sir—what are you?"

"Why, sir," said Tom, "my name is Sheridan—I am staying at Lord Craven's—I have come out for some sport—I have not had any, and am not aware that I am trespassing."

"Sheridan!" said the squire, cooling a little; "oh, from Lord Craven's, eh? Well, sir, I could not know that, sir—I—"

"No, sir," said Tom, "but you need not have been in a passion."

"Not in a passion, Mr. Sheridan!" said the squire; "you don't know what these preserves have cost me, and the pains and trouble I have been at with them; it's all very well for you to talk, but if you were in *my* place, I should like

to know what *you* would say upon such an occasion."

"Why, sir," said Tom, "if I were in *your* place, under all the circumstances, I should say—I am convinced, Mr. Sheridan, you did not mean to annoy me; and as you look a good deal tired, perhaps you will come up to my house and take some refreshment."

The squire was hit hard by this nonchalance, and (as the newspapers say), "it is needless to add," acted upon Sheridan's suggestion.

"So far," said poor Tom, "the story tells for me—now you shall hear the sequel."

After having regaled himself at the squire's house, and having said five hundred more good things than he swallowed; having delighted his host, and more than half won the hearts of his wife and daughters, the sportsman proceeded on his return homewards.

In the course of his walk he passed through a farmyard: in the front of the farmhouse was a green, in the centre of which was a pond—in the pond were ducks innumerable, swimming and diving; on its verdant bank, a motley group of gallant cocks and pert partlets, picking and feeding—the farmer was leaning over the hatch of the barn, which stood near two cottages on the side of the green.

Tom hated to go back with an empty bag; and having failed in his attempts at higher game, it struck him as a good joke to ridicule the exploits of the day himself, in order to prevent any one else from doing it for him; and he thought that to carry home a certain number of the domestic inhabitants of the pond and its vicinity, would serve the purpose admirably. Accordingly, up he goes to the farmer, and accosts him very civilly—

"My good friend," says Tom, "I'll make you an offer."

"Of what, sir?" says the farmer.

"Why," replies Tom, "I have been out all day fagging after birds, and haven't had a shot; now, both my barrels are loaded, I should like to take home something: what shall I give you to let me have a shot with each barrel at those ducks and fowls—I standing here, and to have whatever I kill?"

"What sort of a shot are you?" said the farmer.

"Fairish!" said Tom; "fairish!"

"And to have all you kill?" said the farmer—"eh?"

"Exactly so," said Tom.

"Half a guinea," said the farmer.

"That's too much," said Tom, "I'll tell you what I'll do—I'll give you a seven shilling piece, which happens to be all the money I have in my pocket."

"Well," said the man, "hand 't over."

The payment was made—Tom, true to his bargain, took his post by the barn door, and let fly with one barrel, and then with the other; and such quacking, and splashing, and screaming, and fluttering, had never been seen in that place before.

Away ran Tom, and, delighted at his success, picked up first a hen, then a chicken, then fished out a dying duck or two, and so on, until he numbered eight head of domestic game, with which his bag was nobly distended.

"Those were right good shots, sir," said the farmer.

"Yes," said Tom; "eight ducks and fowls are more than you bargained for, old fellow—worth rather more, I suspect, than seven shillings—eh?"

"Why, yes," said the man, scratching his head, "I think they be, but what do I care for that—*they are none of mine!*"

"Here," said Tom, "I was for once in my life beaten, and made off as fast as I could, for fear the right owner of my game might make his appearance—not but that I could have given the fellow that took me in seven times as much as I did, for his cunning and coolness."

#### "THAT FOUR SHILLIN'."

"MANY years ago Hank Miller was the omnibus king of New York. That was before street cars were known. And Hank's 'busses were going on all the principal lines. He was a good-natured man, quiet and full of fun. The drivers of the 'busses were cashiers too,—received the passengers' money, made change, and at night handed over the day's receipts. One evening Hank was inspecting the stalls of one of the stables, when Johnny Derrick, a well-known driver, came in and without noticing Hank emptied his pockets in the next stall, and commenced to make up his account.

"That's four shillin' for Hank and four

for me!" said he, laying them in two different piles. "There's four shillin' for Hank and four for me!" and thus he continued until the money was divided into two different piles, with an odd half dollar in Johnny's hand.

"How is this?" said Johnny; "who does this belong to? Well, we'll toss up; heads for me and tails for Hank;" and up he flipped it.

"Tails!" he exclaimed. "Ah, but that wasn't fair; we'll try it again;" and up it went once more.

"Heads! I thought it was mine!" and with a satisfied air he pocketed his share, and started for the office to make his returns. Hank took a short cut, and when Johnny entered he was behind the counter, ready to receive the money.

"Good evening," said Johnny, touching his hat to Hank, as he laid the money on the counter.

"That's all right, Johnny," said Hank, quietly; "we don't need your services any more."

"Eh! how's that? What's the matter, Mr. Miller?" exclaimed the astonished John.

"Well, I don't think you treated me exactly fair," Hank dryly replied; "you ought to have given me another chance for that four shillin'!"

#### SYMPATHY.

[REGINALD HEBER. Born at Malpas, Cheshire, 1783. Educated at Oxford, where he was elected Fellow of All Souls. Appointed Bishop of Calcutta, 1822. Was found dead in his bath in 1826.]

A KNIGHT and a lady once met in a grove,  
While each was in quest of a fugitive love;  
A river ran mournfully murmuring by,  
And they wept in its waters for sympathy.

"Oh, never was knight such a sorrow that bore!"

"Oh, never was maid so deserted before!"

"From life and its woes let us instantly fly,  
And jump in together for company."

They search'd for an eddy that suited the deed,  
But here was a bramble, and there was a weed;  
"How tiresome it is!" said the fair, with a sigh;

So they sat down to rest them in company.



They gazed at each other, the maid and the knight,  
 How fair was her form, and how goodly his height!  
 "One mournful embrace;" sobb'd the youth,  
 "ere we die!"  
 So kissing and crying kept company.

"Oh, had I but loved such an angel as you!"  
 "Oh, had but my swain been a quarter as true!"  
 "To miss such perfection how blinded was I!"  
 Sure now they were excellent company.

At length spoke the lass, 'twixt a smile and a tear,  
 "The weather is cold for a watery bier;  
 When summer returns we may easily die  
 Till then let us sorrow in company."

### THE TOWN OF PASSAGE.

[By the Rev. Francis Mahony, the *Father Prout* whose *Reliques* in *Fraser* and other magazines are so well known to all lovers of wit, humour, and scholarship. *The Town of Passage*—the Queenstown of Cork of the present day—is a parody on the *Groves of Blarney*, a rambling and thoroughly Irish rhapsody; one of those, says Samuel Lover, 'so frequently heard amongst the peasantry, who were much given, of old, to the fustian flights of hedge schoolmasters, who delighted in dealing with gods and goddesses, and high historic personages, and revelled in the "Cambysees vein."']

THE town of Passage  
 Is both large and spacious,  
 And situated  
 Upon the Say;  
 'Tis nate and dacent,  
 And quite adjacent,  
 To come from Cork  
 On a summer's day.  
 There you may slip in  
 To take a dippin',  
 Forenent the shippin'  
 That at anchor ride;  
 Or in a wherry  
 Cross o'er the ferry  
 To Carrigaloe  
 On the other side.  
 Mud cabins swarm in  
 This place so charmin',  
 With sailors' garments  
 Hung out to dry;  
 And each abode is  
 Snug and commodious,  
 With pigs melodious,  
 In their strawbuilt sty.

'Tis there the turf is,  
 And lots of murphies,  
 Dead sprats, and herrings,  
 And oyster-shells;  
 Nor any lack, oh!  
 Of good tobacco,  
 Though what is smuggled  
 By far excels.

There are ships from Cadiz,  
 And from Barbadoes,  
 But the leading trade is  
 In whiskey punch;  
 And you may go in  
 Where one Molly Bowen  
 Keeps a nate hotel  
 For a quiet lunch.  
 But land or deck on,  
 You may safely reckon,  
 Whatsoever country  
 You come hither from,  
 On an invitation  
 To a jollification  
 With a parish priest,  
 That's called 'Father Tom.'  
 Of ships there's one fixt  
 For lodging convicts—  
 A floating 'stone jug'  
 Of amazing bulk;  
 The hake and salmon,  
 Playing at bagammon,  
 Swim for diversion  
 All round this hulk;  
 There 'Saxon' sailors  
 Keep brave repairers,  
 Who soon with sailors  
 Must anchor weigh  
 From th' Em'rald Island  
 Ne'er to see dry land  
 Until they spy land  
 In sweet Bot'ny Bay.

MOSQUITOES.—Two Irishmen, on a sultry night, took refuge under the bed-clothes from a party of mosquitoes. At last one of them, gasping from heat, ventured to peep beyond the bulwarks, and espied a fire-fly which had strayed into the room. Arousing his companion with a punch, he said: "Furgus! Furgus! it's no use; you might as well come out; here's one of the craythers searching for us wid a lantern."

A citizen drunk, and locked up in the station house, may certainly be said to be in a tight place.

JOE MILLER, AND THE JESTERS  
OF ALL TIMES AND CLIMES.

"MOTLEY's your only wear!" quoth Shakspeare, and of a verity Shakspeare, as usual, is in the right; for motley has worn long and well, and found favour in the sight of our forefathers and ourselves from the time it was first donned by the Vice of the Old Moralities, some centuries since, until it was doffed by poor Joe Grimaldi, who had not the smallest particle of a vice about him but this same suit of motley.

In all ages and conditions of society the humours of the professed droll, or merry-maker, have found universal welcome. To discuss the why and the wherefore would here be out of place; the fact was and is as we have stated it.

In the olden days, the monks, who sought to instruct their unlettered flocks by dramatic representations of the most striking incidents recorded in Scripture story, knowing as well as Dryden himself that

"Men are but children of a larger growth,"

seasoned the feast of reason to the popular palate, and enlivened the grave scenes of Biblical history by the introduction of a singular character entitled the Vice, a buffoon wearing a fool's habit, and the greater part of whose employment consisted in teasing and tormenting upon every occasion the Devil, whose bitter enemy he was. This character, according to the late Mr. Douce, ceased to be in fashion at the end of the sixteenth century. But as, in the times of which we are speaking, this love of fun and frolic could rarely be gratified by anything approaching to the character of dramatic performances,—since the mysteries and moralities were for the most part enacted only in celebration of the great festivals of the Church,—this fondness for mad pranks and witty conceits gave rise to that now obsolete character, the domestic fool, or jester; and the reader will readily conceive how prevalent must have been the custom of keeping such merry retainers, when he learns that a clever German writer has devoted a goodly octavo volume to the discussion and illustration of the history of Court Fools.

The subject indeed is a prolific one, for the practice was universal. Not a court in Christendom but resounded with their witticisms; not a feudal lord but sought relief from the troubles of wars, or relaxation and

amusement after the fatigues of the chase, in listening to the gibes of his jester; while so far was this practice from being confined to sovereign princes and the secular nobles, that it prevailed among ecclesiastics of the very highest rank, and this notwithstanding that the Council held at Paris, A. D. 1212, had expressly declared that churchmen should not keep fools!

The Popes, Paul the Second and Leo the Tenth, are known to have numbered such philosophers in motley among their retainers; and old Sebastian Brandt tells a story of a bishop (by other writers said to be the Archbishop of Cologne) who did so, much to his discomfort. The story paints in such vivid colours the manners and spirit of the times as to justify its insertion, though certainly of a very questionable character. This bishop had a favourite fool, who, as was the custom of that age, lay in the same bed with him, in which, upon one occasion, it so happened that a stranger made a third party. The fool, upon finding more legs than ordinary in the bed, laid hold of one, and asked whose it was. 'Mine,' said the bishop. He then laid hold of a second, a third, and a fourth, asking the same question, the bishop each time answering that it was his; whereupon the fool sprang from the bed, and running to the window, cried, "Come in here!—come in here!—behold a miracle! Our bishop has got four legs!" And thus made he known to all the world what his master would fain have kept secret.

Among the cardinals who are recorded as having kept fools, our own Wolsey must not be forgotten; and, like the bishop we have just referred to, he would seem to have had good cause to repent of having disobeyed in this respect the ordinances of the Church. Wolsey who, as is well known, was the son of a butcher, received no heartier congratulations on obtaining his cardinal's hat than those which his jester offered him. "Thank God! you are a cardinal," said the jester; "now have I nothing more to desire than to see you pope." The cardinal inquired of him his reasons for this wish. "Why," said the saucy knave, "St. Peter was a fisherman, and he therefore ordained fasts, that fish might fetch a better price; now, your eminence being a butcher bred, would of course abolish fasts, and command us to eat meat, that your trade might flourish."

But if it be matter of surprise to find the dignitaries of the Church seeking amusement in the rude sallies of these capering

knaves, it must be still more so to see them intruding into the Council-chamber when matters of the gravest moment were under discussion; yet such was undoubtedly the case. Triboulet, the favourite jester of Francis the First, was, we are told, present at the council of war held by that monarch previous to his unfortunate campaign of 1525, in which he was taken prisoner at Pavia. The council, after gravely deliberating upon the most advantageous mode of entering Italy, being at length dissolved, were very coolly told by the jester, that though they doubtless flattered themselves they had given their sovereign most excellent advice, they had unquestionably forgotten the most important part of the question. "What is that?" inquired they. "Why," said Triboulet, "you don't, I suppose, mean to stay in Italy; and yet have never once considered how you are to get back again!" The unfortunate issue of this expedition proved that, though the fool's bolt might have been soon shot, it had hit the mark.

The following anecdote furnishes, however, a still more remarkable proof of the extent to which this practice was carried, and shows how little the presence of such characters, even upon the gravest occasions, was considered either intrusive or indecorous.

At the time of the celebrated disputation between Luther and Eckius at the castle of Leipsic, in 1519, Duke George of Saxony, the bitter enemy of Luther and his followers, who was always present, was attended by a favourite jester, who had but one eye, and who generally sat at his master's feet. Some of the courtiers had in jest told the fool that the learned doctors were disputing upon the subject of his marriage, which Luther defended, but which Eckius would by no means allow. This was sufficient to inspire the poor fellow with a violent dislike to Eckius, against whom, therefore, during the disputation, he kept continually darting all the angry looks that his one eye was capable of. Eckius at length noticing this, and not knowing the reason of it, looked just as angrily at the fool, and by way of deriding him for the infirmity under which he laboured, put up his hand, and mockingly closed one of his eyes. At the sight of this, the jester lost all patience, and, in the face of the whole assembly, he called Eckius a lying priest, a rascal, and a thief, and quitted the hall in a towering passion, amidst the laughter of all who witnessed this extraordinary scene.

But it would appear that there is more of philosophy and shrewdness in the practice of keeping fools than one would at the first glance be inclined to suspect. The celebrated Professor Hufeland, at Berlin, tells us that "Laughter is one of the greatest helps to digestion with which he is acquainted; and the custom prevalent among our forefathers of exciting it by jesters and buffoons was founded on true medical principles. In a word, endeavour to have cheerful and merry companions at your meals. What nourishment one receives amidst mirth and jollity will certainly produce good, and light blood!" And from a very curious account of Lord Burghley, written by one of his household, which is preserved among the manuscripts in the British Museum, we learn that that profound minister was habitually "very free and cheerful in his hours of reflection."

Professed jesters have, however, now for many years, been out of vogue; the reader, of course, knows why. I might dissertate at some length upon the point, speak in loud-sounding phrases an infinite deal of nothing, hide the reasons like two grains of wheat in a bushel of chaff,—yet, gloss them over as I might, the causes of this altered state of things, designate them what you will, are those stereotype ones which are now-a-days called into use to account for every change, be it for the better or for the worse, or neither for better nor worse, but merely for change sake,—the march of intellect,—the school-master being abroad (which, by the bye, he never ought to be)—the diffusion of useful knowledge.

But if jesters are gone out, the love of a good jest is as strong as ever,—

"And men keep jest-books now, who once kept fools."

Not that jest-books have arisen since jesters disappeared—far from it. Their origin is coeval with the existence of the jester, and among the earliest specimens of them which exist, must be reckoned those which are devoted to the quips, quirks, and merry pranks of some well-known droll. In fact they were originally special biographies of individual men of fun, and not, as now, medleys made up from the good things said and done by a whole body of wits. In the former class, one of the most curious is a book which Fuseli is said to have delighted in, "The Merry Adventures of Tyll Eulenspiegel or Howlglass," a German knave or a

German fool, which you will, or both, an' it so please you. But as we have elsewhere<sup>1</sup> introduced Master Eulenspiegel to the English reader, we will bid him stand aside, and give place to another rogue as witty as himself, but who, we believe, now makes his first appearance in this country, though the collection in which his witticisms are recorded was for many years the delight of the lovers of such merry histories throughout all Germany.

Klaus Von Ranstet, or, as he is more generally called, Claus Narr, filled the office of court-jester, or domestic fool, in the household of four successive Electors of Saxony and one Archbishop. He is first found in the service of the Elector Ernest, who died in 1486; then in that of his successor, Albert, who died in 1500; he is next seen in the service of Ernst, Archbishop of Magdeburgh, who died in 1513; from whom he appears to have been transferred to that of Frederick the Wise, who died in 1525; and lastly we find him among the retainers of the Elector John, commonly called the Confessor. The incident which led to his adoption of this strange calling is so characteristic of the state of society at the period when it occurred, as not only to justify but to call for its insertion.

Claus, being the son of very indigent parents, was employed by them to watch their flock of geese in the environs of Ranstadt. The Elector passing that neighbourhood upon some occasion, accompanied by a numerous retinue, both on horseback and in carriages, Claus, the goose-herd, was very desirous of seeing the sight; but that he might not pay too dearly for it by losing his geese, he determined to take them with him; and accordingly he tucked the necks of the young ones under his girdle, took the two old ones, one under each arm, and thus accoutred, set out for Ranstadt. The Elector, as may be supposed, was struck with his extraordinary appearance, and laughing heartily at his simplicity, set him down in his own mind as being by nature intended for a fool. He accordingly desired Claus's father to be sent for, and asked him whether he was willing to allow him to take his son to court. The father readily consented, saying, "My gracious lord, you will thereby rid me of a plaguety trouble, for the lad is not of the slightest use to me. He

does nothing but create a riot in the house, whilst his follies set the whole village in an uproar!" Upon this the Elector took Claus into his service, paid his father for the geese, and dismissed him with a handsome present.

The French, if they cannot boast greatly of their jest-books, may very justly be proud of that most admirable substitute for them, their matchless *Ana*, of which we purpose speaking at large on some future occasion. Their collections of facetiæ are also very abundant; and one among them, a very prominent volume in the Shandean Library, "*Les Bigarrures et Touches du Seigneur des Accords*," contains (at least the best edition of it), two collections of jests, one entitled, "*Les Escraignes Dijonnaises*," and the other a number of ridiculous stories, somewhat like the Facetiæ of Hierocles, or our own Tales of the Wise Men of Gotham, and which are there attributed to a certain Sieur Gaulard. The following may serve as a specimen, and has, at all events, its brevity to recommend it:

The Sieur Gaulard being told by a friend that the Dean of Besançon was dead, begged his informant not to believe the report. "Depend upon it," quoth he, "it is not true; if it had been, he would have written to me, for he always makes a point of writing to me when he has anything particular to communicate." One of the best of the modern French jest books is that published in London some few years since under the title of "*Marottes à vendre, ou Triboulet Tabletier*," which contains, among other remarkable productions, the song of "Le Fameux La Galisse," which has been imitated by Goldsmith in his two elegies, on a Mad Dog, and on Mrs. Mary Blaze. It is much to be regretted, however, that this collection, which contains many admirable stories, is as much disfigured by indecencies as if it had been formed three centuries since.

If, quitting France, we cross the Alps in search of the Facetiæ of Italy, the first object, and, indeed, the principal one which we encounter, is the collection of witty sayings and doings attributed to the Florentine priest, Arlotto.

Provano Arlotto, or, to give him his proper title, Arlotto Mainardi, was born at Florence, on the 25th of December, 1396, and, though originally brought up as a wool-stapler, afterwards entered into holy orders, was priest at the Church of Saint

<sup>1</sup> *Lays and Legends*. GUTHRIE, p. 79.

Cresci, and eventually at that of St. Just, in Florence. He died in 1483, having gained for himself a reputation for wit and humour which not only spread throughout the whole of Italy during his life-time, but which has endured even to our days. Crescembini, who, like Quadrio, enumerates him among the poets of Italy on the strength of the occasional verses introduced into his stories, tells us that he caused his monument to be erected during his life-time, and the following characteristic inscription to be engraved upon it:—*‘ Questa sepoltura ha fatto fare el Piovano Arlotto per se, e per tutte quelle persone, le quali dentro vi volessero entrare. ’* “Piovano Arlotto caused this tomb to be made for himself, and for everybody else who should wish to enter it.”

His facetiæ, which are reckoned among the best and most agreeable to be found in the literature of Italy, having been formed in the best days of Florentine taste, were not, however, collected by himself, as some writers have supposed. The earliest edition is one in quarto, published at Florence without date; that in octavo, published at Venice in 1520, being the next. The following tale may serve as a specimen of Arlotto's shrewd and pleasant wit.

It happened after a long drought that a plentiful rain occurred while Arlotto and a number of his boon companions were seated at table. All the party immediately began to vie one with another in praise of this well-timed shower, which they declared to be of such value as to be beyond all price. “That is all very true,” quoth Arlotto, “it is indeed a delightful rain; yet I do not see that any of you make the slightest use of it. You have praised the rain, but not a drop have you mixed with your wine.” The party laughed, and continued as before to drink their good wine without any intermixture of this invaluable rain. By-and-bye a supper of partridges and sausages was laid before the party: Arlotto tasted the sausages, and praised them most exceedingly, whereupon the whole party fell to eating them, with the exception of Arlotto, who contented himself with the choicest pickings of the partridges. Presently, the sausages being finished, the company would needs try the birds; but they found that all the best parts of them were already eaten. “Why, how is this, Arlotto?” cried they, “you, who so praised the sausages, have eaten nothing but partridges.” “Why,”

said he, “I have but followed your example; you praised the water, and drank wine. It is true, the sausages were excellent; but, then, the partridges were still better!”

But it is time that we should say a word of the jesters and jest-books of merry England, and more especially of the world-renowned Joe Miller. But, as the rule *initium ab initio*, which is good in all cases, is especially so in the present one, we will first devote a few words to the predecessors of this well-known wit. For predecessors he had in abundance.

“Vixerunt fortes ante Agamemnona multi.”

“There were good jest-books before Joe Miller,” and some of them excessively rich and humorous.

From one of the earliest of these, entitled “*Jests to make you Merrie*,” supposed to have been collected by the well-known Thomas Dekker, the dramatist and author of that curious satire, “*The Gull’s Horn-book*,” we extract the following definition of what a jest is: “A jest is the bubbling up of wit. It is a bavin, which being well kindled, maintains for a short time the heat of laughter. It is a weapon wherewith a fool does oftentimes fight, and a wise man defends himself by. It is the food of good company if it be seasoned with judgment; but, if with too much tartness, it is hardly digested, but it turne to quarrel. A jest is tried as powder is, the most sudden is the best. It is a merrie gentleman, and hath a brother so like him that many take them for twinned; for the one is a jest spoken, and the other is a jest done. Stay but the reading of this book some halfe an houre, and you shall be brought acquainted with both.”

The latter remark applies to most of the jest-books, for they record almost as many practical jokes as witty replies. This is perhaps more particularly the case with such as are devoted to the merriments of one particular joker. The merry-conceited jests of George Peele being in fact but a series of shifts and contrivances, whereby Master George, who appears to have lived by his wits, employed the wit which nature had blest him with to provide for himself as well as he could at the expense of his neighbours. Take as a sample the following story, entitled, “How George Peele served half a score citizens.” “George once had invited half a score of his friends to a great supper, where they were passing merry, no cheer wanting, wine enough, music playing. The

night growing on, and, being upon departure, they call for a reckoning. George swears there is not a penny for them to pay. They being men of good fashion, by no means will yield unto it; but every man throws down his money, some ten shillings, some five, some more; protesting something they will pay. 'Well,' quoth George, taking up all the money, 'seeing you will be so wilful, you shall see what follows.' So he commands the music to play; and, while they were skipping and dancing, George got his cloak, sends up two pottles of hypocrase, and leaves them and the reckoning to pay. They, wondering at the stay of George, meant to be gone, but they were staid by the way, and, before they went, forced to pay the reckoning anew. This shewed a mind in him; he cared not whom he deceived, so he profited himself for the present."

The following story, taken from "*Scoggin's Jests*," a very popular collection of the merry adventures of one, whom Bale calls "*Alter Democritus*," and which collection is said to have been formed by the well-known Dr. Andrew Borde, author of the "*Merry Tales of the Mad Men of Gotham*," may serve as a sample of the wit which is said to have rendered Master Scoggin the favourite of the court of Edward the Fourth. It tells us—"How Scoggin made the country people offer their money to a dead man's head."

"Upon a time when Scoggin lacked maintenance, and had gotten the displeasure of his former acquaintance by reason of his crafty dealing and unhappy tricks, he bethought himself in what manner he might get money with a little labour; so, traveling up into Normandy, he got him a priest's gown, and clothed himself like a scholar, and after, went into a certain church-yard, where he found the skull of a dead man's head; the which he took up, and made very clean, and after bore it to a goldsmith, and hired him to set it in a stud of silver; which being done, he departed to a village thereby, and came to the parson of the church and saluted him, and then told him that he had a relic, and desired him that he would do so much for him as to shew it unto the parish that they may offer to it; and, withal, promised the parson that he should have one-half of the offerings. The parson, moved with covetousness, granted his request; and so, upon the Sunday following, told his parishioners thereof, saying that there was a certain religious scholar come to

the town that had brought with him a precious relic; and he that should offer thereunto should have a general pardon for all his forepassed sins, and that the scholar was there present himself to show it them. With that Scoggin went up into the pulpit, and showed them the relic that he had, and said to them that the head spake to him, and that it bade him that he should build a church over him, and that the money that the church should be builded withal should be well-gotten. But, when the people came to offer to it, Scoggin said unto them—"All you women that have made your husbands cuckolds I pray you sit still, and come not to offer, for the head bade me that I should not receive your offerings;" whereupon the poor men and their wives came thick and threefold to this offering, and there was not a woman but she offered liberally, because that he had said so, and gave them the blessing with the head. And there were some that had no money that offered their rings, and some of them that offered twice or thrice, because they would be seen. Thus received he the offerings both of the good and the bad, and by this practice got a great sum of money."

We must pass over *Pasquil's Jests*, and the *Pleasant Conceits of Old Hobson*,—not, gentle reader, the celebrated Cambridge carrier, but William Hobson, the merry Londoner—over *Democritus Junior*, stooping by the way to pick up the following specimen: "One said he sung as well as most men in Europe, and thus he proved it: the most men in Europe do *not* sing well; therefore I sing as well as most men in Europe."

We can here say nothing of the *Life and Death of the Merry Devil of Edmonton*, of *Tarlton's Jests*, or *Skelton's*, but what has been said before by a rival collector:

"Pasquil's conceits are poor, and Scoggin's drie;  
Skelton's mere rime, once read, but now laid by;  
Peele's jests are old, and Tarlton's are grown stale,"

for we must devote the remainder of the article to those of the oft-quoted *Joe Miller*, collected by the well-known author of the "*Life of Peter the Great*," John Mottley; and which collection has gained such widespread celebrity—such an undying reputation, as to establish Shakspeare's claims to

the character of a prophet, for declaring, in the words of our motto,

"Motley's your only wear."

It has been said that Mottley entitled this well-known jest book, "Joe Miller's Jests," upon the "lucus a non lucendo" principle; that is to say, because the worthy and humorous actor who stood godfather to the volume, was the very last man in the world to think of cracking a joke.

That this opinion is erroneous may readily be shown by one of the first anecdotes told in the book, and which we shall here quote because the book though much talked of, is very little known.

"Joe Miller sitting in the window at the Sun Tavern in Clare-street, while a fish-woman was passing by, crying, 'Buy my soles! buy my maids!'" 'Ah, you wicked old creature,' said Joe, 'are you not contented to sell your own soul, but you must sell your maid's too.'"

The fact is, however, that Joseph Miller was not only a very clever actor, and a great favorite for the talents which he displayed as a low comedian, but was admired and esteemed by his companions for his humour and social qualities. He was born in the year 1684, it is supposed, in London, or its immediate neighbourhood; and his clever personation of some of the characters in Congreve's plays is said to have contributed very materially to their popularity. In these he performed Sir Joseph Wittol, in the "Old Bachelor;" and Ben in "Love for Love." Teague in the "Committee," was another of his favourite characters.

Joseph Miller died in 1738, and was buried on the east side of the burial-ground of St. Clement Danes, in Portugal-street, Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, the spot where he lies being marked by a stone bearing the following honourable testimony to his virtues and his wit:

"Here lye the Remains  
Of HONEST JOE MILLER;  
who was  
a Tender Husband,  
a Sincere Friend,  
a Facetious Companion,  
and an excellent Comedian.

He Departed this Life the 16th Aug. 1738,  
Aged 54.

"If Humour, Wit, and Honesty could save  
The Hum'rous, Witty, Honest from the Grave,  
The Grave had not so soon this Tenant found,  
Whom Honesty, and Wit, and Humour crowned,

"Or could Esteem and Love preserve our  
Breath,  
And guard us longer from the stroke of Death;  
The stroke of Death on him had later fell,  
Whom all mankind esteem'd and loved so well.  
"S. DUCK."

"*Joe Miller's Jests*" were compiled by Mottley when almost bedridden, in the intervals between violent paroxysms of the gout, and were first published in 1739. Three editions of the work appeared during that year; a copy of the first was recently valued at ten guineas; and one of the second edition, with manuscript additions, sold in Bindley's sale for 11*l.* 5*s.* In the year 1800 James Bannatine published a new and more complete edition of the work, under the title of "Old Joe Miller; being a complete and correct copy from the best edition of his celebrated jests, and also including all the good things in above fifty jest-books published from the year 1551 to the present time." We believe another edition has lately been published.

WILLIAM J. THOMES, b. 1803.

[We reprint, *verbatim et literatim* the original edition of 1739 compiled by John Mottley, including a *fac-simile* (reduced) of the title page, omitting only about twenty "Jests," which are unfit for family reading.]

# Joe Miller's *JESTS*: OR, THE *WITS* *VADE-MECUM*. BEING

A collection of the most brilliant *JESTS*;  
the Politest *REPARTES*; the most Elegant *BONS MOTS*, and most pleasant short Stories in the *English* Language.

First carefully collected in the Company, and many of them transcribed from the Mouth of the Facetious *GENTLEMAN*, whose Name they bear; and now set forth and published by his lamentable Friend and former Companion, *Elijah Jenkins, Esq.*

Most Humbly *INSCRIBED*  
To those *CHOICE-SPIRITS* of the AGE,  
Captain *BODENS*, Mr. *ALEXANDER POPE*,  
Mr. *Profeffor LACY*, Mr. *Orator HENLEY*,  
and *JOB BAKER*, the Kettle-Drummer.

*L O N D O N*:

Printed and Sold by T. READ, in *Dagwell-Court, White-Fryars, Fleet-Street*. MDCCLXXXIX.  
(Price One Shilling.)

## JOE MILLER'S JESTS.

1. THE Duke of A——ll, who says more good Things than any Body, being behind the Scenes the First Night of the *Beggar's Opera*, and meeting *Cibber* there, well *Colley*, said he, how d'you like the *Beggar's Opera*? Why it makes one laugh, my Lord, answer'd he, on the Stage; but how will it do in print. O! very well, I'll answer for it, said the Duke, if you don't write a Preface to it.

2. There being a very great Disturbance one Evening at *Drury-Lane* Play-House, Mr. *Wilks*, coming upon the Stage to say something to pacify the Audience, had an Orange thrown full at him, which he having took up, making a low Bow, this is no *Civil Orange*, I think, said he.

4. *Joe Miller* sitting one Day in the Window at the *Sun-Tavern* in *Clare Street* a Fish Woman and her Maid passing by, the Woman cry'd, *Buy my Soals; buy my Maids*: Ah, you wicked old Creature, cry'd honest *Joe*, *What are you not content to sell your own Soul, but you must sell your Maid's too?*

5. When the Duke of *Ormond* was young, and came first to Court, he happen'd to stand next my Lady *Dorchester*, one Evening in the Drawing-Room, who being but little upon the Reserve on most Occasions, in moving her chair made an uncouth noise, upon which he look'd her full in the Face and laugh'd. What's the Matter, my Lord, said she: Oh! I heard it Madam, reply'd the Duke; you'll make a fine Courtier indeed, said she, if you mind every Thing you hear in this Place.

6. A poor Man, who had a termagant Wife, after a long Dispute, in which she was resolved to have the last Word, told her, if she spoke one more crooked Word he'd beat her Brains out: Why then *Ram's Horns*, you Rogue, said she, if I die for't.

8. An Hackney-Coachman, who was just set up, had heard that the Lawyers used to club their *Three-Pence*, a-piece, four of them, to go to *Westminster*, and being call'd by a Lawyer at *Temple-Bar*, who, with two others in their Gowns, got into his Coach, he was bid to drive to *Westminster-Hall*; but the Coachman still holding his Door open, as if he waited for more Company;

one of the Gentlemen asked him, why he did not shut the Door and go on, the Fellow, scratching his Head, cry'd, you know, Master, my Fare's a Shilling, I can't go for *Nine-Pence*.

9. Two Free-thinking Authors, proposed to a Bookseller, that was a little decayed in the World, that if he would print their Works they would set him up, and indeed they were as good as their Word, for in six Weeks' Time he was in the *Pillory*.

10. A Gentleman was saying one Day at the *Tilt-Yard* Coffee-House, when it rained exceeding hard, that it put him in Mind of the General *Deluge*; *Zoons*, Sir, said an old Campaigner, who stood by, who's that? I have heard of all the *Generals* in *Europe* but him.

11. A certain Poet and Player, remarkable for his Impudence and Cowardice, happening many Years ago to have a Quarrel with Mr. *Powel*, another player, received from him a smart Box of the Ear; a few Days after the Poetical Player having lost his Snuff-Box, and making strict Enquiry if any Body had seen his *Box*; what, said another of the Buskin'd Wits, that which *George Powell* gave you, t'other Night?

12. *Gun Jones*, who had made his Fortune himself from a mean Beginning, happening to have some Words with a Person, who had known him some Time, was asked by the other, how he could have the Impudence to give himself so many Airs to him, when he knew very well, that he remember'd him seven Years before, with hardly a *Rag to his Back*. You lie, Sirrah, reply'd *Jones*, seven Years ago. *I had nothing but Rags to my Back*.

13. Lord *R*——having lost about fifty Pistoles, one Night, at the Gaming-Table in *Dublin*, some Friends condoling with him upon his ill Luck, Faith, said he, I am very well pleas'd at what I have done, for I have bit them, by G——there is no one Pistole that don't want Six-Pence of Weight.

15. A Lady being asked how she liked a Gentleman's Singing, who had a very bad Breath, the Words are good, said she, but the Air is intolerable.

16. The late Mrs. *Oldfield* being asked if she thought Sir *W. Y.* and Mrs. *H——n*, who had both bad Breaths, were marry'd; I don't know, said she, whether they are marry'd; but I am sure there is a Wedding between them.



17. A Gentleman saying something in Praise of Mrs. C—ve, who is, without Dispute, a good Player, tho' exceeding saucy and exceeding ugly; another said, her Face always put him in Mind of *Mary-Bone Park*, being desired to explain himself, he said, it was vastly *rude* and had not one Bit of *Pale* about it.

18. A pragmatical young Fellow sitting at Table over-against the learned *John Scot*, asked him what Difference there was between *Scot* and *Sot*: *Just the Breadth of the Table*, answered the other.

19. Another Poet asked *Nat Lee* if it was not easy to write like a *Madman*, as he did: No, answered *Nat*, but it is easy to write like a *Fool* as you do.

20. *Colley*, who, notwithstanding his *Odes*, has now and then said a good Thing, being told one Night by the late Duke of *Wharton*, that he expected to see him hang'd or beggar'd very soon, by G—d, said the Laureat, if I had your Grace's *Politicks* and *Morals* you might expect both.

21. Sir *Thomas More*, for a long Time had only Daughters, his Wife earnestly praying that they might have a *Boy*, at last they had a *Boy*, who, when he came to Man's Estate, proved but simple; *thou prayest so long for a Boy*, said Sir *Thomas* to his Wife, *that at last thou hast got one who will be a Boy as long as he lives*.

22. The same Gentleman, when Lord Chancellor, being pressed by the Counsel of the Party, for a longer Day to perform a Decree, said, *Take St. Barnaby's Day, the longest in the Year*; which happened to be the next Week.

23. This famous Chancellor, who preserved his Humour and his Wit to the last Moment, when he came to be executed on *Tower-Hill*, the Heads-man demanded his upper-Garment as his Fee; ay, Friend, said he, taking off his Cap, That I think is my Upper-Garment.

\* \* \* \* \*

26. When *Rablais*, the greatest Drole in France, lay on his Death-Bed, he could not help jesting at the very last Moment, for having received the extreme Unction, a Friend coming to see him, said, he hoped he was prepared for the next World; Yes, yes, reply'd *Rablais*, I am ready for my Journey now, *they have just greased my Boots*.

27. Henry the IVth, of France, reading an ostentatious Inscription on the Monument of a Spanish Officer, *Here lies the Body*

of Don, &c., &c., who never knew what Fear was. Then said the King, *he never snuffed a Candle with his Fingers*.

28. A certain Member of the French Academy, who was no great Friend to the Abbot *Furetiere*, one Day took the Seat that was commonly used by the Abbot, and soon after having Occasion to speak, and *Furetiere* being by that Time come in; Here is a Place, said he, Gentlemen, from whence I am likely to utter a thousand Impertinences: Go on, answered *Furetiere*, there's one already.

29. When Sir *Richard Steele* was fitting up his great Room, in *York-Buildings*, for publick Orations, that very Room, which is now so worthily occupied by the learned and eximious Mr. Professor *Lacy*. He happened at one Time to be pretty much behind Hand with his Workmen, and coming one Day among them to see how they went forward, he ordered one of them to get into the *Rostrum*, and make a Speech, that he might observe how it could be heard; the Fellow mounting, and scratching his Pate, told him he knew not what to say, for in Truth he was no Orator. Oh! said the Knight, no Matter for that, speak any thing that comes uppermost. Why here, Sir *Richard*, said the Fellow, we have been working for you these six Weeks, and cannot get one Penny of Money, pray, Sir, when do you design to pay us? Very well, very well, said Sir *Richard*, pray come down, I have heard enough, I cannot but own you speak very distinctly, tho' I don't admire your subject.

30. A Country Clergyman meeting a Neighbour who never came to Church, altho' an old Fellow of above Sixty, he gave him some Reproof on that Account, and asked him if he never read at Home. No, replied the Clown, I can't read; I dare say, said the Parson, you don't know who made you; not I, in troth, said the Countryman. A little Boy coming by at the same Time, who made you, Child, cry'd the Parson, *God*, Sir, answered the Boy. Why look you there, quoth the honest Clergyman, are you not ashamed to hear a Child of five or six Years old tell me who made him, when you that are so old a Man can not: Ah, said the Countryman, it is no Wonder that he should remember, he was made but t'other Day, it is a great while, Master, sin I were made.

31. A certain reverend Drone in the Country was complaining to another, that





*Isaac Miller.*

(AS TEACHER)

OF MARYLAND

NEW YORK & CO.





it was a great Fatigue to preach twice a Day. Oh! said the other, I preach twice every Sunday, and make nothing of it.

32. One of the foresaid Gentlemen, as was his Custom, preaching most exceedingly dull to a Congregation not used to him, many of them slunk out of the Church one after another, before the Sermon was near ended. Truly, said a Gentleman present, this learned Doctor has made a very moving Discourse.

33. Sir William Davenant, the Poet, had no Nose, who going along the Meuse one Day, a Beggar-Woman followed him, crying, ah! God preserve your Eye-Sight; Sir, the Lord preserve your Eye-Sight. Why, good woman, said he, do you pray so much for my Eye-Sight? Ah! dear Sir, answered the Woman, if it should please God that you grow dim-sighted, you have no Place to hang your Spectacles on.

34. A Welchman bragging of his Family, said, his Father's Effigies was set up in Westminster-Abbey; being ask'd whereabouts, he said, in the same Monument with Squire Thynne's, for he was his Coachman.

35. A Person was saying, not at all to the Purpose, that really Samson was a very strong Man; Ay, said another, but you are much stronger, for you make nothing of lugging him in by the Head and Shoulders.

36. My Lord Strangford, who stammer'd very much, was telling a certain Bishop that sat at his table, that Balaam's Ass spoke because he was Pri—est— Priest-rid, Sir, a Valet-de-Chambre, who stood behind his Chair, my Lord would say. No, Friend, reply'd the Bishop, Balaam could not speak himself, and so his Ass spoke for him.

37. The same noble Lord ask'd a Clergyman once, at the Bottom of his Table, why the Goose, if there was one, was always plac'd next the Parson. Really, said he, I can give no Reason for it; but your Question is so odd, that I shall never see a Goose for the future without thinking of your Lordship.

38. A Gentleman was asking another how that poor Devil S—ge could live, now my Lord T—l had turn'd him off. Upon his Wits said the other; That is living upon a slender Stock indeed, reply'd the First.

39. A Country Parson having divided his Text under two and twenty Heads, one

of the Congregation went out of the Church in a great Hurry, and being met by a Friend, he ask'd him, whither he was going? Home for my Night-Cap, answered the first, For I find we are to stay here all Night.

40. A very modest young Gentleman, of the County of Tipperary, having attempted many Ways, in vain, to acquire the Affections of a Lady of great Fortune, at last try'd what was to be done, by the Help of Musick, and therefore entertained her with a Serenade under her Window, at Midnight, but she order'd her Servants to drive him thence by throwing Stones at him; Your Musick, my Friend, said one of his Companions, is as powerful as that of Orpheus, for it draws the very Stones about you.

41. A certain Senator, who is not, it may be, esteemed the wisest Man in the House, has a frequent Custom of shaking his Head when another speaks, which giving Offence to a particular Person, he complained of the Affront; but one who had been long acquainted with him, assured the House, it was only an ill Habit he had got, for though he would oftentimes shake his Head, there was nothing in it.

42. A Gentleman having lent a Guinea, for two or three Days, to a Person whose Promises he had not much Faith in, was very much surpriz'd to find he very punctually kept his Word with him; the same Gentleman being sometime after desirous of borrowing the like Sum, No, said the other, you have deceived me once, and I am resolved you shan't do it a second Time.

43. My Lord Chief Justice Holt had sent, by his Warrant, one of the French Prophets, a foolish Sect, that started up in his Time, to Prison; upon which Mr. Lacy, one of their Followers, came one Day to my Lord's House, and desired to speak with him, the Servants told him, he was not well, and saw no Company that Day, but tell him, said Lacy, I must see him, for I come to him from the Lord God, which being told the Chief Justice, he order'd him to come in, and ask'd him his Business; I come, said he, from the Lord, who sent me to thee, and would have thee grant a Noli Prosequi for John Atkins, whom thou hast cast into Prison: Thou art a false Prophet, answered my Lord, and a lying Knave, for if the Lord

had sent thee it wou'd have been to the *Attorney-General*, he knows it is not in my Power to grant a *Noli Prosequi*.

40. *Tom B—r—t* happening to be at Dinner at my Lord Mayor's, in the latter Part of the late Queen's Reign, after two or three Healths, the Ministry was toasted, but when it came to *Tom's* Turn to drink, he diverted it for some Time by telling a Story to the Person who sat next to him; the chief Magistrate of the City not seeing his Toast go round, call'd out, Gentlemen, *where sticks the Ministry?* At nothing, by G—d, says *Tom*, and so drank off his Glass.

45. My Lord *Craven*, in King *James* the First's Reign was very desirous to see *Ben Jonson*, which being told to *Ben*, he went to my Lord's House, but being in a very tatter'd Condition, as Poets sometimes are, the Porter refus'd him Admittance, with some saucy Language, which the other did not fail to return: My Lord happening to come out while they were wrangling, asked the Occasion of it: *Ben*, who stood in need of no-body to speak for him, said he understood his Lordship desired to see him; you, Friend, said my Lord, who are you? *Ben Jonson*, reply'd the other: No, no, quoth my Lord, you cannot be *Ben Jonson* who wrote the *Silent Woman*, you look as if you could not say *Bo* to a Goose: *Bo*, cry'd *Ben*; very well, said my Lord, who was better pleased at the Joke, than offended at the Affront, I am now convinced, by your Wit, you are *Ben Jonson*.

46. A certain Fop was boasting in Company that he had every *Sense* in Perfection; no, by G—d, said one, who was by, there is one you are entirely without, and that is *Common Sense*.

47. An *Irish Lawyer* of the *Temple*, having occasion to go to Dinner, left these Directions written, and put in the Key-Hole of his Chamber-Door, *I am gone to the Elephant and Castle, where you shall find me; and if you can't read this note, carry it down to the Stationer's, and he will read it for you.*

48. Old *Dennis* who had been the Author of many Plays, going by a *Brandy-Shop*, in *St. Paul's Church-Yard*; the Man who kept it, came out to him, and desired him to drink a Dram, for what Reason? said he; because you are a *Dramatick Poet*, answered the other; well, Sir, said the old Gentleman, you are an out-

of-the-way Fellow, and I will drink a Dram with you: but when he had so done, he asked him to pay for it, S'death, Sir, said the Bard, did you not ask me to drink a Dram because I was a *Dramatick Poet*; yes Sir reply'd the Fellow, but I did not think you had been a *Dram o' Tick Poet*.

49. *Daniel Purcel*, the famous Punster, and a Friend of his, having a Desire to drink a Glass of Wine together, upon the 30th of *January*, they went to the *Salutation Tavern* upon *Holbourn-Hill*, and finding the Door shut, they knock'd at it, but it was not opened to 'em, only one of the Drawers look'd through a little Wicket, and asked what they would please to have, why open your Door, said *Daniel*, and draw us a Pint of Wine; the Drawer said, his Master would not allow of it that Day, it was a *Fast*; D-mn your Master, cry'd he, for a precise Coxcomb, is he not contented to fast himself but he must make his Doors *fast* too.

50. The same Gentleman calling for some Pipes in a Tavern, complained they were too *short*; the Drawer said, they had no other, and those were but *just come in*: Ay, said *Daniel*, I see you have not bought them *very long*.

51. The same Gentleman, as he had the Character of a great Punster, was desired one Night in Company, by a Gentleman, to make a *Pun extempore*, upon what Subject? said *Daniel*; the *King*, answered the other; the *King*, Sir, said he, is no *Subject*.

52. *G—s E—l*, who, tho' he is very rich, is remarkable for his sordid Covetousness, told *Cibber* one Night, in the *Green Room*, that he was going out of Town, and was sorry to part with him, for faith *he loved him*; Ah! said *Colley*, I wish I was a Shilling for your Sake; why so, said the other; because then, cry'd the Laureat, I should be sure *you loved me*.

53. Lord *C—by*, coming out of the House of Lords one Day, called out, where's my *Fellow*? Not in *England*, by G—d, said a Gentleman, who stood by.

54. A Beggar asking Alms under the Name of a poor Scholar, a Gentleman to whom he applied himself asked him a Question in *Latin*; the Fellow, shaking his head, said he did not understand him: Why, said the Gentleman, did you not say you were a *poor Scholar*? Yes, replied the other, a *poor one indeed, Sir, for I don't understand one Word of Latin*.

55. Several Years ago, when Mrs.

Rogers the Player, was young and handsome, Lord *North* and *Grey*, remarkable for his homely Face, accosting her one Night behind the Scenes, asked her, with a Sigh, what was a *Cure for Love*? Your *Lordship*, said she, the best I know in the World.

56. Colonel —, who made the fine Fire Works in *St. James's Square*, upon the Peace of *Reswick*, being in Company with some Ladies, was highly commending the Epitaph just then set up in the Abbey, on Mr. *Purcel's* Monument,

*He is gone to that Place where only his own Harmony can be exceeded.*

Lord, Colonel, said one of the Ladies, the same Epitaph might serve for you, by altering one Word only:

*He is gone to that Place where only his own Fire-Works can be exceeded.*

57. Poor *Joe Miller*, happening one Day to be caught by some of his Friends kissing a Cook Wench, almost as ugly as Kate *Cl—ve*, was very much rallied by them for the Oddness of his Fancy. Why look ye, said he, Gentlemen, although I am not a very young Fellow, I have a good Constitution, and am not, I thank Heaven, reduced yet to *Beauty* or *Brandy* to whet my Appetite.

58. Lady *N—*, who had but a very homely Face, but was extremely well shap'd, and always neat about the Legs and Feet, was tripping one Morning over the *Park* in a Mask; and a Gentleman followed her for a long while, making strong Love to her; he called her his *Life*, his *Soul*, his *Angel*, and begged with abundance of Earnestness to have a Glimpse of her Face; at last, when she came on the other Side of the Bird-Cage Walk, to the House she was going into, she turned about and pulling off her Mask: Well, Sir, said she, what is it you would have with me? The Man, at first Sight of her Face, drew back, and lifting up his Hands, Oh! *Nothing*, Madam, *Nothing*, cry'd he; I cannot say, said my Lady, but I like your Sincerity, though I hate your Manners.

60. Sir *B—ch—r W—y*, in the Beginning of Queen *Anne's* Reign, and three or four more drunken Tories, reeling home from the *Fountain-Tavern* in the *Strand*, on a *Sunday Morning*, cry'd out, we are

the Pillars of the Church, no, by G—d, said a Whig, that happened to be in their Company, you can be but the *Buttresses*, for you never come on the Inside of it.

\* \* \* \* \*

62. One Mr. *Topham* was so very tall, that, if he was living now, he might be shewn at *Yeates's* Theatre for a Sight, this Gentleman going one Day to enquire for a Countryman a little Way out of Town, when he came to the House, he looked in at a little Window over the Door, and ask'd the Woman, who sat by the Fire, if her Husband was at Home. No, Sir, said she, but if you please to *alight* and come in, I'll go and call him.

63. The same Gentleman walking across *Covent-Garden*, was asked by a Beggar-Woman, for a Half-penny or Farthing, but finding he would not part with his Money, she begg'd for Christ's-Sake, he would give her one of his old *Shoes*; he was very desirous to know what she could do with one Shoe, to make my Child a *Cradle*, Sir, said she.

64. King *Charles II.* having ordered a Suit of Cloaths to be made, just at the Time when Addresses were coming up to him, from all Parts of the Kingdom, *Tom Killegrew* went to the Taylor, and ordered him to make a very large Pocket on one Side of the Coat, and one so small on the other, that the King could hardly get his Hand into it, which seeming very odd, when they were brought home, he ask'd the Meaning of it, the Taylor said, Mr. *Killegrew* order'd it so; *Killegrew* being sent for, and interrogated, said, one Pocket was for the *Addresses* of his Majesty's Subjects, the other for the *Money* they would give him.

65. My Lord *B—e*, had married three Wives that were all his Servants; a Beggar-Woman meeting him one Day in the Street, made him a very low Curtesy. Ah, God Almighty bless your Lordship, said she, and send you a long Life! if you do but live long enough, we shall be all *Ladies* in time.

66. Dr. *Tadloe*, who was a very fat Man, happening to go thump, thump, with his great Legs, thro' a Street, in *Oxford*, where some Paviers had been at Work, in the Midst of *July*, the Fellows immediately laid down their Rammers. Ah, God bless you, Master, cries one of 'em, it was very kind of you to come this Way, it saves us a great deal of Trouble this hot Weather.



67. An Arch-Wagg, of *St. John's College*, asked another of the same College, who was a great *Sloven*, why he would not read a certain Author called *Go-Olenius*.

68. *Swan*, the famous Punster of *Cambridge*, being a Nonjuror, upon which Account he had lost his Fellowship, as he was going along the *Strand*, in the Beginning of King *William's* Reign, on a very rainy Day, a Hackney-Coachman called to him, Sir, won't you please to take Coach, it rains hard: Ay, Friend, said he, but this is no *Reign* for me to take Coach in.

69. When *Oliver* first coined his Money, an old Cavalier looking upon one of the new Pieces, read the Inscriptions; on one Side was *God with us*, on the other, *The Commonwealth of England*. I see, said he, *God* and the *Commonwealth* are on different Sides.

70. Colonel *Bond*, who had been one of King *Charles* the First's Judges, dy'd a Day or two before *Oliver*, and it was strongly reported every where that *Cromwell* was dead. No, said a Gentleman, who knew better, he has only given *Bond* to the Devil for his farther Appearance.

71. Mr. Serjeant *G—d—r*, being lame of one Leg; and pleading before Judge *For—e*, who has little or no *Nose*, the Judge told him he was afraid he had but a lame Cause of it. Oh! my Lord, said the Serjeant, have but a little Patience, and I'll warrant I prove every Thing as plain as the *Nose* on your Face.

72. A Gentleman eating some Mutton that was very tough, said, it put him in Mind of an old *English* Poet. Being asked who that was; *Chau—cer*, replied he.

73. A certain *Roman-Catholick* Lord, having renounced the *Popish* religion, was asked not long after, by a Protestant Peer, *Whether the Ministers of the State, or Ministers of the Gospel had the greatest Share in his Conversion*: To whom he reply'd, that when he renounced *Popery* he had also renounced auricular *Confession*.

74. *Michael Angelo*, in his Picture of the last Judgment, in the Pope's Chappel, painted among the Figures in *Hell*, that of a certain Cardinal, who was his enemy, so like, that everybody knew it at first Sight: Whereupon the Cardinal complaining to Pope *Clement* the Seventh, of the Affront, and desiring it might be defaced: You know very well, said the Pope, I have

Power to deliver a Soul out of *Purgatory* but not out of *Hell*.

75. A Gentleman being at Dinner at a Friend's House, the first Thing that came upon the Table was a Dish of Whittings, and one being put upon his Plate, he found it stink so much that he could not eat a Bit of it, but he laid his Mouth down to the Fish, as if he was whispering with it, and then took up the Plate and put it to his own Ear; the Gentleman, at whose Table he was, enquiring into the meaning, he told him he had a Brother lost at sea, about a *Fortnight* ago, and he was asking that Fish if he knew anything of him; and what Answer made he, said the Gentleman, he told me, said he, he could give no Account of him, for he had not been at Sea these *three Weeks*.

I would not have any of my Readers apply this Story, as an unfortunate Gentleman did, who had heard it, and was the next Day whispering a Rump of Beef at a Friend's House.

76. An *English* Gentleman happening to be in *Brecknockshire*, he used sometimes to divert himself with shooting, but being suspected not to be qualified by one of the little *Welch* Justices, his Worship told him, that unless he could produce his Qualification, he should not allow him to shoot there, and he had *two little Manors*; yes, Sir, said the *Englishman*, Everybody may perceive that; perceive what? cry'd the *Welchman*. That you have *too little Manners*, said the other.

77. The Chaplain's Boy of a Man of War, being sent out of his own Ship of an Errand to another; the two Boys were conferring Notes about their Manner of living; how often, said one, do you go to *Prayers* now? why answered the other, in Case of a *Storm*, or any Danger; ay, said the first, there's some Sense in that, but my Master makes us *pray* when there is no more Occasion for it, than for my leaping overboard.

78. Not much unlike this Story, is one a Midshipman told one Night, in Company with *Joe Miller* and myself, who said, that being once in great Danger at Sea, everybody was observed to be upon their Knees, but one Man, who being called upon to come with the rest of the Hands to *Prayers*, not I, said he, it is your Business to take Care of the Ship, I am but a *Passenger*.

79. Three or four roguish Scholars walk-

ing out one Day from the University of Oxford, spied a poor fellow near *Abingdon*, asleep in a Ditch, with an Ass by him, loaded with Earthen-Ware, holding the Bridle in his Haud; says one of the Scholars to the rest, if you'll assist me, I'll help you to a little Money, for you know we are bare at present; no doubt of it they were not long consenting; why then, said he, we'll go and sell this old Fellow's Ass at *Abingdon*, for you know the Fair is tomorrow, and we shall meet with Chapmen enough; therefore do you take the Panniers off, and put them upon my Back, and the Bridle over my Head, and then lead you the Ass to Market, and let me alone with the Old Man. This being done accordingly, in a little Time after the poor Man awaking, was strangely surprized to see his Ass thus metamorphosed; Oh! for God's-sake, said the Scholar, take this Bridle out of my Mouth, and this Load from my Back. Zoons, how came you here, reply'd the old Man, why, said he, my Father, who is a great Necromancer, upon an idle Thing I did to disoblige him, transformed me into an Ass, but now his Heart has relented, and I am come to my own Shape again, I beg you will let me go Home and thank him; by all Means, said the Crockery Merchant, I don't desire to have any Thing to do with Conjurat[i]on; and so set the Scholar at Liberty, who went directly to his Comrades, that by this Time were making merry with the Money they had sold the Ass for: But the old Fellow was forced to go the next Day, to seek for a new one in the Fair, and after having look'd on several, his own was shewn him for a very good one, O, H! said he, *what, have he and his Father quarrelled again already?* No, no, I'll have nothing to say to him.

80. Mr. *Congreve* going up the Water, in a Boat, one of the Watermen told him, as they passed by *Peterborough* House, that that house had *sunk a Story*; no, Friend, said he, I rather believe it is a *Story raised*.

81. The foresaid House, which is the very last in *London* one Way, being rebuilt, a Gentleman asked another, who lived in it? his Friend told him Sir *Robert Grosvenor*; I don't know, said the first, what Estate Sir *Robert* has, but he ought to have a very good one, for no body lives beyond him in the whole Town.

82. Two Gentlemen disputing about re-

ligion, in *Button's Coffee-House*, said one of them, I wonder, Sir, you should talk of Religion, when I'll hold you five Guineas you can't say the *Lord's Prayer*; done, said the other, and Sir *Richard Steele* shall hold Stakes. The Money being deposited, the Gentleman began with, *I believe in God*, and so went cleverly thro' the *Creed*; well, said the other, I own I have lost; *I did not think he could have done it*.

83. A certain Author was telling Dr *Sewel* that a Passage he found fault with in his Poem, might be justify'd, and that he thought it a *Metaphor*; it is such a one, said the Doctor, as truly I never *Met-afore*.

\* \* \* \* \*

86. King *Henry VIII.* designing to send a Nobleman on an Embassy to *Francis I.*, at a very dangerous Juncture, he begg'd to be excused, saying such a threatening Message, to so hot a Prince as *Francis I.* might go near to cost him his Life. Fear not, said old *Harry*, if the *French King* should offer to take away your Life, I would revenge you by taking off the *Heads* of many *Frenchmen* now in my Power: *But of all those Heads*, reply'd the Nobleman, *there may not be one to fit my Shoulders*.

87. A Parson Preaching a tiresome sermon on *Happiness* or *Bliss*; when he had done, a Gentleman told him, he had forgot one Sort of Happiness: *Happy are they that did not hear your Sermon*.

88. A Country Fellow, who was just come to *London*, gaping about in every Shop he came to, at last looked into a Scrivener's, where seeing only one Man sitting at a Desk, he could not imagine what Commodity was sold there, but calling to the Clerk, pray, Sir, said he, what do you sell here? *Loggerheads*, cry'd the other; *do you?* answer'd the Countryman, *Egad then you've a special Trade, for I see you have but one left*.

89. *Manners*, who was himself but lately made Earl of *Rutland*, told Sir *Thomas More*, he was too much elated by his Preferment, that he verify'd the old Proverb:

*Honores mutant Mores.*

No, my Lord, said Sir *Thomas*, the *Pun* will do much better in *English*:

*Honours change MANNERS.*

90. A Nobleman having chose a very

illiterate Person for his Library-Keeper, one said it was like a *Seraglio kept by an Eunuch*.

91. A Mayor of *Yarmouth*, in ancient Times, being by his Office a Justice of the Peace, and one who was willing to dispense the laws wisely, tho' he could hardly read, got him the Statute-Book, where finding a Law against firing a *Beacon*, or causing any *Beacon* to be fired, after nine of the Clock at Night, the poor Man read it *frying of Bacon*, or causing any *Bacon* to be *fryed*; and accordingly went out the next Night upon the *Scent*, and being directed by his *Nose*, to the Carrier's House, he found the Man and his Wife both *frying of Bacon*, the Husband holding the Pan while the Wife turned it. Being thus caught in the Fact, and having nothing to say for themselves, his Worship committed them both to Jail, without Bail or Mainprize.

92. The late facetious Mr. *Spiller*, being at the Rehearsal, on a *Saturday Morning*, the Time when the Actors are usually paid, was asking another, whether Mr. *Wood*, the Treasurer of the House, had any Thing to say to them that Morning; no, faith, *Jemmy*, reply'd the other, I'm afraid there's no *Cole*, which is a can't word for money; by G—d, said *Spiller*, if there is no *Cole* we must burn *Wood*.

93. A witty Knave coming into a Lace-Shop upon *Ludgate-Hill*, said, he had Occasion for a small Quantity of very fine Lace, and having pitched upon that he liked, asked the Woman of the Shop, how much she would have, for as much as would reach from one of his Ears to the other, and measure which Way she pleased, either over his Head or under his Chin; after some Words, they agreed, and he paid the Money down, and began to measure, saying, *One of my Ears is here, and the other is nailed to the Pillory in Bristol, therefore, I fear you have not enough to make good your Bargain; however, I will take this Piece in part, and desire you will provide the rest with all Expedition*.

94. When Sir *Cloudy Shovel* set out on his last Expedition, there was a Form of Prayer, composed by the Archbishop of *Canterbury*, for the Success of the Fleet, in which his Grace made Use of this unlucky Expression, that he begged God would be a *Rock* of Defence to the Fleet, which occasioned the following lines to be made

upon the Monument, set up for him, in *Westminster-Abbey*, he being cast away in that Expedition, on the rocks call'd, the *Bishop and his Clerks*.

*As Lambeth pray'd, such was the dire Event,  
Else had we wanted now this Monument;  
That God unto our Fleet would be a Rock,  
Nor did kind Heav'n the wise Petition mock;  
To what the Metropolitan said then,  
The Bishop and his Clerks reply'd, Amen.*

95. A *French Marquis* being once at Dinner at *Roger Williams's*, the famous Punster and Publican, and boasting of the happy Genius of his Nation, in projecting all the fine Modes and Fashions, particularly the *Ruffle*, which he said, *was de fine Ornament to de Hand, and had been followed by all de oder Nations*: *Roger* allowed what he said, but observed, at the same Time, that the *English*, according to Custom, had made a great Improvement upon their Invention, *by adding the Shirt to it*.

96. A poor dirty Shoe-Boy going into a Church, one *Sunday Evening*, and seeing the Parish-Boys standing in a Row, upon a Bench to be catechized, he gets up himself, and stands in the very first Place, so the Parson of Course beginning with him, asked him, *What is your Name?* *Rugged and Tough*, answered he; *who gave you that Name?* says Domine: *Why the boys in our Alley*, reply'd poor *Rugged and Tough*, *Lord d—mn them*.

97. A Prince laughing at one of his Courtiers whom he had employed in several Embassies, told him he looked like an *Owl*. I know not, answered the Courtier, what I look like; but this I know, that I have had the Honour several Times, to represent your *Majesty's Person*.

98. A *Venetian Ambassador* going to the Court of *Rome*, passed through *Florence*, where he went to pay his Respects to the late Duke of *Tuscany*. The Duke complaining to him of the Ambassador the State of *Venice* had sent him, as a Man unworthy of his Publick Character; *Your Highness*, said he, *must not wonder at it, for we have many Idle Pates, at Venice. So have we*, reply'd the Duke, in *Florence*; *but we don't send them to treat of Publick Affairs*.

99. A Lady's age happening to be questioned, she affirmed she was but *Forty*, and called upon a Gentleman that was in Company for his Opinion; Cousin, said

she, do you believe I am in the Right, when I say I am but *Forty*? I ought not dispute it, Madam, reply'd he, for I have heard you say so *these ten Years*.

100. It being proved in a Trial at *Guild-Hall*, that a Man's Name was really *Inch*, who pretended that it was *Linch*, I see, said the Judge, the old Proverb is verified in this Man, who being allowed an *Inch*, took an *L*.

101. A certain Person came to a Cardinal in *Rome*, and told him that he had brought his Eminence a dainty white *Palfrey*, but he fell lame by the Way: saith the Cardinal to him, I'll tell thee what thou shalt do, go to such a Cardinal, and such a one, naming half a Dozen, and tell them the same, and so as thy Horse, if it had been *sound*, could have pleas'd but one, with this *lame* Horse, thou shalt please half-a-Dozen.

102. A prodigal Gallant (whose penurious Mother being lately dead, had left him a Plentiful Estate) one Day being on his Frolicks, quarrell'd with his Coachman, and said, you damn'd Son of a Sea Cook, I'll kick you into Hell; to which the Coachman answer'd, *if you kick me into Hell, I'll tell your Mother how extravagantly you spend your Estate here upon Earth*.

103. The Emperor *Augustus*, being shown a young *Grecian*, who very much resembled him, asked the young Man if his Mother had not been at *Rome*: No, Sir, answer'd the *Grecian*, but my Father has.

104. *Cato* the Censor being ask'd how it came to pass, that he had no Statue erected for him, who had so well deserved of the Common-Wealth? I had rather, said he, have this Question asked, than *why I had one*.

105. A Lady coming into a Room hastily, with her *Mantua* brush'd down a *Cremona* Fiddle, that lay on a Chair, and broke it, upon which a Gentleman that was present burst into this Exclamation from *Virgil*:

*Mantua vae miseræ nimum Vicina Cremona.  
Ah miserable Mantua too near a Neighbour  
to Cremona.*

106. A devout Gentleman, being very earnest in his Prayers, in the Church, it happened that a Pick-Pocket being near him, stole away his *Watch*, who having ended his Prayers, mist it, and complained to his Friend, that his *Watch* was lost, while he was at Prayers; to which his Friend reply'd, *Had you watch'd as well as*

*pray'd, your Watch had been secure*, adding these following Lines.

*He that a Watch will wear, this must he do,  
Pocket his Watch, and watch his Pocket too.*

\* \* \* \* \*

109. A Lieutenant Colonel to one of the *Irish* Regiments in the *French* Service, being dispatched by the Duke of *Berwick*, from *Fort Kehl*, to the King of *France*, with a Complaint, relating to some Irregularities, that had happened in the Regiment; his Majesty, with some Emotion of Mind, told him, *that the Irish Troops gave him more Uneasiness than all his Forces besides*. Sir, (says the Officer) *all your Majesty's Enemies make the same complaint*.

110. Mr. *G—n*, the Surgeon, being sent for to a Gentleman, who had just received a slight Wound in a Rencounter, gave Orders to his Servant to go Home with all haste imaginable, and fetch a certain Plaister; the Patient turning a little Pale, Lord, Sir, said he, *I hope there is no Danger*. Yes, indeed is there, answered the Surgeon, *for if the Fellow don't set up a good pair of Heels, the Wound will heal before he returns*.

111. Not many Years ago, a certain Temporal Peer, having in a most pathetick and elaborate Speech exposed the Vices and Irregularities of the Clergy, and vindicated the Gentlemen of the Army from some Imputations unjustly laid upon them: A Prelate, irritated at the Nature, as well as the Length, of the Speech, *desired to know when the Noble lord would leave off preaching*. The other answer'd, *The very Day he was made a Bishop*.

112. It chanc'd that a Merchant Ship was so violently tossed in a Storm at Sea that all despairing of Safety, betook themselves to Prayer, saving one Mariner, who was ever wishing to see two Stars: Oh! said he, that I could but see two Stars, or but one of the Two, and of these Words he made so frequent Repetition that, disturbing the Meditations of the rest, at length one asked him what two Stars or what one Star he meant? To whom he reply'd, *O! that I could but see the Star in Cheapside, or the Star in Coleman-street, I care not which*.

113. A Country Fellow, subpoenaed for a Witness upon a Trial on an Action of Defamation, he being sworn, the Judge bad him repeat the very same Words he

had heard spoken; the Fellow was loath to speak, but humm'd and haw'd for a good Space, but, being urged by the Judge, he at last spoke, *My Lord*, said he, *You are a Fool*: The Judge, seeing the People begin to laugh, called to him, and bad him speak to the Jury, *there were twelve of them*.

114. A Courtier, who was a Confidant of the Amours of *Henry IV.*, of *France*, obtained a Grant from the King, for the Dispatch whereof he applied himself to the Lord High Chancellor, Who finding some Obstacle in it, the Courtier still insisted upon it, and would not allow of any Impediment. *Que chacun se mêle de son Métier*, said the Chancellor to him; that is, *Let every one meddle with his own Business*. The Courtier imagining he reflected upon him for his pimping: *my Employment*, said he, *is such that, if the King were twenty Years younger, I would not exchange it for three of your's*.

115. A Gentlewoman, who thought her Servants always cheated her, when they went to *Billingsgate* to buy Fish, was resolved to go thither one Day herself, and asking the Price of some Fish, which she thought too dear, she bid the Fish-Wife about half what she asked; Lord, Madam, said the Woman, I must have stole it to sell it at that Price, but you shall have it if you will tell me what you do to make your Hands look so white. Nothing, good Woman, answered the Gentlewoman, but wear *Dog-Skin Gloves*: D—mn you for a lying —, reply'd the other, my husband has wore *Dog-Skin Breeches* these ten Years, and his legs are brown as a Nutmeg.

116. Dr. *Heylin*, a noted Author, especially for his *Cosmography*, happened to lose his Way going to *Oxford* in the forest of *Whickwood*: Being then attended by one of his Brother's Men, the Man earnestly intreated him to lead the Way; but the Doctor telling him he did not know it: *How!* said the Fellow, *that's very strange that you, who have made a Book of the whole World, cannot find the Way out of this little Wood*.

117. Monsieur *Vaugelas* having obtained a Pension from the *French King*, by the Interest of Cardinal *Richelieu*, the Cardinal told him, he hoped he would not forget the Word *Pension* in his Dictionary. No, my Lord, said *Vaugelas*, nor the Word *Gratitude*.

118. A melting Sermon being preached

in a Country Church, all fell a weeping but one Man, who being asked, why he did not weep with the rest? O! said he, *I belong to another Parish*.

\* \* \* \* \*

120. A Gentleman who had been out a shooting brought home a small Bird with him, and having an *Irish Servant*, he asked him, if he had shot that little Bird, yes, he told him; Arrah! by my Shoul, Honey, reply'd the *Irish Man*, it was not worth Powder and Shot, for this little Thing would have died in the Fall.

121. The same *Irishman* being at a Tavern where the Cook was dressing some Carp, he observed that some of the Fish moved after they were gutted and put in the Pan, which very much surprizing. Tengage, well, now, faith, said he, *of all the Christian Creatures that ever I saw, this same Carp will live the longest after it is dead*.

\* \* \* \* \*

123. A Gentleman hearing a Parson preach upon the Story of the Children being devoured by the two *She Bears*, who reviled the old Man, and not much liking his Sermon; some Time after seeing the same Parson come into the Pulpit to preach at another Church: O ho! said he, *What! are you here with your Bears again?*

124. A young Fellow riding down a steep Hill, and doubting that the Foot of it was boggish, call'd out to a Clown that was ditching, and ask'd him, if it was hard at the Bottom: Ay, ay, answered the Countryman, it's hard enough at the Bottom I'll warrant you: But in half a Dozen steps the Horse sunk up to the Saddle Skirts, which made the young Gallant whip, spur, curse and swear; why thou Rascal, said he, to the ditcher, Did'st thou not tell me it was hard at Bottom? Ay, reply'd the other, *but you are not half way to the Bottom yet*.

125. It was said of one who remembered every Thing that he lent, but quite forgot what he borrowed, *That he had lost half his Memory*.

126. One speaking of *Titus Oates*, said, he was a Villain in *Grain*, and deserved to be well threshed.

127. It was said of *Henry*, Duke of *Guise*, that he was the greatest Usurer in all *France*, for he had turned all his Estate into *Obligations*, meaning he had sold and mortgaged his Patrimony, to make Presents to other Men.

128. An *Englishman* and a *Welchman* disputing in whose Country was the best Living, said the *Welchman*, there is such noble Housekeeping in *Wales*, that I have known above a Dozen Cooks employ'd at one Wedding Dinner. Ay, answered the *Englishman*, that was because every Man toasted his own *Cheese*.

129. The late Sir Godfrey Kneller had always a very great Contempt, I will not pretend to say how justly, for *J—s* the Painter, and being one Day about twenty Miles from *London*, one of his Servants told him at Dinner, that there was Mr. *J—s* come that Day into the same Town with a Coach and four; Ay, said Sir Godfrey, but if his Horses draw no better than himself, they'll never carry him to Town again.

\* \* \* \* \*

131. A Gentleman asked Nanny Rochford, why the Whigs, in their Mourning for Queen Anne, all wore Silk Stockings: Because, said she, the Tories were worsted.

132. A Counsellor pleading at the Bar with Spectacles on, who was blind with one Eye, said, he would produce nothing but what was *ad Rem*, then said one of the adverse Party, You must take out one Glass of your Spectacles, which I am sure is of no Use.

133. The famous Tom Thynn, who was remarkable for his good Housekeeping and Hospitality, standing one Day at his Gate in the Country, a Beggar coming up to him, cry'd, he begg'd his Worship would give him a Mugg of his *Small Beer*: Why how now, said he, what Times are these! when Beggars must be Choosers. I say, bring this Fellow a Mugg of *Strong Beer*.

134. It was said of a Person, who always eat at other Peoples Tables, and was a great Railer, that he never opened his Mouth but to some Body's Cost.

135. Pope Sixtus Quintus, who was a poor Man's Son, and his Father's House ill thatched, so that the Sun came in at many Places of it, would himself make a Jest of his Birth, and say, that he was, *Nato di Casa illustre, Son of an illustrious House*.

136. Diogenes begging, as was the Custom among many Philosophers, asked a prodigal Man for more than any one else: Whereupon one said to him, I see your Business, that when you find a liberal Mind, you will take most of him: No, said Diogenes, but I mean to beg of the rest again.

137. Dr. Sewel, and two or three Gentlemen, walking towards *Hampstead* on a Summer's Day, were met by the famous Daniel Purcel, who was very importunate with them to know upon what Account they were going there; the Doctor merrily answering him, to make Hay; Very well, reply'd the other, you'll be there at a very convenient Season, the Country wants Rakes.

138. A Gentleman speaking of his Servant, said, I believe I command more than any Man, for before my Servant will obey me in one Thing, I must command him ten Times over.

139. A poor Fellow that was carrying to Execution had a Reprieve just as he came to the Gallows, and was carried back by a Sheriff's Officer, who told him, he was a happy Fellow, and asked him, if he knew nothing of the Reprieve beforehand; no, reply'd the Fellow, nor thought any more of it, than I did of my Dying-day.

\* \* \* \* \*

141. A Countryman admiring the stately Fabrick of St. Paul's, asked, whether it was made in England or brought from beyond Sea?

142. Fabricius the Roman Consul, shew'd a great Nobleness of Mind, when the Physician of King Pyrrhus made him a Proposal to poison his Master, by sending the Physician back to Pyrrhus, with these Words: Learn, O King! to make a better choice of thy Friends and of thy Foes.

143. A Lady, who had generally a pretty many Intrigues upon her Hands, not liking her Brother's extravagant Passion for Play, asked him, when he designed to leave off Gaming; when you cease Loving, said he; then, reply'd the Lady, you are like to continue a Gamester as long as you live.

144. A Soldier was bragging before Julius Cæsar, of the Wounds he had received in his Face; Cæsar, knowing him to be a Coward, told him, he had best take heed, the next Time he ran away, how he look'd back.

145. The Trajans sending Ambassadors to condole with Tiberius upon the Death of his Father-in Law Augustus, it was so long after, that the Emperor hardly thought it a Compliment, but told them he was likewise sorry that they had lost so valiant a Knight as Hector, who was slain above a thousand Years before.

146. Cato Major used to say, That wise

*Men learned more from Fools, than Fools from wise Men.*

147. A *Braggadocio* chancing, upon an Occasion, to run away full Speed, was asked by one, what was become of that Courage he used so much to talk of, it is got, said he, *all into my Heels.*

148. Somebody asked my Lord *Bacon* what he thought of Poets; why, said he, I think them the very best Writers next to those who write in Prose.

149. A Profligate young Nobleman, being in Company with some sober People, desired leave to toast the *Devil*; the Gentleman who sat next him, said, he had no Objection to any of his Lordship's Friends.

150. A *Scotsman* was very angry with an *English* Gentleman, who, he said, had abused him, and called him false *Scot*; Indeed, said the *Englishman*, I said no such Thing, but that you were a *true Scot*.

151. The late Commissary-General *G—ley*, who once kept a Glass Shop, having General *P—c—e's* Regiment under a Muster, made great Complaints of the Men's Appearance, &c., and said, *that the Regiment ought to be broke: Then, Sir*, said the Colonel, *perhaps you think a Regiment is as soon broke as a Looking-Glass.*

152. *C—ll*, the Bookseller, being under Examination, at the Bar of the House of Lords, for publishing the Posthumous Works of the late Duke of *Buckingham*, without Leave of the Family, told their Lordships in his Defence, *That if the Duke was living, he was sure he would readily pardon the Offence.*

\* \* \* \* \*

154. *J—ck E—s*, the Painter, having finish'd a very good Picture of *Figg* the Prize-Fighter, who had been famous for getting the better of several *Irishmen* of the same Profession, the Piece was shewn to old *J—n*, the Player, who was told at the same Time, that Mr. *E—s* designed to have a Mezzo-tinto Print taken from it, but wanted a Motto to be put under it: Then said old *J—n*, I'll give you one: *A Figg for the Irish.*

\* \* \* \* \*

156. A Gentleman coming to an Inn in *Smithfield*, and seeing the Hostler expert and tractable about the Horses, asked, how long he had lived there? And *What Countryman he was?* *I'm Yorkshire*, said the Fellow, *an ha' lived Sixteen Years here.* I wonder, reply'd the Gentleman, that in

so long a Time, so clever a Fellow as you seem to be, have not come to be Master of the Inn yourself. Ay, said the Hostler, *but Maister's Yorkshire too.*

157. The late Colonel *Chartres*, reflecting on his ill Life and Character, told a certain Nobleman, that if such a Thing as a good Name was to be purchased, he would freely give 10,000 Pounds for one; the Nobleman said, it would certainly be the worst Money he ever laid out in his Life. Why so, said the honest Colonel; because, answered my Lord, *you would forfeit it again in less than a Week.*

158. A seedy [poor] half-pay Captain, who was much given to blabbing every thing he heard, was told, there was but one Secret in the World he could keep, and that was *where he lodged.*

159. *Jack M—n*, going one Day into the Apartments at *St. James's*, found a Lady of his Acquaintance sitting in one of the Windows, who very courteously asked him, to sit down by her, telling him there was a Place. *No, Madam*, said he, *I don't come to Court for a Place.*

If the Gentle reader should have a Desire to repeat this story, let him not make the same Blunder that a certain *English-Irish* foolish Lord did, who made the Lady ask *Jack* to sit down by her, telling him there was room.

160. A certain Lady of Quality sending her *Irish* Footman to fetch Home a Pair of new Stays, strictly charged him to take a Coach if it rained for fear of wetting them: But a great Shower of Rain falling, the Fellow returned with the Stays dropping wet, and being severely reprimanded for not doing as he was ordered, he said, he had obey'd his Orders; how then, answered the Lady, could the Stays be wet, if you took them into the Coach with you? *No*, replied honest Teague, *I knew my Place better, I did not go into the Coach, but rode behind as I always used to do.*

161. *Tom Warner*, the late publisher of News Papers and Pamphlets, being very near his End, a Gentlewoman in the Neighbourhood sending her Maid to enquire how he did, he bad the Girl tell her Mistress, that he hoped he was going to the New-Jerusalem; *Ah, dear Sir*, said she, *I dare say the Air of Islington would do you more good.*

162. A Person said the *Scotch* were certainly the best trained up for Soldiers of any People in the World, for they

began to *handle their Arms* almost as soon as they were born.

\* \* \* \* \*

165. The Deputies of *Rochel*, attending to speak with *Henry* the Fourth of *France*, met with a Physician who had renounced the Protestant Religion, and embrac'd the Popish Communion, whom they began to revile most grievously. The King hearing of it, told the Deputies, he advis'd them to change their Religion, *for it is a dangerous Symptom*, says he, *that your Religion is not long-liv'd, when a Physician has given it over.*

166. Two *Oxford* Scholars meeting on the Road with a *Yorkshire* Ostler, they fell to bantering the Fellow, and told him, they could prove him a Horse, an Ass, and I know not what; and I, said the Ostler, can prove your Saddle to be a Mule: A Mule! cried one of them, how can that be? because, said the Ostler, it is something between a Horse and an Ass.

167. A *Frenchman* travelling between *Dover* and *London*, came into an Inn to lodge, where the Host perceiving him a close-fisted Cur, having called for nothing but a Pint of Beer and a Pennyworth of Bread to eat with a Sallad he had gathered by the Way, resolved to fit him for it, therefore seemingly paid him an extraordinary Respect, laid him a clean Cloth for Supper, and complimented him with the best Bed in the House. In the Morning he set a good Sallad before him, with Cold Meat, Butter, &c., which provok'd the Monsieur to the Generosity of calling for half a Pint of Wine; then coming to pay, the Host gave him a Bill, which, for the best Bed, Wine, Sallad, and other Apurtenances, he had enhanc'd to the Value of twenty Shillings. *Jernie*, says the *Frenchman*, Twenty Shillings! *Vat you mean?* But all his spluttering was in vain; for the Host with a great deal of Tavern-Elocution, made him sensible that nothing could be 'bated. The Monsieur, therefore, seeing no remedy, but Patience, seem'd to pay it cheerfully. After which he told the Host, that his House being extremely troubled with Rats, he could give him a Receipt to drive 'em away, so as they should never return again. The Host being very desirous to be rid of those troublesome Guests, who were every Day doing him one mischief or other, at length concluded to give Monsieur twenty shillings for a receipt; which done, *Begar*,

says the Monsieur, *you make a de Rat one such Bill as you make me, and if ever dey trouble your House again, me will be hang.*

\* \* \* \* \*

169. A *Westminster* Justice taking Coach in the City, and being set down at Young Man's Coffee-house, *Charing-Cross*, the Driver demanded Eighteen-Pence as his Fare; the Justice asked him, if he would swear that the Ground came to the Money: the man said he would take his Oath on't. The Justice replied, *Friend, I am a Magistrate*, and pulling a Book out of his Pocket, administer'd the Oath, then gave the Fellow Six-pence, saying, *he must reserve the shilling to himself for the Affidavit.*

170. A Countryman passing along the *Strand* saw a Coach overturn'd, and asking what the Matter was? He was told, that three or four Members of Parliament were overturned in that Coach: Oh, says he, there let them lie, *my father always advis'd me not to meddle with State Affairs.*

171. One saying that Mr. *Dennis* was an excellent Critick, was answered, that indeed his Writings were much to be valued; for that by his Criticism he taught Men how to write well, and by his Poetry, shew'd 'em what it was to write ill; so that the World was sure to edify by him.

172. One going to see a Friend who had lain a considerable Time in the *Marshalsea* Prison, in a starving Condition, was persuading him, rather than lie there in that miserable Case, to go to Sea; which not agreeing with his high Spirit, *I thank you for your Advice*, replies the Prisoner, *but if I go to Sea, I am resolv'd it shall be upon good Ground.*

173. A Drunken Fellow carrying his Wife's Bible to pawn for a Quartern of Gin, to an Alehouse, the Man of the House refused to take it. What, said the Fellow, will neither my Word, nor the Word of G-d pass?

174. A certain Justice of Peace, not far from *Clerkenwell*, in the first Year of King *George I.* when his Clerk was reading a Mittimus to him, coming to *Anno Domini 1714*, cry'd out with some warmth, and *why not Georgeo Domini, sure, Sir, you forget yourself strangely.*

175. A certain Noblem—, a Cour—r, in the Beginning of the late Reign, coming out of the H—se of L—ds, accosts the Duke of *B—ham*, with, *How does your*



*pot boil, my Lord, these troublesome Times?* To which his Grace replied, I never go into my Kitchen, but I dare say the *Scum* is uppermost.

\* \* \* \* \*

177. The Lord *N—th* and *G—y*, being once at an Assembly at the *Theatre Royal*, in the *Hay-Market*, was pleased to tell Mr. *H—d—gg—r* he wou'd make him a Present of £100 if he could produce an uglier Face in the whole Kingdom than his, the said *H—d—gg—r's*, within a Year and a Day: Mr. *H—d—gg—r* went instantly and fetched a Looking-Glass, and presented it to his Lordship, saying, *He did not doubt but his Lordship had Honour enough to keep his Promise.*

\* \* \* \* \*

179. A Person who had an unmeasurable Stomach, coming to a Cook's Shop to dine, said it was not his Way to have his Meat cut, but to pay 8d. for his *Ordinary*; which the Cook seemed to think reasonable enough, and so set a Shoulder of Mutton before him, of half a Crown Price, to cut where he pleas'd; with which he so play'd the Cormorant that he devour'd all but the Bones, paid his *Ordinary*, and troop'd off. The next Time he came, the Cook, casting a Sheep's Eye at him, desired him to agree for his Victuals, for he'd have no more *Ordinaries*. Why, a — on you, says he, *I'm sure I paid you an Ordinary Price.*

180. The extravagant Duke of *Buckingham* [*Villiers*], once said in a melancholy Humour, he was afraid he should die a *Beggar*, which was the most terrible Thing in the World; upon which a Friend of his Grace's replied, No, my Lord, there is a more terrible Thing than that, and which you have Reason to fear, and that is, *that you'll live a Beggar.*

181. The same Duke another Time was making his Complaint to Sir *John Cutler*, a rich Miser, of the Disorder of his Affairs, and asked him what he should do to prevent the Ruin of his Estate? *Live as I do*, my Lord, said Sir *John*: *That I can do*, answered the Duke, *when I am ruined.*

182. At another Time, a Person who had long been a Dependant on his Grace, begged his Interest for him at Court, and to press the Thing more home upon the Duke, said *He had no Body to depend on but God and his Grace*; then, says the Duke, *you are in a miserable Way, for you could not have pitched upon any two persons who have less Interest at Court.*

183. The old Lord *Strangford* taking a Bottle with the Parson of the Parish, was commending his own Wine. *Here, Doctor*, says he, *I can send a couple of Ho-Ho-Ho-Hounds to France* (for his Lordship had an impediment in his speech), *and have a Ho-Ho-Ho-Hogshead of this Wi-Wi-Wi-Wine for 'em*; *What do you say to that, Doctor?* *Why, I say, your Lordship has your Wine Dog-cheap.*

184. The famous *Jack Ogle* of facetious Memory, having borrow'd on Note five Pounds, and failing the Payment, the Gentleman who had lent it, indiscreetly took Occasion to talk of it in the Publick Coffee-house, which oblig'd *Jack* to take Notice of it, so that it came to a Challenge. Being got into the Field, the Gentleman a little tender in Point of Courage, offer'd him the Note to make the Matter up; to which our Hero consented readily, and had the Note delivered: *But now*, said the Gentleman, *If we should return without fighting, our Companions will laugh at us; therefore let's give one another a slight Scar, and say we wounded one another*; with all my Heart, says *Jack*; *Come I'll wound you first*; so drawing his Sword, he whipt it thro' the fleshy Part of his Antagonist's Arm, till he brought the very Tears in his Eyes. This being done, and the Wound ty'd up with a Handkerchief; *Come*, says the Gentleman, *now where shall I wound you?* *Jack* putting himself in a fighting Posture, cried, *Where you can, — B—d, Sir.* *Well, well*, says the other, *I can swear I received this Wound of you*, and so march'd off contentedly.

185. A Traveller at an Inn once on a very cold Night, stood so near the Fire that he burnt his Boots. An arch Rogue that sat in the Chimney-Corner, call'd out to him, *Sir, you'll burn your Spurs presently*: *My Boots you mean, I suppose*: *No, Sir*, says he, *they are burnt already.*

186. In Eighty-Eight, when Queen *Elizabeth* went from *Temple-Bar* along *Fleet-street*, on some Procession, the Lawyers were rang'd on one Side of the Way, and the Citizens on the other; says the Lord *Bacon*, then a Student, to a Lawyer, that stood next him, *Do but observe the Courtiers: if they bow first to the Citizens, they are in Debt; if to us, they are in Law.*

187. Some Gentlemen having a Hare for Supper at the Tavern, the Cook, instead of a Pudding, had cramm'd the Belly full of *Thyme*, but had not above half roasted the

Here, the Legs being almost raw; which one of the Company observing, said, *There was too much Thyme, or Time, in the Belly, and too little in the Legs.*

188. Two Countrymen, who had never seen a Play in their Lives, nor had any Notion of it, went to the Theatre in *Drury-Lane*, when they placed themselves snug in the Corner of the Middle Gallery; the first Musick play'd, which they lik'd well enough; then the Second, and the Third to their great Satisfaction: At length the Curtain drew up, and three or four Actors enter'd to begin the Play; upon which one of them cried to the other: *Come, Hodge, let's be going; ma'haps the Gentlemen are talking about Business.*

189. A Countryman sowing his Ground, two smart Fellows riding that Way, call'd to him with an insolent Air: *Well, honest Fellow, says one of them, 'tis your Business to sow, but we reap the Fruits of your Labour;* to which the plain Countryman reply'd: *'Tis very likely you may, truly, for I am sowing Hemp.*

190. Two inseparable Comrades, who rode in the Guards in *Flanders*, had every Thing in common between them. One of them being a very extravagant Fellow, and unfit to be trusted with Money, the other was always Purse-bearer, which yet he gain'd little by, for the former would at Night frequently pick his Pocket to the last *Stiver*; to prevent which, he be-thought himself of a Stratagem, and coming among his Companions the next Day, he told them, *he had bit his Comrade.* *Ay, how?* say they. *Why,* says he, *I hid my Money in his own Pocket last Night, and I was sure he would never look for it there.*

191. The famous Sir *George Rook*, when he was a Captain of *Marines*, quartered at a Village where he buried a pretty many of his Men: At length the Parson refus'd to perform the Ceremony of their Interment any more, unless he was paid for it, which being told Captain *Rook*, he ordered Six Men of his Company to carry the Corpse of the Soldier, then dead, and lay him upon the Parson's Hall-Table. This so embarrassed the Parson, that he sent the Captain Word, *If he'd fetch the Man away, he'd bury him and his whole Company for nothing.*

192. A reverend and charitable Divine, for the Benefit of the Country where he resided, caused a large Causeway to be

begun: As he was one Day overlooking the Work, a certain Nobleman came by; *Well, Doctor,* says he, *for all your great Pains and Charity, I don't take this to be the Highway to Heaven.* *Very true, my Lord,* replied the Doctor, *for if it had, I shou'd have wondered to have met your Lordship here.*

193. Two Jesuits having pack'd together an innumerable Parcel of miraculous lies, a Person who heard them, without taking upon him to contradict them, told 'em one of his own: That at *St. Alban's*, there was a Stone Cistern, in which Water was always preserv'd for the Use of that Saint; and that ever since, if a Swine shou'd eat out of it, he would instantly die. The Jesuits, hugging themselves at the Story, set out the next Day to *St. Alban's*, where they found themselves miserably deceived. On their Return, they upbraided the Person with telling them so monstrous a Story. *Look ye there now,* said he, *you told me a hundred Lies t'other Night, and I had more Breeding than to contradict you, I told you but one, and you have rid twenty Miles to confute me, which is very uncivil.*

194. A *Welchman* and an *Englishman* vamping one Day at the Fruitfulness of their Countries; the *Englishman* said, there was a Close near the Town where he was born, which was so fertile, that if a *Kiboo* was thrown in over Night, it would be so covered with Grass, that 'twould be difficult to find it the next day; *Splut,* says the *Welchman*, *what's that?* *There's a Close where hur was born, where you may put your Horse in over Night and not be able to find him the next Morning.*

195. A Country Fellow in King *Charles* the IId's Time, selling his Load of Hay in the *Haymarket*, two Gentlemen who came out of the *Blue-Posts*, were talking of Affairs; one said, that Things did not go right, the King had been at the House and prorogued the Parliament. The Countryman coming Home, was ask'd, what News in *London*? *Odsheart,* says he, *there's something to do there; the King, it seems, has berogued the Parliament sadly.*

196. A wild young Gentleman having married a very discreet, virtuous young Lady; the better to reclaim him, she caused it to be given out at his Return, that she was dead, and had been buried: In the mean Time, she had so plac'd herself in Disguise, as to be able to observe

how he took the News; and finding him still the same gay inconstant Man he always had been, she appear'd to him as the Ghost of herself, at which he seemed not at all dismayed: At length disclosing herself to him, he then appear'd pretty much surpriz'd; a Person by said, *Why, Sir, you seem more afraid now than before; Ay, replied he, most Men are more afraid of a living Wife, than a dead one.*

197. An under Officer of the Customs, at the Port of *Liverpool*, running heedlessly along a Ship's Gunnel, happened to tip over-board, and was drown'd; being soon after taken up, the Coroner's Jury was summoned to sit upon the Body. One of the Jury-Men returning home, was call'd to by an Alderman of the Town, and ask'd what Verdict they brought in, and whether they found it *Felo de se*: *Ay, ay, says the Jury-Man shaking his Noddle, he fell into the Sea, sure enough.*

198. One losing a Bag of Money of about 50*l.* between *Temple-Gate* and *Temple-Bar*, fix'd a Paper up, offering a 10*l.* Reward to those who took it up, and should return it: Upon which the Person that had it came and writ underneath to the following Effect, *Sir, I thank you, but you bid me to my Loss.*

199. Two Brothers coming to be executed once for some enormous Crime; the Eldest was first turn'd off, without saying one Word: The other mounting the Ladder, began to harangue the Crowd, whose Ears were attentively open to hear him, expecting some Confession from him, *Good People, says he, my Brother hangs before my Face and you see what a lamentable Spectacle he makes; in a few Moments I shall be turned off too, and then you'll see a Pair of Spectacles.*

200. It was an usual Saying of King *Charles II.* That *Sailors got their Money like Horses, and spent it like Asses*; the following Story is somewhat an Instance of it: One Sailor coming to see another on pay-day, desired to borrow twenty Shillings of him; the money'd Man fell to telling out the Sum in Shillings, but a Half-Crown thrusting its Head in, put him out, and he began to tell again, but then an impertinent Crown-Piece was as officious as it's half Brother had been, and again interrupted the Tale; so that taking up a Handful of Silver, he cry'd, *Here, Jack, give me a Handful when your Ship's paid, what signifies counting it.*

201. A Person enquiring what became of such a One? *Oh! dear, says one of the Company, poor Fellow, he dy'd insolvent, and was buried by the Parish: Died in Solvent crys another, that's a Lie, for he died in England, I'm sure I was at his Burying.*

202. A humorous Countryman having bought a Barn, in Partnership with a Neighbour of his, neglected to make the least Use of it, whilst the other had plentifully stored his Part with Corn and Hay: In a little Time the latter came to him, and conscientiously expostulated with him upon laying out his Money so fruitlessly: *Pray, Neighbour, says he, ne'er trouble your Head, you may do what you will with your Part of the Barn, but I'll set mine o' Fire.*

\* \* \* \* \*

204. A young Gentlewoman who had married a very wild Spark, that had run through a plentiful Fortune, and was reduced to some Streights, was innocently saying to him one Day, *My Dear, I want some Shifts sadly. Shifts, Madam, replies he, D---me, how can that be, when we make so many every Day?*

205. A Fellow once Standing in the Pillory at *Temple-Bar*, it occasioned a Stop, so that a Carman with a Load of Cheeses had much ado to pass, and driving just up to the Pillory, he asked what that was that was writ over the Person's Head: They told him, it was a Paper to signify his Crime, that he stood for *Forgery*: *Ay, says he, what is Forgery?* They answered him, that *Forgery* was counterfeiting another's Hand with intent to cheat People: To which the Carman replied, looking up at the Offender, this comes of your Writing and Reading, you silly Dog.

\* \* \* \* \*

207. When the Prince of *Orange* came over, Five of the Seven Bishops who were sent to the Tower declar'd for his Highness, and the other Two would not come into Measures; upon which, Mr. *Dryden* said, *that the seven Golden Candlesticks were sent to be essay'd in the Tower, and five of them prov'd Prince's Metal.*

208. A Dog coming open-mouth'd at a Serjeant upon a March, he run the Spear of his Halbert into his Throat and kill'd him: The Owner coming out rav'd extremely that his Dog was kill'd, and ask'd the Serjeant, *Why he could not as well have struck at him with the blunt End of his Halbert?* So I would, says he, *if he had run at me with his Tail.*

209. King *Charles* the II<sup>d</sup>. being in Company with the Lord *Rochester*, and others of the Nobility, who had been drinking the best Part of the Night, *Killegrew* came in; Now, says the King, we shall hear of our Faults: *No, Faith*, says *Killegrew*, *I don't care to trouble my Head with that which all the Town talks of.*

210. A rich old Miser finding himself very ill, sent for a Parson to administer the last Consolation of the Church to him: Whilst the Ceremony was performing, old *Gripewell* falls into a Fit; on his Recovery the Doctor offered the Chalice to him; *Indeed*, crys he, *I can't afford to lend you above twenty Shillings upon't, I can't upon my Word.*

212. One, who had been a very termagant Wife, lying on her Death-bed, desired her Husband, *That as she had brought him a Fortune, she might have Liberty to make her Will, for bestowing a few Legacies to her Relations:* *No*, by G—d, *Madam*, says he, *You had your Will all your Life-time, and now I'll have mine.*

213. When the Lord *Jefferies*, before he was a Judge, was pleading at the Bar once, a Country Fellow giving Evidence against his Client, push'd the Matter very home on the Side he swore of; *Jefferies*, after his usual Way, call'd out to the Fellow, *Hark you, you Fellow in the Leather Doublet, what have you for swearing?* To which the Countryman smartly reply'd, *Faith, Sir, if you have no more for Lying than I have for Swearing you may go in a Leather Doublet too.*

214. The same *Jefferies* afterwards on the Bench, told an old Fellow with a long Beard, that he supposed he had a Conscience as long as his Beard: *Does your Lordship*, replies the old Man, *measure Consciences by Beards? if so, your Lordship has no Beard at all.*

215. *Apelles*, the famous Painter, having drawn the Picture of *Alexander* the Great on Horseback, brought it and presented it to that Prince, but he not bestowing that Praise on it, which so excellent a Piece deserv'd, *Apelles* desired a living Horse might be brought; who mov'd by Nature fell a prancing and neighing, as tho' it had actually been his living Fellow-Creature; whereupon *Apelles* told *Alexander*, *his Horse understood Painting better than himself.*

217. The late Lord *Dorset*, in a former Reign, was asking a certain Bishop *why he conferr'd Orders on so many Blockheads.* *Oh, my Lord*, says he, *'tis better the Ground should be plowed by Asses, than lie quite untill'd.*

220. A Company of Gamesters falling out at a Tavern, gave one another very scurvy Language: At length those dreadful Messengers of Anger, the Bottles and Glasses flew about like Hail-Shot; one of which mistaking it's Errand, and hitting the Wainscot, instead of the Person's Head it was thrown at, brought the Drawer rushing in, who cry'd, *D'y'e call Gentlemen? Call Gentlemen*, says one of the Standers-by; *no, they don't call Gentlemen, but they call one another Rogue and Rascal, as fast as they can.*

222. One observing a crooked Fellow in close Argument with another, who would have dissuaded him from some inconsiderable Resolution; said to his Friend, *Prithee, let him alone, and say no more to him; you see he's bent upon it.*

223. Bully *Dawson* was overturned in a Hackney-Coach once, pretty near his Lodgings, and being got on his Legs again, he said, 'Twas the greatest Piece of Providence that ever befel him, for it had saved him the Trouble of bilking the Coachman.

225. Sir *Godfrey Kneller*, and the late Dr. *Ratcliffe*, had a Garden in common, but with one Gate: Sir *Godfrey*, upon some Occasion, ordered the Gate to be nail'd up; when the Doctor heard of it, he said, *He did not Care what Sir Godfrey did to the Gate, so he did not paint it.* This being told Sir *Godfrey*, he replied, *He would take that, or any Thing from his good Friend, the Doctor, but his Physick.*

227. A certain worthy Gentleman, having among his Friends the Nickname of *Ilos*, which was a Kind of Contraction of his real Name, when his late Majesty conferred the Honour of Peerage upon him, a Pamphlet was soon after published with many sarcastical Jokes upon him, and had this Part of a Line from *Horace* as a Motto, viz:

—*Optat Ephippia Bos*—

My Lord asked a Friend, who could read *Latin*, what that meant? It is as much as

to say, my Lord, said he, that you become *Honours as a Sow does a Saddle*. O! very fine, said my Lord: Soon after another Friend coming to see him, the Pamphlet was again spoken of; I would, said my Lord, give five hundred Pounds to know the Author of it. I don't know the Author of the Pamphlet, said his Friend, but I know who wrote the Motto; Ay, cry'd my Lord, *prithce who was it?* *Horace*, answered the other: *How*, replied his Lordship, *a dirty Dog, is that his Return to all the Favours I have done him and his Brother?*

\* \* \* \* \*

230. In the great Dispute between *South* and *Sherlock*, the former, who was a great Courtier, said, His Adversary reasoned well, but he Bark'd like a Cur: To which the other reply'd, That Fawning was the Property of a Cur, as well as Barking.

231. Second Thoughts, we commonly say, are best: and young Women who pretend to be averse to Marriage, desire not to be taken at their Words. One asking a Girl, *if she would have him?* *Faith*, no, *John*, says she, *but you may have me if you will*.

232. A Gentleman lying on his Death-bed, called to his Coachman, who had been an old Servant, and said, *Ah! Tom, I'm going a long rugged Journey, worse than ever you drove me: Oh, dear Sir, reply'd the Fellow, (he having been but an indifferent Master to him,) ne'er let that discourage you, for it is all down Hill*.

233. An honest bluff Country Farmer, meeting the Parson of the Parish in a By-Lane, and not giving him the Way so readily as he expected, the Parson, with an erected Crest, told him, *He was better fed than taught: Very likely indeed Sir* reply'd the farmer: *For you teach me and I feed myself*.

234. A famous Teacher of Arithmetick, who had long been married without being able to get his Wife with Child: One said to her, Madam, your husband is an excellent *Arithmetician*. Yes, replies she, only he can't multiply.

\* \* \* \* \*

236. A Lady who had married a Gentleman that was a tolerable Poet, one Day sitting alone with him she said, Come, my Dear, you write upon other People, prithce write something for me; let me see what Epitaph you'll bestow upon me when

I die: Oh, my Dear, reply'd he, that's a melancholy Subject, prithce don't think of it: Nay, upon my Life you shall, adds she, ---Come, I'll begin,

—*Here lies Bidd:*  
To which he answer'd, *Ah! I wish she did*.

237. A Cowardly Servant having been hunting with his Lord, they had kill'd a wild Boar; the Fellow seeing the Boar stir, betook himself to a Tree; upon which his Master call'd to him, and asked him, *what he was afraid of, the Boars entrails were out?* No matter for that, says he, *his Teeth are in*.

\* \* \* \* \*

239. Some Gentlemen coming out of a Tavern pretty merry, a Link-Boy cry'd, *Have a Light, Gentlemen? Light yourself to the Devil, you Dog*, says one of the Company: *Bless you, Master*, reply'd the boy, *we can find the Way in the Dark; shall we light your Worship thither?*

240. A Person was once try'd at Kingston before the late Lord Chief Justice *Holt*, for having two Wives, where one *Unit* was to have been the chief Evidence against him: After much calling for him, Word was brought that they could hear nothing of him. No, says his Lordship, *why then, all I can say, is, Mr. Unit stands for a Cypher*.

241. Dr. *Lloyd*, Bishop of Worcester, so eminent for his *Prophecies*, when by his Solicitations and Compliance at Court, he got removed from a poor *Welsh* Bishoprick to a rich *English* one. A reverend Dean of the Church said, *That he found his Brother Lloyd spelt Prophet with an F.*<sup>1</sup>

242. On a Publick Night of Rejoicing, when Bonfires and Illuminations were made, some honest Fellows were drinking the King's Health and Prosperity to *England, as long as the Sun and Moon are endured*: Ay, says one, and 500 Years after, *for I have put both my Sons Apprentices to a Tallow-Chandler*.

243. The learned Mr. *Charles Barnard*, Serjeant Surgeon to Queen *Anne*, being very severe upon *Parsons* having *Pluralities*. A reverend and worthy Divine heard him a good while with Patience, but at length took him up with this question; *Why do you, Mr. Serjeant Barnard, rail thus at Pluralities, who have always so many Sine-Cures upon your own Hands?*

[END OF JOE MILLER'S JESTS.]

<sup>1</sup> Most of the Clergy follow this Spelling.

## A VOYAGE TO LAPUTA,

BALNIBARBI, LUGGNAGG, GLUBBEDUB-  
DRIB, AND JAPAN.<sup>1</sup>

[JONATHAN SWIFT was born in Dublin, of English parents, November 30, 1667. He was reared amid circumstances of extreme poverty, receiving his support from relatives of his father. He studied at Kilkenny and at Trinity College, Dublin, and was distinguished at the latter place more for turbulence and irregularity than for devotion to study. On completing his studies (in 1685) he removed to London, and was received into the household of Sir William Temple (whose wife was a relative of his mother) in the capacity of secretary. Although he remained with Sir William (excepting an interval of two years) until the death of the latter in 1698, his position was menial, and attended with experiences exceedingly galling to the proud spirit of Swift. Swift had taken church orders in 1694, and during the interval of two years just referred to, he held a small living in Ireland. After Sir William's death Swift published his posthumous works; and, in 1699, he accompanied Lord Berkeley to Ireland as his chaplain and private secretary. The same year he received from his lordship the rectory of Agher and the vicarages of Laracor and Rathbeggan, to which

<sup>1</sup> The first two voyages of Gulliver [those to Lilliput and Brobdingnag] were intended to satirize the Whig Administration, and the members composing it, especially Sir Robert Walpole; and to comment on the defects in the political institutions of England. The object of the third voyage, that to Laputa, is to ridicule the mathematicians and philosophers of Swift's day, and in particular the members of the Royal Society, against some of whom he entertained a grudge.

The idea of the flying island would seem to have been borrowed from a romance attributed to the learned Bishop of Llandaff, Dr. Francis Godwin, entitled, "The Man in the Moon, or a Discourse of a Voyage Thither, by Domingo Gonzalez," written between 1590 and 1603, and re-published, after his death, at Perth, in 1638—a work which Mr. Hallam, in his "Literary History of Europe," notices for "the natural and veracious tone of the author's lies," and the happy conjectures of his philosophy. In it we find men of enormous stature and wonderful longevity, as well as a flying engine or chariot, drawn by birds. Swift also appears to have been indebted to Rabelais for some of his illustrations of the pursuits of the pseudo philosophers.

VOL. III.—W. H.

was added in 1700 the prebend of Dunlavin. In 1701 he published his first political tract, "A Discourse on the Contests and Dissensions between the Nobles and Commons at Athens and Rome," which gave him prominence among the leaders of the Whigs; in 1704 appeared "The Tale of a Tub" (the most powerful satire of the century) and "The Battle of the Books"; in 1708 he made an ingenious attack upon astrology, over the signature of Isaac Bickerstaff; and in 1709 he published "A Project for the Advancement of Religion" (the only work to which he ever attached his name).

In 1710 he joined the Tories, and for a time conducted the *Examiner*, a Tory organ. Swift long regarded with disfavor his Irish birth, insisting that it was but an accident, and that he was in fact an Englishman; but later, he identified himself thoroughly with Irish interests, and rendered such political and literary services to that country as won for him the lively gratitude of the Irish people. In 1713 he was made Dean of St. Patrick's, which was the highest church dignity to which he attained. The famous "*Gulliver's Travels*," the work by which he is most widely known, was printed in 1726. In 1740 he evinced symptoms of that mental derangement which he had long foreboded. His temper, always irritable and gloomy, became more violent and morose, and his memory and other faculties gave way. "There was also a deep and secret grief: the fate of two ladies, known as Stella and Vanessa, had been inseparably entwined with his own destiny; both had sacrificed for him all but honor, and had sunk under disappointed hopes and blighted affection." Rallying from his mental disease, Swift wrote some of his best minor pieces, including "The Modest Proposal," a masterpiece of irony, in which he proposes to relieve the distresses of the poor Irish by converting their children into food for the rich. The last three years of his life were passed in almost total silence, in the hands of keepers. He died October 19, 1745.

Speaking of Swift as an author Sir Walter Scott pronounces his distinguishing characteristic to be *originality*. "There was," he says, "nothing written before his time which could serve for his model, and the few hints which he has adopted from other authors bear no more resemblance to his compositions than the green flax to the cable which is formed from it." The same writer, alluding to "*Gulliver's Travels*," says: "Per-

haps no work ever exhibited such general attractions to all classes. It offered personal and political satire to the readers in high life, low and coarse incident to the vulgar, marvels to the romantic, wit to the young and lively, lessons of morality and policy to the grave, and maxims of deep and bitter misanthropy to neglected age and disappointed ambition."

Voltaire says: "We owe to Dean Swift several pieces of which we find no example among the ancients: he is Rabelais perfected."

"Dean Swift," says Dr. Hugh Blair, "may be placed at the head of those that have employed the plain style. . . . He knew almost beyond any man, the purity, the extent, the precision, of the English language." Addison called Swift "the most agreeable companion, the truest friend, and the greatest genius of his age." Pope ranks him as "a great master of humor." Macaulay characterizes him as "the ablest man of the Tory party" and "the keenest of all observers of life and manners." Thackeray calls him "the greatest wit of all times."

Unless otherwise credited, the notes accompanying our text are by John Francis Waller, LL.D.]

#### CHAPTER I.

THE AUTHOR SETS OUT ON HIS THIRD VOYAGE.—IS TAKEN BY PIRATES.—THE MALICE OF A DUTCHMAN.—HIS ARRIVAL AT AN ISLAND.—HE IS RECEIVED IN LAPUTA.

I HAD not been at home above ten days when Captain William Robinson, a Cornishman, commander of the Hopewell, a stout ship of three hundred tons, came to my house. I had formerly been surgeon of another ship, where he was master, and a fourth part owner, in a voyage to the Levant. He had always treated me more like a brother than an inferior officer; and hearing of my arrival, made me a visit, as I apprehended only out of friendship, for nothing passed more than what is usual after long absences. But repeating his visits often, expressing his joy to find me in good health, asking whether I were now settled for life, adding that he intended a voyage to the East Indies in two months; at last he plainly invited me, though with some apologies, to be surgeon of the ship; that I should have another surgeon under me, besides our two mates; that my salary should be

double the usual pay; and that having experienced my knowledge in sea affairs to be at least equal to his, he would enter into any engagement to follow my advice, as much as if I had shared in the command.

He said so many other obliging things, and I knew him to be so honest a man, that I could not reject his proposal; the thirst I had for seeing the world, notwithstanding my past misfortunes, continuing as violent as ever. The only difficulty that remained was to persuade my wife, whose consent, however, I at last obtained, by the prospect of advantage she proposed to her children.

We set out the 5th day of August, 1706, and arrived at Fort St. George the 11th of April, 1707. We stayed there three weeks to refresh our crew, many of whom were sick. From thence we went to Tonquin, where the captain resolved to continue some time, because many of the goods he intended to buy were not ready, nor could he expect to be dispatched in several months. Therefore, in hopes to defray some of the charges he must be at, he bought a sloop, loaded it with several sorts of goods, wherewith the Tonquinese usually trade to the neighboring islands, and putting fourteen men on board, whereof three were of the country, he appointed me master of the sloop, and gave me power to traffic, while he transacted his affairs at Tonquin.

We had not sailed above three days, when a great storm arising, we were driven five days to the north-north-east, and then to the east: after which we had fair weather, but still with a pretty strong gale from the west. Upon the tenth day we were chased by two pirates, who soon overtook us; for my sloop was so deeply laden, that she sailed very slow, neither were we in a condition to defend ourselves.

We were boarded about the same time by both the pirates, who entered furiously at the head of their men; but finding us all prostrate upon our faces (for so I gave order), they pinioned us with strong ropes, and setting a guard upon us, went to search the sloop.

I observed among them a Dutchman, who seemed to be of some authority, though he was not commander of either ship. He knew us by our countenances to be Englishmen, and jabbering to us in our own language, swore we should be

tied back to back and thrown into the sea. I spoke Dutch tolerably well; I told him who we were, and begged him, in consideration of our being Christians and Protestants, of neighboring countries in strict alliance, that he would move the captains to take some pity on us. This inflamed his rage; he repeated the threatenings, and turning to his companions, spoke with great vehemence in the Japanese language, as I suppose, often using the word *Christianos*.

The largest of the two pirate ships was commanded by a Japanese captain, who spoke a little Dutch, but very imperfectly. He came up to me, and after several questions, which I answered in great humility, he said we should not die. I made the captain a very low bow, and then, turning to the Dutchman, said I was sorry to find more mercy in a heathen than in a brother Christian. But I had soon reason to repent those foolish words: for that malicious reprobate, having often endeavored in vain to persuade both the captains that I might be thrown into the sea (which they would not yield to, after the promise made me that I should not die), however prevailed so far as to have a punishment inflicted on me worse, in all human appearance, than death itself. My men were sent by an equal division into both the pirate ships, and my sloop new manned. As to myself, it was determined that I should be set adrift in a small canoe, with paddles and a sail, and four days' provisions; which last the Japanese captain was so kind as to double out of his own stores, and would permit no man to search me. I got down into the canoe, while the Dutchman, standing upon the deck, loaded me with all the curses and injurious terms his language could afford.

About an hour before we saw the pirates I had taken an observation, and found we were in the latitude of 46 N. and longitude of 183. When I was at some distance from the pirates, I discovered by my pocket-glass several islands to the south-east. I set up my sail, the wind being fair, with a design to reach the nearest of those islands, which I made a shift to do in about three hours. It was all rocky: however I got many birds' eggs; and striking fire, I kindled some heath and dry sea-weed, by which I roasted my eggs. I ate no other supper, being re-

solved to spare my provisions as much as I could. I passed the night under the shelter of a rock, strewing some heath under me, and slept pretty well.

The next day I sailed to another island, and thence to a third and fourth, sometimes using my sail, sometimes my paddles. But, not to trouble the reader with a particular account of my distresses, let it suffice that on the fifth day I arrived at the last island in my sight which lay south-south-east to the former.

This island was at a greater distance than I expected, and I did not reach it in less than five hours. I encompassed it almost round before I could find a convenient place to land in; which was a small creek, about three times the wideness of my canoe. I found the island to be all rocky, only a little intermingled with tufts of grass, and sweet-smelling herbs. I took out my small provisions, and after having refreshed myself, I secured the remainder in a cave, whereof there were great numbers; I gathered plenty of eggs upon the rocks, and got a quantity of dry sea-weed and parched grass, which I designed to kindle the next day, and roast my eggs as well as I could, for I had about me flint, steel, watch, and burning-glass. I lay all night in the cave where I had lodged my provisions. My bed was the same dry grass and sea-weed which I intended for fuel. I slept very little, for the disquiet of my mind prevailed over my weariness, and kept me awake. I considered how impossible it was to preserve my life in so desolate a place, and how miserable my end must be: yet found myself so listless and desponding, that I had not the heart to rise; and before I could get spirits enough to creep out of my cave, the day was far advanced. I walked awhile among the rocks; the sky was perfectly clear, and the sun so hot, that I was forced to turn my face from it: when all on a sudden it became obscure, as I thought, in a manner very different from what happens by the interposition of a cloud. I turned back, and perceived a vast opaque body between me and the sun, moving forward towards the island; it seemed to be about two miles high, and hid the sun six or seven minutes; but I did not observe the air to be much colder, or the sky more darkened, than if I had stood under the shade of a mountain. As it approached nearer over the place where I was, it appeared to be



a firm substance, the bottom flat, smooth, and shining very bright, from the reflection of the sea below. I stood upon a height of about two hundred yards from the shore, and saw this vast body descending almost to a parallel with me, at less than an English mile distance. I took out my pocket perspective, and could plainly discover numbers of people moving up and down the sides of it, which appeared to be sloping; but what those people were doing I was not able to distinguish.

The natural love of life gave me some inward motion of joy, and I was ready to entertain a hope that this adventure might, some way or other, help to deliver me from the desolate place and condition I was in. But at the same time the reader can hardly conceive my astonishment to behold an island in the air, inhabited by men, who were able (as it should seem) to raise or sink, or put it into progressive motion, as they pleased. But not being at that time in a disposition to philosophize upon this phenomenon, I rather chose to observe what course the island would take, because it seemed for a while to stand still. Yet soon after it advanced nearer, and I could see the sides of it encompassed with several gradations of galleries and stairs, at certain intervals, to descend from one to the other. In the lowest gallery I beheld some people fishing with long angling-rods, and others looking on. I waved my cap (for my hat was long since worn out) and my handkerchief towards the island; and upon its nearer approach I called and shouted with the utmost strength of my voice; and then looking circumspectly, I beheld a crowd gathered to that side which was most in my view. I found by their pointing towards me and to each other, that they plainly discovered me, although they made no return to my shouting. But I could see four or five men running in great haste up the stairs, to the top of the island, who then disappeared. I happened rightly to conjecture that these were sent for orders, to some person in authority, upon this occasion.

The number of people increased, and in less than half an hour the island was moved and raised in such a manner that the lowest gallery appeared in a parallel of less than a hundred yards' distance from the height where I stood. I then

put myself in the most supplicating posture, and spoke in the humblest accent, but received no answer. Those who stood nearest over against me seemed to be persons of distinction, as I supposed by their habits. They conferred earnestly with each other, looking often upon me. At length one of them called out in a clear, polite, smooth dialect, not unlike in sound to the Italian; and therefore I returned an answer in that language, hoping at least that the cadence might be more agreeable to his ears. Although neither of us understood the other, yet my meaning was easily known, for the people saw the distress I was in.

They made signs for me to come down from the rock, and go towards the shore, which I accordingly did; and the flying island being raised to a convenient height, the verge directly over me, a chain was let down from the lowest gallery, with a seat fastened to the bottom, to which I fixed myself, and was drawn up by pulleys.

## CHAPTER II.

THE HUMORS AND DISPOSITION OF THE LAPUTIANS DESCRIBED.—AN ACCOUNT OF THEIR LEARNING.—OF THE KING AND HIS COURT.—THE AUTHOR'S RECEPTION THERE.—THE INHABITANTS SUBJECT TO FEAR AND DISQUIETUDES.—AN ACCOUNT OF THE WOMEN.

AT my alighting, I was surrounded by a crowd of people, but those who stood nearest seemed to be of better quality. They beheld me with all the marks and circumstances of wonder: neither, indeed, was I much in their debt; having never till then seen a race of mortals so singular in their shapes, habits, and countenances. Their heads were all reclined, either to the right or the left; one of their eyes turned inward, and the other directly up to the zenith.<sup>1</sup> Their outward garments

<sup>1</sup> In this description of the people of Laputa, Swift intends to satirize, if not philosophers in general, at all events those pretenders to philosophy, and persons who, in his time, as, indeed, in every period of the world, have been found to devote themselves to vain and profitless speculations in science. The description of those people is very ingenious. By making their heads always awry, turned either to the right or left, he indicates pretty plainly that such people never took the right direction or the straight course in their views.

were adorned with the figures of suns, moons, and stars; interwoven with those of fiddles, flutes, harps, trumpets, guitars, harpsichords, and many other instruments of music, unknown to us in Europe. I observed, here and there, many in the habit of servants, with blown bladders, fastened like a flail to the end of a stick, which they carried in their hands. In each bladder was a small quantity of dried peas, or little pebbles, as I was afterwards informed. With these bladders they now and then flapped the mouth and ears of those who stood near them, of which practice I could not then conceive the meaning. It seems the minds of these people are so taken up with intense speculations, that they can neither speak, nor attend to the discourses of others, without being roused by some external action upon the organs of speech and hearing; for which reason, those persons who are able to afford it always keep a flapper (the original is *climeno*) in their family, as one of their domestics; nor ever walk abroad or make visits without him. And the business of this officer is, when two, three, or more persons are in company, gently to strike with his bladder the mouth of him who is to speak, and the right ear of him or them to whom the speaker addresses himself. This flapper is likewise employed diligently to attend his master in his walks, and upon occasion to give him a soft flap on his eyes; because he is always so wrapped up in cogitation, that he is in manifest danger of falling down every precipice, and bouncing his head against every post; and in the streets, of jostling others, or being jostled himself into the kennel.<sup>1</sup>

The eye turned inward seems evidently to denote the abstraction and absence of mind commonly attributed to those who are occupied with their own cogitations; while the eye that was turned upward betokens that the owner was engaged in the contemplation of visionary and transcendental schemes, above the ken of ordinary humanity. In neither case was the vision or the intellect directed to the objects that lay before or around the man—the things, as it were, at his feet—the common and necessary concerns of every-day life.

<sup>1</sup> This idea of a flapper is as original as it is happy and humorous; and his office of recalling the mind of his absorbed master to the affairs of common life, and saving him from knocking his head against everything and everybody, is aimed as a satirical assault against the absence of mind with which philosophers were pop-

ularly charged, and especially the great Sir Isaac Newton, whom Swift desired, for his own reasons, to turn into ridicule. The Dean on one occasion assured a relative that Sir Isaac was the worst companion in the world, and that if you asked him a question "he would revolve it in a circle in his brain, round, and round, and round" (here Swift described a circle on his own forehead), "before he could produce an answer." He used also to tell a story of Sir Isaac, says Scott, that his servant having called him one day to dinner, and returning, after waiting some time, to call him a second time, found him mounted on a ladder placed against the shelves of his library, a book in his left hand, and his head reclined upon his right, sunk in such a fit of abstraction, that he was obliged, after calling him once or twice, actually to jog him before he could awake his attention. An incident such as this might easily suggest to the ready mind of Swift the idea of a flapper.

It is necessary to give the reader this information, without which he would be at the same loss with me to understand the proceedings of these people, as they conducted me up the stairs, to the top of the island, and from thence to the royal palace. While we were ascending, they forgot several times what they were about, and left me to myself, till their memories were again roused by their flappers: for they appeared altogether unmoved by the sight of my foreign habit and countenance, and by the shouts of the vulgar, whose thoughts and minds were more disengaged. At last we entered the palace, and proceeded to the chamber of presence, where I saw the king seated on his throne, attended on each side by persons of prime quality. Before the throne was a large table filled with globes and spheres, and mathematical instruments of all kinds. His majesty took not the least notice of us, although our entrance was not without sufficient noise, by the concourse of all persons belonging to the court. But he was then deep in a problem; and we attended at least an hour, before he could solve it. There stood by him, on each side, a young page with flaps in their hands, and when they saw he was at leisure, one of them gently struck his mouth, and the other his right ear; at which he startled like one awakened on a sudden, and looking towards me and the company I was in, recollected the occasion of our coming, whereof he had been informed before. He spoke some words; whereupon, immediately a young man with a flap came up to my side, and flapped me gently on the right ear; but I made

signs, as well as I could, that I had no occasion for such an instrument; which, as I afterward found, gave his majesty and the whole court a very mean opinion of my understanding.<sup>1</sup> The king, as far as I could conjecture, asked me several questions, and I addressed myself to him in all the languages I had. When it was found I could neither understand nor be understood, I was conducted by his order to an apartment in his palace (this prince being distinguished above all his predecessors for his hospitality to strangers), where two servants were appointed to attend me. My dinner was brought, and four persons of quality, whom I remembered to have seen very near the king's person, did me the honor to dine with me. We had two courses, of three dishes each. In the first course there was a shoulder of mutton cut into an equilateral triangle, a piece of beef into a rhomboid, and a pudding into a cycloid. The second course was two ducks trussed up in the form of fiddles, sausages and puddings resembling flutes and hautboys, and a breast of veal in the shape of a harp. The servants cut our bread into cones, cylinders, parallelograms, and other mathematical figures.

While we were at dinner, I made bold to ask the names of several things in their language, and those noble persons, by the assistance of their flappers, delighted to give me answers, hoping to raise my admiration of their great abilities, if I could be brought to converse with them. I was soon able to call for bread and drink, or whatever else I wanted.

After dinner my company withdrew, and a person was sent by the king's order, attended by a flapper. He brought with him pens, ink, and paper, and three or four books, giving me to understand, by signs, that he was sent to teach me the

language. We sat together four hours, in which time I wrote down a great number of words in columns, with the translations over against them: I likewise made a shift to learn several short sentences; for my tutor would order some of my servants to fetch something, to turn about, to make a bow, to sit, or to stand or walk, and the like. Then I took down the sentence in writing. He showed me also, in one of the books, the figures of the sun, moon, and stars, the zodiac, the tropics, and polar circles, together with the denominations of many planes and solids. He gave me the names and descriptions of all their musical instruments, and the general terms of art in playing on each of them. After he had left me, I placed all my words, with their interpretations, in alphabetical order. And thus, in a few days, by the help of a very faithful memory, I got some insight into their language.

The word, which I interpret the flying or floating island, is in the original *Laputa*, whereof I could never learn the true etymology. *Lap*, in the old obsolete language, signifies high; and *untuh*, a governor; from which they say, by corruption, was derived *Laputa*, from *Lapuntah*. But I do not approve of this derivation, which seems to be a little strained. I ventured to offer to the learned men among them a conjecture of my own, that *Laputa* was *quasi lap outed*: *lap*, signifying properly, the dauncing of the sun-beams in the sea; and *outed*, a wing; which, however, I shall not obtrude, but submit to the judicious reader.<sup>1</sup>

Those to whom the king had entrusted me, observing how ill I was clad, ordered a tailor to come next morning, and take my measure for a suit of clothes. This operator did his office after a different manner from those of his trade in Europe.

<sup>1</sup> The King of Laputa, as sovereign of a philosophical nation, is fitly introduced by Swift as engaged in scientific inquiries, and in solving problems in the midst of his council, and surrounded by all kinds of mathematical instruments, when an ordinary monarch would be occupied in the discussion of politics, or in the administration of the affairs of his empire. Gulliver waits till the problem is solved, and the king is flapped into the exercise of his sight and hearing. The contempt entertained for Gulliver's understanding because he had his senses sufficiently awake and under his own control to dispense with the assistance of flappers, is a happy stroke of ridicule.

<sup>1</sup> Gulliver's philological disquisition upon the etymology of the word *Laputa*—both the received derivation amongst the learned men of the island, and that which he suggests to them himself—is a piece of solemn ridicule of the many fanciful conjectures which philologists often hazard as to the derivation of words. It is more than probable Swift had particularly in view the celebrated Dr. Bentley, whose attack upon the "Epistles of Phalaris," some time previously edited by Charles Boyle, afterwards Lord Orrery, offended Sir William Temple, Swift's patron, and brought down on Bentley a severe retaliation from the Dean's bitter genius in the "Battle of the Books."

He first took my altitude by a quadrant, and then, with rule and compasses, described the dimensions and outlines of my whole body, all which he entered upon paper; and in six days brought my clothes very ill made, and quite out of shape, by happening to make a mistake of a figure in the calculation.<sup>1</sup> But my comfort was, that I observed such accidents very frequent, and little regarded.

During my confinement for want of clothes, and by an indisposition that held me some days longer, I much enlarged my dictionary; and when I next went to court, was able to understand many things the king spoke, and to return him some kind of answers. His majesty had given orders that the island should move north-east and by east, to the vertical point over Lagado, the metropolis of the whole kingdom below, upon the firm earth. It was about ninety leagues distant, and our voyage lasted four days and a half. I was not in the least sensible of the progressive motion made in the air by the island. On the second morning, about eleven o'clock, the king himself in person, attended by his nobility, courtiers, and officers, having prepared all their musical instruments, played on them for three hours, without intermission, so that I was quite stunned with the noise; neither could I possibly guess the meaning, till my tutor informed me. He said that the people of their island had their ears adapted to hear the music of the spheres, which always played at certain periods, and the court was now prepared to bear their part, in whatever instruments they most excelled.

In our journey towards Lagado, the capital city, his majesty ordered that the island should stop over certain towns and villages, from whence he might receive the petitions of his subjects. And to this purpose, several packthreads were let down, with small weights at the bottom.

On these packthreads the people strung their petitions, which mounted up directly, like the scraps of paper fastened by schoolboys at the end of the string that holds the kite. Sometimes we received wine and victuals from below, which were drawn up by pulleys.

The knowledge I had in mathematics gave me great assistance in acquiring their phraseology, which depended much upon that science, and music; and in the latter I was not unskilled. Their ideas are perpetually conversant in lines and figures. If they would, for example, praise the beauty of a woman, or any other animal, they describe it by rhombs, circles, parallelograms, ellipses, and other geometrical terms, or by words of art drawn from music, needless here to repeat. I observed in the king's kitchen all sorts of mathematical and musical instruments, after the figures of which they cut up the joints that were served at his majesty's table.

Their houses are very ill built, the walls bevel, without one right angle in any apartment; and this defect arises from the contempt they bear to practical geometry, which they despise as vulgar and mechanical: those instructions they give being too refined for the intellects of their workmen, which occasion perpetual mistakes. And although they are dextrous enough upon a piece of paper, in the management of the rule, the pencil, and the divider, yet in the common actions and behaviour of life I have not seen a more clumsy, awkward, and unhandy people, nor so slow and perplexed in their conceptions upon all other subjects except those of mathematics and music. They are very bad reasoners, and vehemently given to opposition, unless when they happen to be of the right opinion, which is seldom their case. Imagination, fancy, and invention they are wholly strangers to, nor have any words in their language by which those ideas can be expressed; the whole compass of their thoughts and mind being shut up within the two fore-mentioned sciences.

Most of them, and especially those who deal in the astronomical part, have great faith in judicial astrology, although they are ashamed to own it publicly. But what I chiefly admired, and thought altogether unaccountable, was the strong disposition I observed in them towards news and

<sup>1</sup> In this blunder of the Laputan tailor in his calculations, Swift intended, in the opinion of Sir Walter Scott, to attack Sir Isaac Newton—whom he had not forgiven for his statement in relation to Wood's halfpence—for an error in the astronomer's printed computation of the sun's distance from the earth. The error, however, was not Newton's, but his printer's, who inadvertently added a cipher to the astronomer's calculations, and thus increased the distance to an incalculable amount.

politics, perpetually inquiring into public affairs, giving their judgments in matters of state, and passionately disputing every inch of a party opinion. I have, indeed, observed the same disposition among most of the mathematicians I have known in Europe, although I could never discover the least analogy between the two sciences; unless those people suppose, that because the smallest circle has as many degrees as the largest, therefore the regulation and management of the world require no more abilities than the handling and turning of a globe: but I rather take the quality to spring from a very common infirmity of human nature, inclining us to be most curious and conceited in matters where we have least concern, and for which we are least adapted by study or nature.<sup>1</sup>

These people are under continual disquietudes, never enjoying a minute's peace of mind; and their disturbances proceed from causes which very little affect the rest of mortals. Their apprehensions arise from several changes they dread in the celestial bodies: for instance, that the earth, by the continual approaches of the sun towards it, must, in course of time, be absorbed, or swallowed up; that the face of the sun, will, by degrees, be encrusted with its own effluvia, and give no more light to the world; that the earth very narrowly escaped a brush from the tail of the last comet, which would have infallibly reduced it to ashes; and that the next, which they have calculated for one-and-thirty years hence, will probably destroy us. For if, in its perihelion, it should approach within a certain degree of the sun (as by their calculations they have reason to dread) it will receive a degree of heat ten thousand times more intense than that of red-hot, glowing iron; and, in its absence from the sun, carrying a blazing tail ten hundred thousand and fourteen miles long; through which, if the earth should pass at the distance of one hundred thousand miles

<sup>1</sup> The touch at the belief in astrology, then not uncommon among astronomers, is fair satire; but Swift contradicts himself when he makes his mathematicians strongly addicted to public affairs. He speaks with great contempt of their political opinions, which we may explain if we remember that Swift was a Tory, and the most leading mathematicians were Whigs.—  
Dr MORGAN.

from the nucleus, or main body of the comet, it must in its passage be set on fire, and reduced to ashes: that the sun, daily spending its rays without any nutriment to supply them, will at last be wholly consumed and annihilated; which must be attended with the destruction of this earth, and of all the planets that receive their light from it.

They are so perpetually alarmed with the apprehension of these and the like impending dangers, that they can neither sleep quietly in their beds nor have any relish for the common pleasures and amusements of life. When they meet an acquaintance in the morning, the first question is about the sun's health, how he looked at his setting and rising, and what hopes they have to avoid the stroke of the approaching comet. This conversation they are apt to run into with the same temper that boys discover in delighting to hear terrible stories of spirits and hobgoblins, which they greedily listen to, and dare not go to bed for fear.

The women of the island have abundance of vivacity: they condemn their husbands, and are exceedingly fond of strangers, whereof there is always a considerable number from the continent below, attending at court, either upon affairs of the several towns and corporations, or their own particular occasions, but are much despised, because they want the same endowments. Among these the ladies choose their gallants; for the husband is always so wrapt in speculation, that the mistress and lover may proceed to the greatest familiarities before his face, if he be but provided with paper and implements, and without his flapper at his side.

The wives and daughters lament their confinement to the island, although I think it the most delicious spot of ground in the world: and although they live here in the greatest plenty and magnificence, and are allowed to do whatever they please, they long to see the world, and take the diversions of the metropolis; which they are not allowed to do without a particular license from the king; and this is not easy to be obtained, because the people of quality have found, by frequent experience, how hard it is to persuade their women to return from below. I was told that a great court lady, who had several children—is married to the prime minister, the

richest subject in the kingdom, a very graceful person, extremely fond of her, and lives in the finest palace of the island—went down to Lagado on the pretence of health, there hid herself for several months, till the king sent a warrant to search for her; and she was found in an obscure eating-house all in rags, having pawned her clothes to maintain an old deformed footman, who beat her every day, and in whose company she was taken, much against her will. And although her husband received her with all possible kindness, and without the least reproach, she soon after contrived to steal down again, with all her jewels, to the same gallant, and has not been heard of since.

This may, perhaps, pass with the reader rather for a European or English story, than for one of a country so remote. But he may please to consider, that the caprices of womankind are not limited by any climate or nation, and that they are much more uniform than can be easily imagined.<sup>1</sup>

In about a month's time, I had made a tolerable proficiency in their language, and was able to answer most of the king's questions, when I had the honor to attend him. His majesty discovered not the least curiosity to inquire into the laws, government, history, religion, or manners of the countries where I had been; but confined his questions to the state of mathematics, and received the account I gave him with great contempt and indifference, though often roused by his flapper on each side.

### CHAPTER III.

A PHENOMENON SOLVED BY MODERN PHILOSOPHY AND ASTRONOMY.—THE LAPUTANS' GREAT IMPROVEMENTS IN THE LATTER.—THE KING'S METHOD OF SUPPRESSING INSURRECTIONS.

I DESIRED leave of this prince to see the curiosities of the island, which he was graciously pleased to grant, and ordered

<sup>1</sup> These observations upon the women of Laputa, and the bitter application of their faults and their follies to the women of Europe, is another evidence of Swift's unhappy feelings. With him there was but little sympathy for the domestic ties: he ever carried about in his inmost heart some terrible mystery, never divulged or discovered, that made him shrink from that state which should have made his happiness; and so he was to the end one of the most miserable of men.

my tutor to attend me. I chiefly wanted to know to what cause in art or in nature it owed its several motions, whereof I will now give a philosophical account to the reader.

The flying or floating island is exactly circular, its diameter 7,837 yards, or about four miles and a half, and consequently contains ten thousand acres. It is three hundred yards thick. The bottom, or under surface, which appears to those who view it below, is one even regular plate of adamant, shooting up to the height of about two hundred yards. Above it lie the several minerals in their usual order, and over all is a coat of rich mould, ten or twelve feet deep. The declivity of the upper surface, from the circumference to the centre, is the natural cause why all the dews and rains which fall upon the island are conveyed in small rivulets towards the middle, where they are emptied into four large basins, each of about half a mile in circuit, and two hundred yards' distance from the centre. From these basins the water is continuously exhaled by the sun in the daytime, which effectually prevents their overflowing. Besides, as it is in the power of the monarch to raise the island above the region of clouds and vapors, he can prevent the falling of dews and rain whenever he pleases. For the highest clouds cannot rise above two miles, as naturalists agree; at least, they were never known to do so in that country.

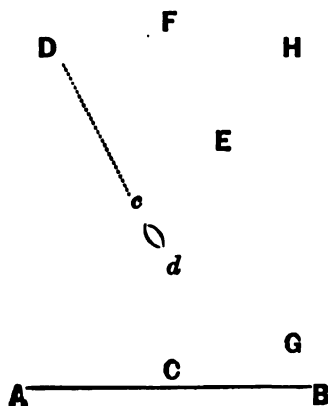
At the centre of the island there is a chasm about fifty yards in diameter, whence the astronomers descend into a large dome, which is therefore called *flandona gagnole*, or the astronomers' cave, situated at the depth of a hundred yards beneath the upper surface of the adamant. In this cave are twenty lamps continually burning, which, from the reflection of the adamant, cast a strong light into every part. The place is stored with a great variety of sextants, quadrants, telescopes, astrolabes, and other astronomical instruments. But the greatest curiosity, upon which the fate of the island depends, is a loadstone of prodigious size, in shape resembling a weaver's shuttle. It is in length six yards, and in the thickest part at least three yards over. This magnet is sustained by a very strong axle of adamant passing through its middle, upon which it plays, and is poised so exactly

that the weakest hand can turn it. It is hooped round with a hollow cylinder of adamant, four feet deep, as many thick, and twelve yards in diameter, placed horizontally, and supported by eight adamantine feet, each six yards high. In the middle of the concave side there is a groove twelve inches deep, in which the extremities of the axle are lodged, and turned round as there is occasion.

The stone cannot be removed from its place by any force, because the hoop and its feet are one continued piece with that body of adamant which constitutes the bottom of the island.

By means of this loadstone, the island is made to rise and fall, and move from one place to another. For, with respect to that part of the earth over which the monarch presides, the stone is endued at one of its sides with an attractive power, and at the other with a repulsive. Upon placing the magnet erect, with its attractive end towards the earth, the island descends; but when the repelling extremity points downwards, the island mounts directly upward. When the position of the stone is oblique, the motion of the island is so too: for in this magnet, the forces always act in lines parallel to its direction.

By this oblique motion, the island is conveyed to different parts of the monarch's dominions. To explain the manner of its progress let A B represent a line drawn across the dominions of Balnibarbi; let the line *cd* represent the loadstone, of which let *d* be the repelling end, and *c* the attracting end, the island being over C: let the



stone be placed in position *cd*, with its repelling end downward; then the island will be driven upwards obliquely towards D. When it is arrived at D, let the stone be turned upon its axle, till its attracting end points towards E, and then the island will be carried obliquely towards E; where, if the stone be again turned upon its axle till it stands in the position E F, with its repelling point downwards, the island will rise obliquely towards F, where, by directing the attracting end towards G, the island may be carried to G, and from G to H, by turning the stone so as to make its repelling extremity point directly downward. And thus, by changing the situation of the stone as often as there is occasion, the island is made to rise and fall by turns in an oblique direction, and by those alternate risings and fallings (the obliquity being not considerable) is conveyed from one part of the dominions to the other.

But it must be observed that this island cannot move beyond the extent of the dominions below, nor can it rise above the height of four miles; for which the astronomers (who have written large systems concerning the stone) assign the following reason: that the magnetic virtue does not extend beyond the distance of four miles, and that the mineral, which acts upon the stone in the bowels of the earth, and in the sea about six leagues distant from the shore, is not diffused through the whole globe, but terminates with the limits of the king's dominions; and it was easy, from the great advantage of such a superior situation, for a prince to bring under his obedience whatever country lay within the attraction of that magnet.

When the stone is put parallel to the plane of the horizon, the island stands still; for in that case the extremities of it, being at equal distances from the earth, act with equal force, the one in drawing downwards, and the other in pushing upwards, and consequently no motion can ensue.

This loadstone is under the care of certain astronomers, who, from time to time, give it such positions as the monarch directs. They spend the greatest part of their lives in observing the celestial bodies, which they do by the assistance of glasses, far excelling ours in goodness. For, although their largest telescopes do not

exceed three feet, they magnify much more than those of a hundred with us, and show the stars with greater clearness. This advantage has enabled them to extend their discoveries much farther than our astronomers in Europe; for they have made a catalogue of ten thousand fixed stars, whereas the largest of ours does not contain above one-third part of that number. They have likewise discovered two lesser stars, or satellites, which revolve about Mars; whereof the innermost is distant from the centre of the primary planet exactly three of his diameters, and the outermost five; the former revolves in the space of ten hours, and the latter in twenty-one and a half; so that the squares of their periodical times are very nearly in the same proportion with the cubes of their distance, from the centre of Mars; which evidently shows them to be governed by the same law of gravitation that influences the other heavenly bodies.

They have observed ninety-three different comets, and settled their periods with great exactness. If this be true (and they affirm it with great confidence), it is much to be wished that their observations were made public, whereby the theory of comets, which at present is very lame and defective, might be brought to the same perfection as other parts of astronomy.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The subject of comets very much engaged the attention of the learned men of Swift's time, as will be seen by a reference to the transactions of the Royal Society, in which there are many papers upon them, and details of observations made by astronomers in various parts of Europe. Several theories had been broached by the learned from time to time as to the nature of comets, their courses through the cosmoical system, and the possibility of their near approach to the sun or to the earth, and the results that might ensue. Whiston had about this time attempted to show that the comet of 1680 had, on a former visit to the earth, been the proximate cause of the Noachian deluge. One of Sir Isaac Newton's conjectures, which he entertained to the end of his life, was that comets were the aliment by which suns were sustained, and he therefore concluded that these bodies were in a state of progressive decline upon the suns round which they respectively swept, and that into these suns they from time to time fell. "I cannot say," he remarked, when in his eighty-third year, to his nephew, "when the comet of 1680 will fall into the sun; possibly after five or six revolutions; but whenever that time shall arrive, the heat of the sun will be raised by it to such a point that our globe will be burnt, and all the animals upon it will perish." These various

The king would be the most absolute prince in the universe, if he could but prevail on his ministry to join with him; but these having their estates below on the continent, and considering that the office of a favorite has a very uncertain tenure, would never consent to the enslaving of their country.

If any town should engage in rebellion or mutiny, fall into violent factions or refuse to pay the usual tribute, the king has two methods of reducing them to obedience. The first and mildest course is by keeping the island hovering over such a town and the lands about it, whereby he can deprive them of the benefit of the sun and the rain, and consequently afflict the inhabitants with dearth and diseases: and if the crime deserve it, they are at the same time pelted from above with great stones, against which they have no defence but by creeping into cellars or caves, while the roofs of their houses are beaten to pieces. But if they still continue obstinate, or offer to raise insurrections, he proceeds to the last remedy, by letting the island drop directly upon their heads, which makes a universal destruction both of houses and men. However, this is an extremity to which the prince is seldom driven; neither, indeed, is he willing to put it into execution; nor dare his ministers advise him to an action which, as it would render them odious to the people, so it would be a great damage to their own estates, which lie all below; for the island is the king's demesne.<sup>1</sup>

But there is still, indeed, a more weighty reason why the kings of this country have been always averse from executing so terrible an action, unless upon the utmost necessity. For, if the town intended to be destroyed should have in it any tall rocks, as it generally falls out in the larger cities—a situation probably chosen at first with a view to prevent such a catastrophe—or if it abound in high spires or pillars

opinions and conjectures are, no doubt, ridiculed by Swift, as we have seen in the previous chapter.

<sup>1</sup> I cannot help thinking that Swift, in the details which he here gives of the different methods to which the King of Laputa had recourse, in order to reduce his subjects to submission when either factious or rebellious, or unwilling to pay tribute, had some political abuses or unconstitutional practices in view, against which he covertly directs his satire. What these were, however, at this distance of time, can be only matter of conjecture.



of stone, a sudden fall might endanger the bottom or under surface of the island, which, although it consists, as I have said, of one entire adamant, two hundred yards thick, might happen to crack by too great a shock, or burst by approaching too near the fires from the houses below, as the backs, both of iron and stone, will often do in our chimneys. Of all this the people are well apprised, and understand how far to carry their obstinacy, where their liberty or property is concerned. And the king, when he is highest provoked, and most determined to press a city to rubbish, orders the island to descend with great gentleness, out of a pretence of tenderness to his people, but, indeed, for fear of breaking the adamant bottom; in which case, it is the opinion of all their philosophers that the loadstone could no longer hold it up, and the whole mass would fall to the ground.

By a fundamental law of this realm, neither the king nor either of his two eldest sons are permitted to leave the island; nor the queen, till she has attained a certain age.<sup>1</sup>

#### CHAPTER IV.

THE AUTHOR LEAVES LAPUTA.—IS CONVEYED TO BALNIBARBI.—ARRIVES AT THE METROPOLIS.—A DESCRIPTION OF THE METROPOLIS AND THE COUNTRY ADJOINING.—THE AUTHOR HOSPITABLY RECEIVED BY A GREAT LORD.—HIS CONVERSATION WITH THAT LORD.

ALTHOUGH I cannot say that I was ill treated in this island, yet I must confess I thought myself too much neglected, not without some degree of contempt; for neither prince nor people appeared to be curious in any part of knowledge, except mathematics and music, wherein I was far their inferior, and upon that account very little regarded.

On the other side, after having seen all the curiosities of the island, I was very desirous to leave it, being heartily weary of those people. They were indeed ex-

cellent in two sciences for which I have great esteem, and wherein I am not unversed; but, at the same time, so abstracted and involved in speculation, that I never met with such disagreeable companions. I conversed only with women, tradesmen, flappers, and court pages, during two months of my abode there, by which, at last, I rendered myself extremely contemptible; yet these were the only people from whom I could ever receive a reasonable answer.

I had obtained, by hard study, a good degree of knowledge in their language: I was weary of being confined to an island, where I received so little countenance, and resolved to leave it with the first opportunity.

There was a great lord at court, nearly related to the king, and for that reason alone treated with respect. He was universally reckoned the most ignorant and stupid person among them. He had performed many eminent services for the crown, had great natural and acquired parts, adorned with integrity and honor, but so ill an ear for music, that his detractors reported "he had been often known to beat time in the wrong place;" neither could his tutors, without extreme difficulty, teach him to demonstrate the most easy proposition in the mathematics. He was pleased to show me many marks of favor; often did me the honor of a visit; desired to be informed in the affairs of Europe, the laws and customs, the manner and learning of the several countries where I had travelled. He listened to me with great attention, and made very wise observations on all I spoke. He had two flappers attending him for state, but never made use of them, except at court and in visits of ceremony, and would always command them to withdraw when we were alone together.<sup>1</sup>

I entreated with this illustrious person

<sup>1</sup> The frequent absences of George I. from England, to visit his favorite kingdom of Hanover, were regarded by the people of the former country with natural jealousy. It is likely that Swift alludes to these visits to Hanover, when he states that it was a fundamental law of the island of Laputa that the king should not leave it.

<sup>1</sup> Whether any particular person is designed by this great lord, a relative of the king, is a question towards the solution of which there is not much to guide us. The allusion to his having so ill an ear for music that he had been often known to beat time in the wrong place, plainly intimates some one who did not understand the arts by which courtiers ingratiate themselves with monarchs, or one who was too honest to flatter. Could Swift, in this character, have alluded to the Prince of Wales, son of George I., whose favor he was about this time desirous of obtaining?

to intercede in my behalf with his majesty for leave to depart; which he accordingly did, as he was pleased to tell me, with regret: for, indeed, he had made me several offers, very advantageous, which, however, I refused with expressions of the highest acknowledgment.

On the 16th of February I took leave of his majesty and the court. The king made me a present, to the value of about two hundred pounds English; and my protector, his kinsman, as much more, together with a letter of recommendation to a friend of his in Lagado, the metropolis. The island being then hovering over a mountain about two miles from it, I was let down from the lowest gallery, in the same manner as I had been taken up.

The continent, as far as it is subject to the monarch of the flying island, passes under the general name of *Balnibarbi*; and the metropolis, as I said before, is called *Lagado*. I felt some little satisfaction in finding myself on firm ground. I walked to the city without any concern, being clad like one of the natives, and sufficiently instructed to converse with them. I soon found out the person's house to whom I was recommended, presented my letter from his friend, the grandee, in the island, and was received with much kindness. This great lord, whose name was Munodi, ordered me an apartment in his own house, where I continued during my stay, and was entertained in a most hospitable manner.

The next morning after my arrival, he took me in his chariot to see the town, which is about half the bigness of London; but the houses were strangely built, and most of them out of repair. The people in the streets walked fast, looked wild, their eyes fixed, and were generally in rags. We passed through one of the town gates, and went about three miles into the country, where I saw many laborers working with several sorts of tools in the ground, but was not able to conjecture what they were about; neither did I observe any expectation either of corn or grass, although the soil appeared to be excellent. I could not forbear admiring at these odd appearances, both in town and country; and I made bold to desire my conductor that he would be pleased to explain to me what could be meant by so many busy heads, hands, and faces, both in the streets and in the fields, because I

did not discover any good effect they produced; but, on the contrary, I never knew a soil so unhappily cultivated, houses so ill-contrived and so ruinous, or a people whose countenances and habits expressed so much misery and want.<sup>1</sup>

This Lord Munodi was a person of the first rank, and had been some years gov-

<sup>1</sup> By Balnibarbi, Swift intends England, and Lagado is designed to represent its capital, London. The condition of the people in the streets, with their wild looks and hurried manner of walking, is an allusion to the state of the public mind under the excitement of the many schemes and speculations which came out during the years 1719, 1720, and 1721, under the name of "bubbles," and were pursued by the people with almost a frenzy. The first, as it was the chief of these, for its enormity, was that gigantic national delusion, which, under the name of "The South Sea Scheme," for a time actually absorbed the attention of every one, high and low, to the neglect of the legitimate pursuits of commerce and agriculture (symbolised by Swift in the state of neglect of the houses, and the absence of corn and grass). "In the summer of that year (1720)," says Knight, in his "History of England," "the South Sea year, 'the dog-star rages' over Exchange Alley with a fury that has never been equalled; because no capitalist, even to the possessor of a single shilling, was then too humble not to believe that the road to riches was open before him. Subscribers to the projects recommended by 'one or more persons of known credit' were only required to advance ten shillings per cent." Secretary Scraggs wrote in July to the Earl of Stanhope: "It is impossible to tell you what a rage prevails here for South Sea subscriptions at any price. The crowds of those that possess the redeemable annuities are so great, that the Bank, who are obliged to take them in, has been forced to set tables with clerks in the streets." The South Sea Company opened a second a third, and a fourth subscription: and declared openly that, after Christmas, their annual dividend should not fall short of fifty per cent. Other schemes and chimerical adventures in trade sprang up almost daily. There were companies not only for fisheries, for insurances, for working mines, and for almost every possible sort of commercial adventure, but even for making wigs and shoes, for making of oil from sunflowers, for importing jackasses from Spain, for trading in human hair, for fattening hogs, and for a wheel for a perpetual motion. The satire of Swift was readily attracted by such fair food, and his good sense and patriotism were alarmed by the mischievous consequences of this empirical frenzy. This induced him to write his "Essay on English Bubbles," addressed to "The Right Reverend, Right Honorable, and Right Worshipful, and to the Reverend, Honorable, and Worshipful, &c., Company of Stockjobbers, whether honest or dishonest, pious or impious, wise or otherwise, male or female, young or old, one with another, who have suffered depredation by the late Bubbles."

ernor of Lagado, but, by a cabal of ministers, was discharged for inefficiency. However, the king treated him with tenderness, as a well-meaning man, but of low, contemptible understanding.<sup>1</sup>

When I gave that free censure of the country and its inhabitants, he made no further answer than by telling me that I had not been long enough among them to form a judgment, and that the different nations of the world had different customs, with other common topics to the same purpose. But, when we returned to his palace, he asked me how I liked the building, what absurdities I observed, and what quarrel I had with the dress or looks of his domestics. This he might safely do; because everything about him was magnificent, regular, and polite. I answered that his excellency's prudence, quality, and fortune had exempted him from those defects which folly and beggary had produced in others. He said, if I would go with him to his country house, about twenty miles distant, where his estate lay, there would be more leisure for this kind of conversation. I told his excellency that I was entirely at his disposal, and accordingly we set out next morning.

During our journey he made me observe the several methods used by farmers in managing their lands, which to me were wholly unaccountable; for, except in some very few places, I could not discover one ear of corn or blade of grass. But, in three hours' travelling, the scene was wholly altered: we came into a most beautiful country—farmers' houses, at small distances, neatly built; the fields enclosed, containing vineyards, corn-grounds, and meadows. Neither do I remember to have seen a more delightful prospect. His excellency observed my

countenance to clear up; he told me, with a sigh, that there his estate began, and would continue the same till we should come to his house; that his countrymen ridiculed and despised him for managing his affairs no better, and for setting so ill an example to the kingdom; which, however, was followed by very few, such as were old, and wilful, and weak, like himself.

We came, at length, to the house, which was indeed a noble structure, built according to the best rules of architecture. The fountains, gardens, walks, avenues, and groves were all disposed with exact judgment and taste. I gave due praises to everything I saw, whereof his excellency took not the least notice till after supper, when, there being no third companion, he told me, with a very melancholy air, that he doubted he must throw down his houses in town and country, to rebuild them after the present mode; destroy all his plantations, and cast others into such a form as modern usage required, and give the same directions to all his tenants, unless he would submit to incur the censure of pride, singularity, affectation, ignorance, caprice, and perhaps increase his majesty's displeasure; that the admiration I appeared to be under would cease or diminish when he had informed me of some particulars which, probably, I never heard of at court; the people there being too much taken up in their own speculations to have regard to what passed here below.

The sum of his discourse was to this effect: that about forty years ago, certain persons went up to Laputa, either upon business or diversion; and, after five months' continuance, came back with a very little smattering in mathematics, but full of volatile spirits, acquired in that airy region; that these persons, upon their return, began to dislike the management of everything below, and fell into schemes of putting all arts, sciences, languages, and mechanics upon a new footing. To this end, they procured a royal patent for erecting an academy of projectors in Lagado; and the humor prevailed so strongly among the people, that there is not a town of any consequence in the kingdom without such an academy. In these colleges the professors contrive new rules and methods of agriculture and building, and new instru-

<sup>1</sup> In this character Swift has been supposed to have portrayed his friend Lord Bolingbroke, and there are certainly points of resemblance. The dismissal by the intrigues of a cabal of ministers, and the tenderness of treatment by the king, would seem to point at the impeachment of Bolingbroke by Walpole and his committee, and the partial removal of the attainder and restoration to favor by George I.; while the description of his country house, and the pleasures enjoyed there, remind us of the retreat of Bolingbroke, first to Dawlish and afterwards to Battersea. In both places he professed to have given up the busy world of politics, and to have betaken himself to the charms of rural life and the cultivation of letters and philosophy.

ments and tools for all trades and manufactures; whereby, as they undertake one man shall do the work of ten, a palace may be built in a week, of materials so durable as to last for ever without repair. All the fruits of the earth shall come to maturity at whatever season they think fit to choose, and increase a hundred-fold more than they do at present, with innumerable other happy proposals. The only inconvenience is that none of these projects are yet brought to perfection, and, in the meantime, the whole country lies miserably waste, the houses in ruins, and the people without food or clothes. By all which, instead of being discouraged, they are fifty times more violently bent upon prosecuting their schemes, driven equally on by hope and despair: that, as for himself, being not of an enterprising spirit, he was content to go on in the old forms, to live in the house his ancestors had built, and act as they did, in every part of life, without innovation; that some few other persons of quality and gentry had done the same, but were looked on with an eye of contempt and ill-will, as enemies to art, ignorant, and ill commonwealth's men, preferring their own ease and sloth before the general improvement of their country.

His lordship added that he would not, by any further particulars, prevent the pleasure I should certainly take in viewing the grand academy, whither he was resolved I should go. He only desired me to observe a ruined building, upon the side of a mountain about three miles distant, of which he gave me this account: that he had a very convenient mill within half a mile of his house, turned by a current from a large river, and sufficient for his own family, as well as a great number of his tenants; that, about seven years ago, a club of those projectors came to him with proposals to destroy this mill, and build another on the side of that mountain, on the long ridge whereof a long canal must be cut, for a repository of water, to be conveyed up by pipes and engines to supply the mill; because the wind and air upon a height agitated the water, and thereby made it fitter for motion; and because the water, descending down a declivity, would turn the mill with half the current of a river, whose course is more upon a level. He said that, being then not very well with the

court, and pressed by many of his friends, he complied with the proposal, and, after employing a hundred men for two years, the work miscarried, the projectors went off, laying the blame entirely upon him, railing at him ever since, and putting others upon the same experiment, with equal assurance of success, as well as equal disappointment.

In a few days we came back to town; and his excellency, considering the bad character he had in the academy, would not go with me himself, but recommended me to a friend of his to bear me company thither. My lord was pleased to represent me as a great admirer of projects, and a person of much curiosity and easy belief—which, indeed, was not without truth, for I had myself been a sort of projector in my younger days.

#### CHAPTER V.<sup>1</sup>

THE AUTHOR PERMITTED TO SEE THE GRAND ACADEMY OF LAGADO.—THE ACADEMY LARGELY DESCRIBED.—THE ARTS WHEREIN THE PROFESSORS EMPLOY THEMSELVES.

THIS academy is not an entire single building, but a continuation of several houses on both sides of a street, which growing waste, was purchased and applied to that use.

I was received very kindly by the warden, and went for many days in the academy. Every room has in it one or more projectors; and I believe I could not be in fewer than five hundred rooms.

The first man I saw was of a very meagre aspect, with sooty hands and face, his hair and beard long, ragged, and singed in several places. His clothes, shirt, and skin were all of the same color. He had been eight years upon a project for extracting sunbeams out of cucumbers, which were to be put in phials hermetically sealed, and let out to warm the air

<sup>1</sup> In this and the following chapter Swift indulges himself in the most unrestrained sallies of ridicule against the professors of speculative learning, representing every sort of absurdity as the concoction of their fantasies. The general idea of this satirical episode is no doubt borrowed from Rabelais' description of the occupations of the courtiers of Quintessence, Queen of Entlechie, as narrated by Pantagruel, when he visited the queendom of Whims.

in raw, inclement summers. He told me he did not doubt that in eight years more he should be able to supply the governor's gardens with sunshine at a reasonable rate;<sup>1</sup> but he complained that his stock was low, and entreated me to give him something as an encouragement to ingenuity, especially since this had been a very dear year for cucumbers. I made him a small present, for my lord had furnished me with money on purpose, because he knew their practice of begging from all who go to see them.

I saw another at work to calcine ice into gunpowder; who likewise showed me a treatise he had written concerning the malleability of fire, which he intended to publish.

There was a most ingenious architect, who had contrived a new method for building houses, by beginning at the roof and working downwards to the foundation, which he justified to me by the like practice of those two prudent insects, the bee and the spider.

There was a man born blind, who had several apprentices in his own condition. Their employment was to mix colors for painters, which their master taught them to distinguish by feeling and smelling. It was indeed my misfortune to find them at that time not very perfect in their lessons, and the professor himself happened to be generally mistaken. This

artist is much encouraged and esteemed by the whole fraternity.<sup>1</sup>

In another apartment I was highly pleased with a projector who had found a device of ploughing the ground with hogs, to save the charges of ploughs, cattle, and labor. The method is this. In an acre of ground you bury, at six inches distance and eight deep, a quantity of acorns, dates, chestnuts, and other mast or vegetables whereof these animals are fondest; then you drive six hundred of them into the field, where, in a few days they will root up the whole ground in search of their feed, and make it fit for sowing, at the same time manuring it with their dung. It is true, upon experiment, they found the charge and trouble very great, and they had little or no crop. However, it is not doubted that his invention may be capable of great improvement.

I went into another room, where the walls and ceiling were all hung round with cobwebs, except a narrow passage for the artist to go in and out. At my entrance, he called aloud to me not to disturb his webs. He lamented the fatal mistake the world had been so long in of using silkworms while we had such plenty of domestic insects who infinitely excelled the former, because they understood how to weave as well as spin. And he proposed further that, by employing spiders, the charge of dyeing silks should be wholly saved, whereof I was fully convinced when he showed me a vast number of flies most beautifully colored, wherewith he fed his spiders, assuring us that the webs would take a tincture from them; and as he had them of all hues, he hoped to fit everybody's fancy, as soon as he could find proper food for the flies, of certain gums, oils, and other glutinous matter, to

<sup>1</sup> There is an amusing paper of Swift's, entitled "The Humble Petition of the Colliers, Cooks, Cookmaids, Blacksmiths, Jackmakers, Braziers, and others," to the Mayor and Aldermen of the City of London, against "certain virtues, taking upon them the name and title of the Catoptical Victuallers;" complaining of their "gathering, breaking, folding and bundling up the sunbeams, by the help of certain glasses, to make, produce, and kindle up several new focuses or fires within these His Majesty's dominions; and there to boil, bake, stew, fry, and dress all sorts of victuals and provisions; to brew, distil spirits, smelt ore, and in general to perform all the offices of culinary fires;" and also stating that "the said Catoptical Victuallers have undertaken, by burning-glasses made of ice, to roast an ox on the Thames next winter;" and then setting forth very humorously the evils to result from the operations of the company. This *jeu d'esprit* is of a piece with the satire in the text, and may be supposed with reason to have been directed against similar philosophical absurdities. It was not real science that Swift attacked, but those chimerical and spurious studies with which the name has been too often injuriously associated.

<sup>1</sup> Swift ridicules the opinions of some learned men, who maintained that it was not impossible for the blind to be taught to distinguish colors by the touch. Indeed, it is said that a Danish sculptor, named Bartolin, possessed that faculty. It is scarcely possible to over-estimate the exquisite sensibility of this sense in the blind. The great Nicholas Saunderson, who filled the chair of mathematics in Cambridge (blind from his first year,) could not only tell counterfeit from real coins when neither the sight nor touch of others could do so, but was aware of every cloud that passed over the sun; and could, when the air was calm, detect the nearness of objects by the pulsations of the air upon his face.

22



CAVARNI DEL

Chap. IV. p. 10.

*The Chemical Process of Extracting Sunbeams from Cucumbers.*

LAPUTA CHAP. IV. p. 10. VOL. III.

CHAP. IV. p. 10.







give a strength and consistence to the threads.<sup>1</sup>

There was an astronomer who had undertaken to place a sun-dial upon the great weathercock on the town-house, by adjusting the annual and diurnal motions of the earth and sun, so as to answer and coincide with all accidental turnings of the wind.

I visited many other apartments, but shall not trouble my reader with all the curiosities I observed, being studious of brevity.

I had hitherto seen only one side of the academy, the other being appropriated to the advancers of speculative learning, of whom I shall say something, when I have mentioned one illustrious person more, who is called among them the "Universal Artist." He told us he had been thirty years employing his thoughts for the improvement of human life. He had two large rooms full of wonderful curiosities, and fifty men at work. Some were condensing air into a dry, tangible substance, by extracting the nitre and letting the aqueous or fluid particles percolate; others softening marble for pillows and pin-cushions; others petrifying the hoofs of a living horse, to preserve them from foundering. The artist himself was at that time busy upon two great designs: the first, to sow land with chaff, wherein he affirmed the true seminal virtue to be contained, as he demonstrated by several experiments, which I was not skilful enough to comprehend. The other was, by a certain composition of gums, minerals, and vegetables, outwardly applied, to prevent the growth of wool upon two young lambs; and he hoped, in a reasonable time, to propagate the breed of naked sheep all over the kingdom.

We crossed a walk to the other part of the academy, where, as I have already

said, the projectors in speculative learning resided.

The first professor I saw was in a very large room, with forty pupils about him. After salutation, observing me to look earnestly upon a frame, which took up the greatest part of both the length and breadth of the room, he said, perhaps I might wonder to see him employed in a project for improving speculative knowledge, by practical and mechanical operations. But the world would soon be sensible of its usefulness; and he flattered himself that a more noble, exalted thought never sprang in any other man's head. Every one knew how laborious the usual method is of attaining to arts and sciences; whereas, by his contrivance, the most ignorant person, at a reasonable charge, and with a little bodily labor, might write books in philosophy, poetry, politics, laws, mathematics, and theology, without the least assistance from genius or study. He then led me to the frame, about the sides whereof all his pupils stood in ranks. It was twenty feet square, placed in the middle of the room. The superficies was composed of several bits of wood, about the bigness of a die, but some larger than others. They were all linked together by slender wires. These bits of wood were covered, on every square, with paper pasted on them; and on these papers were written all the words of their language, in their several moods, tenses, and declensions, but without any order. The professor then desired me to observe, for he was going to set his engine at work. The pupils, at his command, took each of them hold of an iron handle, whereof there were forty fixed round the edges of the frame; and giving them a sudden turn, the whole disposition of the words was entirely changed. He then commanded six-and-thirty of the lads to read the several lines softly, as they appeared upon the frame; and where they found three or four words together that might make part of a sentence, they dictated to the four remaining boys, who were scribes. This work was repeated three or four times; and at every turn, the engine was so contrived, that the words shifted into new places, as the square bits of wood moved upside down.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> It may reasonably be presumed that Swift was aware that a few years previously an ingenious Frenchman, of the name of Bon, had actually succeeded in manufacturing the web of the spider, and had made stockings and gloves of it; and, as a pair of each of these were presented to the Royal Society, our author probably had seen them. In "Rees' Cyclopædia," article "Silk Spider," a full account of the whole process, as well as of the species of spiders which produce the silk, will be found, extracted from the "Memoir of M. Bon," presented to the Société Royale de France in 1710, and the report of M. Reaumur thereon.

<sup>1</sup> In the original edition of the "Travels," a diagram of this ridiculous machine is gravely presented to the

Six hours a day the young students were employed in this labor; and the professor showed me several volumes in large folio already collected of broken sentences, which he intended to piece together, and out of those rich materials to give the world a complete body of all arts and sciences; which, however, might be still improved and much expedited, if the public would raise a fund for making and employing five hundred such frames in Lagado, and oblige the managers to contribute in common their several collections.

He assured me that the invention had employed all his thoughts from his youth; that he had emptied the whole vocabulary into his frame, and made the strictest computation of the general proportion there is in books between the number of particles, nouns and verbs, and other parts of speech.

I made my humblest acknowledgment

reader, that he may the better understand the process of the professor. Sir Walter Scott is of opinion that this idea is intended to ridicule the art invented by Raimond Lully, and advanced by his commentators; the mechanical process by which, according to Cornelius Agrippa, "every man might plentifully dispute of what matter he wolde, and, with a certain artificial and huge heap of nouns and verbs, invente and dispute with ostentation, full of trifling deceits upon both sides." "A reader," adds Scott, "might have supposed himself transported to the Grand Academy of Lagado, when he read of this 'brief and great invention of demonstration,' which consisted in adjusting the subject to be treated of according to a machine of divers circles, fixed and movable." Lully was not without his followers. The celebrated Athanasius Kircher, in the middle of the seventeenth century, invented several machines of a somewhat similar nature, one of which he called *Specula* from its resemblance to a lantern, which, Scott says, not only resolved the principal problems of the sphere and the calendar, but gave answers to questions in medicine, in astrology, and even in the cabala. Shortly after, the Jesuit Gaspard Knittel composed, at Prague, on the same plan, his "Via Regia ad omnes Artes et Scientias;" and finally came the famous visionary, Quirinus Kahlmann (a constant correspondent of Father Kircher), who announced that he had invented a mechanical instrument, "much resembling a child's whirligig," which was to master all sciences, languages, and knowledge. This unhappy man, had however, a disordered intellect for his excuse. With him the folly may be said to have reached its climax, happily to be replaced by such noble combinations of real science and mechanical ingenuity as have given the world the calculating machine of Babbage.

to this illustrious person for his great communicativeness; and promised, if ever I had the good fortune to return to my native country, that I would do him justice, as the sole inventor of this wonderful machine, the form and contrivance of which I desired leave to delineate on paper. I told him, although it was the custom of our learned in Europe to steal inventions from each other, who had thereby at least this advantage, that it became a controversy which was the right owner, yet I would take such caution, that he should have the honor entire, without a rival.

We next went to the school of languages, where three professors sat in consultation upon improving that of their own country.

The first project was, to shorten discourse, by cutting polysyllables into one, and leaving out verbs and participles; because in reality all things imaginable are but nouns.

The other project was a scheme for entirely abolishing all words whatsoever; and this was urged as a great advantage in point of health, as well as brevity. For it is plain that every word we speak is, in some degree, a diminution of our lungs by corrosion, and consequently contributes to the shortening of our lives. An expedient was therefore offered, that since words are only names for things, it would be more convenient for all men to carry about them such things as were necessary to express a particular business they are to discourse on. And this invention would certainly have taken place, to the great ease as well as health of the subject, if the women, in conjunction with the vulgar and illiterate, had not threatened to raise a rebellion unless they might be allowed the liberty to speak with their tongues, after the manner of their forefathers; such constant, irreconcilable enemies to science are the common people. However, many of the most learned and wise adhere to the new scheme of expressing themselves by things; which has only this inconvenience attending it, that if a man's business be very great, and of various kinds, he must be obliged, in proportion, to carry a greater bundle of things upon his back, unless he can afford one or two strong servants to attend him. I have often beheld two of these sages almost sinking under the weight of their packs, like peddlers among us; who, when

they met in the street, would lay down their loads, open their packs, and hold conversation for an hour together; and then put up their implements, help each other to resume their burdens, and take their leave.

But for short conversations, a man may carry implements in his pockets, and under his arms, enough to supply him; and in his house he cannot be at a loss. Therefore the room where company meet who practise this art is full of all things, ready at hand, requisite to furnish matter for this kind of artificial converse.

Another great advantage proposed by this invention was that it would serve as a universal language, to be understood in all civilised nations, whose goods and utensils are generally of the same kind, or nearly resembling, so that their uses might easily be comprehended. And thus ambassadors would be qualified to treat with foreign princes, or ministers of state, to whose tongues they were utter strangers.

I was at the mathematical school, where the master taught his pupils after a method scarcely imaginable to us in Europe. The proposition and demonstration were fairly written on a thin wafer, with ink composed of a cephalic tincture. This the student was to swallow upon a fasting stomach, and for three days following eat nothing but bread and water. As the wafer digested, the tincture mounted to his brain, bearing the proposition along with it. But the success has not hitherto been answerable, partly by some error in the quantum or composition, and partly by the perverseness of the lads, to whom this bolus is so nauseous that they generally steal aside, and discharge it upwards before it can operate; neither have they been yet persuaded to use so long an abstinence as the prescription requires.

#### CHAPTER VI.<sup>1</sup>

A FURTHER ACCOUNT OF THE ACADEMY.—THE AUTHOR PROPOSES SOME IMPROVEMENTS, WHICH ARE HONORABLY RECEIVED.

In the school of political projectors I

<sup>1</sup> In this chapter Swift deals with the politicians of his own day under the fiction of the political projectors of the Academy of Lagado. As might be expected, his

was but ill entertained, the professors appearing, in my judgment, wholly out of their senses, which is a scene that never fails to make me melancholy. These unhappy people were proposing schemes for persuading monarchs to choose favorites upon the score of their wisdom, capacity, and virtue; of teaching ministers to consult the public good; of rewarding merit, great abilities, and eminent services; of instructing princes to know their true interest, by placing it on the same foundation with that of their people; of choosing for employments persons qualified to exercise them; with many other wild, impossible chimeras, that never entered before into the heart of a man to conceive; and confirmed in me the old observation, that "there is nothing so extravagant and irrational which some philosophers have not affirmed for truth."

But, however, I shall so far do justice to this part of the academy as to acknowledge that all of them were not so visionary. There was a most ingenious doctor, who seemed to be perfectly versed in the whole nature and system of government. This illustrious person had very usefully employed his studies in finding out effectual remedies for all diseases and corruptions to which the several kinds of public administration are subject, by the vices and infirmities of those who govern, as well as by the licentiousness of those who are to obey. For instance:—Whereas all writers and reasoners have agreed that there is a strict universal resemblance between the natural and political body, can there be anything more evident than that the health of both must be preserved, and the diseases cured, by the same prescriptions? It is allowed that senates and great councils are often troubled with redundant, ebullient, and other peccant humors; with many diseases of the head, and more of the heart; with strong convulsions, with grievous contractions of the nerves and sinews in both hands, but especially the right; with spleen, flatus, vertiges, and deliriums; with scrofulous tumors, full of fœtid purulent matter; with canine appetites, and crudeness of digestion, besides many others, needless

strong Tory partialities and prejudices exhibit themselves, and we have strictures upon the proceedings of the Whigs against Swift's friends after the accession of George I.

to mention. This doctor therefore proposed, that upon the meeting of the senate, certain physicians should attend at the three first days of their sitting, and at the close of each day's debate feel the pulses of every senator; after which, having maturely considered and consulted upon the nature of the several maladies, and the methods of cure, they should, on the fourth day, return to the senate-house, attended by their apothecaries stored with proper medicines, and before the members sat, administer to each of them lenitives, aperients, abstersives, corrosives, restringents, palliatives, laxatives, cephalalgics, icterics, aphphlegmatics, acoustics, as the several cases required; and, according as these medicines should operate, repeat, alter, or omit them at the next meeting.

This project could not be of any great expense to the public, and might, in my poor opinion, be of much use for the dispatch of business in those countries where senates have any share in the legislative power; beget unanimity, shorten debates, open a few mouths which are now closed, and close many more which are now open; curb the petulancy of the young, and correct the positiveness of the old; rouse the stupid, and damp the pert.

Again: because it is a general complaint that the favorites of princes are troubled with short and weak memories, the same doctor proposed, that whoever attended a first minister, after having told his business, with the utmost brevity and in the plainest words, should, at his departure, give the said minister a tweak by the nose, or tread on his corns, or lug him thrice by both ears, or pinch his arm black and blue, to prevent forgetfulness; and at every levee day repeat the same operation, till the business were done or absolutely refused.

He likewise directed that every senator in the great council of a nation, after he had delivered his opinion and argued in the defence of it, should be obliged to give his vote directly contrary; because, if that were done, the result would infallibly terminate in the good of the public.

When parties in a state are violent, he offered a wonderful contrivance to reconcile them. The method is this:—You take a hundred leaders of each party; you dispose them into couples of such whose heads are nearest of a size; then let two

nice operators saw off the occiput of each couple at the same time, in such a manner that the brains may be equally divided. Let the occiputs thus cut off be interchanged, applying each to the head of his opposite party-man. It seems, indeed, to be a work that requires some exactness, but the professor assured us that if it were dextrously performed, the cure would be infallible. For he argued thus: that the two half brains being left to debate the matter between themselves within the space of one skull, would soon come to a good understanding, and produce that moderation, as well as regularity of thinking, so much to be wished for in the heads of those who imagine they come into the world only to watch and govern its motions: and as to the difference of brains, in quantity or quality, among those who are directors in faction, the doctor assured us, from his own knowledge, that it was a perfect trifle.

I heard a very warm debate between two professors about the most commodious and effectual ways and means of raising money without grieving the subject. The first affirmed the justest method would be to lay a certain tax upon vice and folly; and the sum fixed upon every man to be rated, after the fairest manner, by a jury of his neighbors. The second was of an opinion directly contrary—to tax those qualities of body and mind for which men chiefly value themselves; the rate to be more or less, according to the degrees of excelling; the decision whereof should be left entirely to their own breasts. Wit, valor, and politeness were likewise proposed to be largely taxed, and collected in the same manner, by every person's giving his own word for the quantum of what he possessed. But as to honor, justice, wisdom, and learning, they shall not be taxed at all; because they are qualifications of so singular a kind, that no man will either allow them in his neighbor or value them in himself.

The women were proposed to be taxed according to their beauty and skill in dressing, wherein they had the same privilege with the men, to be determined by their own judgment.

To keep senators in the interest of the crown, it was proposed that the members shall raffle for employments; every man first taking an oath, and giving security, that he would vote for the court, whether

he won or not; after which, the losers had, in their turn the liberty of raffling upon the next vacancy. Thus, hope and expectation would be kept alive; none would complain of broken promises, but would impute their disappointments wholly to fortune, whose shoulders are broader and stronger than those of a ministry.

Another professor showed me a large paper of instructions for discovering plots and conspiracies against the government. The whole discourse was written with great acuteness, containing many observations, both curious and useful for politicians; but, as I conceived, not altogether complete. This I ventured to tell the author, and offered, if he pleased, to supply him with some additions. He received my proposition with more compliance than is usual among writers, especially those of the projecting species, professing he would be glad to receive further information.

I told him that in the kingdom Tribnia, by the natives called Langden,<sup>1</sup> where I sojourned some time in my travels, "the bulk of the people consist in a manner wholly of discoverers, witnesses, informers, accusers, prosecutors, evidences, swearers, together with their several subservient and subaltern instruments, all under the colors, the conduct, and the pay of ministers of state, and their deputies."<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Tribnia and Langden, neither of which names are mentioned in the original edition of 1726, are both anagrams, the former for Britain, the latter for England. It is strange that Sir Walter Scott, in which he is followed by Dr. Taylor, gives London as intended by the latter name. This is manifestly erroneous. One is naturally disposed to suspect that many of the other names in these Travels are anagrammatical.

<sup>2</sup> In the passages which follow, Swift assails with bitter ridicule the evidence which satisfied the two Houses of Parliament of the guilt of his friend Francis Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester. In 1723, the Bishop was accused of being concerned in a plot to bring in the Pretender. There was no direct evidence against him, but intercepted correspondence and letters in cipher were brought forward to implicate him. A strong feeling, both in the House and outside it, was raised in his favor, and the Ministry dared not bring in a bill of attainder against him; even the mitigated penalty of deprivation and banishment was received with great dissatisfaction. The Tories did not admit the existence of the plot at all, and strenuously denied that, if there were a plot, Atterbury was implicated in

The plots in that kingdom are usually the workmanship of those persons who desire to raise their own characters of profound politicians; to restore new vigor to a crazy administration; to stifle or divert general discontents; to fill their coffers with forfeitures; and raise or sink the opinions of public credit, as either shall best answer their private advantage. It is first agreed and settled among them what suspected persons should be accused of a plot, then effectual care is taken to secure all their letters and papers, and put the owners in chains. These papers are delivered to a set of artists, very dextrous in finding out the mysterious meanings of words, syllables, and letters: for instance, they can discover a flock of geese to signify a senate; a lame dog,<sup>3</sup> an invader; the plague, a

it. Swift and Pope, the intimate friends of the Bishop of Rochester, sympathised deeply with him, and excited the popular feeling in his favor; and the harsh treatment which he received in the Tower made the proceedings against him the more unpopular.

<sup>3</sup> The allusion here is to a piece of circumstantial evidence relied upon by the Commons' Committee against Atterbury, which will be found at length in Howell's "State Trials," vol. xiv., p. 376:—"Some letters having been intercepted, which there is good reason to believe were from the Bishop of Rochester; and one of these letters being signed T. Jones, and another T. Illington, your Committee will now lay before the House the evidence they have found of the Bishop's being designed by these two names, collected from circumstances which, being in themselves seemingly minute and of little consequence, were for this reason more frankly confessed. . . . Mrs. Barnes being examined before a Committee of Lords of the Council, obstinately refused to make the least discovery relating to George Kelly; but when she came to be asked what she knew about a dog sent over to Kelly from France, not suspecting this could lead to any discovery, she readily owned that a spotted little dog called Harlequin, which was brought from France, and had a leg broken, was left with her by Mr. Kelly to be cured; that the said dog was not for her, but for the Bishop of Rochester; and that Kelly promised to get the dog of the Bishop of Rochester for her in case it did not recover of its lameness. This declaration she made and signed in the presence of the Committee of Council, and Kelly himself made no difficulty to own the receiving such a dog from France. But it appears to your Committee by letters intercepted between Kelly and his correspondents in France (the proof of which will be set forth in the sequel of this report), that a dog so named, and hurt, was sent over to Kelly from France to be delivered as a present to the person denoted by the names of Jones and Illington." Swift at once availed

standing army; a buzzard, a prime minister; the gout, a high priest; a gibbet, a secretary of state; a sieve, a court lady; a broom, a revolution; a mouse-trap, an employment; a sink, a court; a cap and bells, a favorite; a broken reed, a court of justice; an empty tun, a general; a running sore, the administration.

"When this method fails, they have two others more effectual, which they learned among them call acrostics and anagrams. First, they can decipher all initial letters into political meanings. Thus, *N* shall signify a plot; *B*, a regiment of horse; *L*, a fleet at sea; or secondly, by transposing the letters of the alphabet in any suspected paper, they can lay open the deepest designs of a discontented party. And this is the anagrammatic method."<sup>1</sup>

The professor made me great acknowledgments for communicating these observations, and promised to make honorable mention of me in his treatise.

I saw nothing in this country that could invite me to a longer continuance, and began to think of returning home to England.

#### CHAPTER VII.

THE AUTHOR LEAVES LAGADO; ARRIVES AT MALDONADA.—NO SHIP READY.—HE TAKES A SHORT VOYAGE TO GLUBBDUBDRIB.—HIS RECEPTION BY THE GOVERNOR.

THE continent, of which this kingdom is a part, extends itself, as I have reason to believe, eastward, to that unknown tract of America westward of California; and north, to the Pacific ocean, which is not above a hundred and fifty miles from Lagado; where there is a good port, and much commerce from the great island of Luggnagg, situated to the north-west

himself of this ludicrous circumstance, and turned it to good account against the Whigs, in his humorous verses "Upon the Horrid Plot discovered by Harlequin, the Bishop of Rochester's French Dog."

<sup>1</sup> We have here a happy ridicule of the manner in which it was sought to criminate Atterbury by the interpretation of writings in cipher. One of the names that occurs is Tom, which appears to have puzzled the Committee. "Who is meant by Tom in the said letter the Committee will not take upon them to determine; but they believe it will appear probable to the House, from the connection and other circumstances, that it

about 29 degrees north latitude and 140 longitude. This island of Luggnagg stands south-eastward of Japan, about a hundred leagues distant. There is a strict alliance between the Japanese emperor and the king of Luggnagg, which affords frequent opportunities of sailing from one island to the other. I determined therefore to direct my course this way, in order to my return to Europe. I hired two mules, with a guide to show me the way, and carry my small baggage. I took leave of my noble protector who had shown me so much favor, and made me a generous present at my departure.

My journey was without any accident or adventure worth relating. When I arrived at the port of Maldonada (for so it is called), there was no ship in the harbor bound for Luggnagg, nor likely to be for some time. The town is about as large as Portsmouth. I soon fell into some acquaintance, and was very hospitably received. A gentleman of distinction said to me, that since the ships bound for Luggnagg could not be ready in less than a month, it might be no disagreeable amusement for me to take a trip to the little island of Glubbdubdríb, about five leagues off to the south-west. He offered himself and a friend to accompany me, and that I should be provided with a small convenient barque for the voyage.

Glubbdubdríb, as near as I can interpret the word, signifies the island of sorcerers or magicians. It is about one-third as large as the Isle of Wight, and extremely fruitful: it is governed by the head of a certain tribe, who are all magicians. This tribe marries only among each other, and the eldest in succession is prince or governor. He has a noble palace, and a park of three thousand acres, surrounded by a wall of hewn stone twenty feet high. In this park are several small enclosures for cattle, corn and gardening.

must mean the late Duke of Ormond." The number 1378 subscribed to one of the letters was said by the decipherers to denote a person whose name begins with an *B*, from which the Committee inferred that it was the Bishop of Rochester. Mr. Edward Wiles, a well-known expert, swore to the meaning of the deciphered letters and to the correctness of the key by which he interpreted them, but he declined to produce the key, on the ground that it would tend to the discovery of his arts, and to instruct ill-designing men to contrive more difficult ciphers; and his objection was allowed.

The governor and his family are served and attended by domestics of a kind somewhat unusual. By his skill in necromancy, he has a power of calling whom he pleases from the dead, and commanding their service for twenty-four hours, but no longer; nor can he call the same persons up again in less than three months, except upon very extraordinary occasions.

When we arrived at this island, which was about eleven in the morning, one of the gentlemen who accompanied me went to the governor, and desired admittance for a stranger, who came on purpose to have the honor of attending on his highness. This was immediately granted, and we all three entered the gate of the palace between two rows of guards, armed and dressed after a very antique manner, and something in their countenances that made my flesh creep with a horror I cannot express. We passed through several apartments, between servants of the same sort, ranked on each side as before, till we came to the chamber of presence; where, after three profound obeisances, and a few general questions, we were permitted to sit on three stools, near the lowest step of his highness's throne. He understood the language of Balnibarbi, although it was different from that of this island. He desired me to give him some account of my travels; and to let me see that I should be treated without ceremony, he dismissed all his attendants with a turn of his finger; at which, to my great astonishment, they vanished in an instant, like visions in a dream when we awake on a sudden. I could not recover myself in some time, till the governor assured me that I should receive no hurt; and observing my two companions to be under no concern, who had been often entertained in the same manner, I began to take courage, and related to his highness a short history of my several adventures, yet not without some hesitation, and frequently looking behind me to the place where I had seen those domestic spectres. I had the honor to dine with the governor, where a new set of ghosts served up the meat and waited at table. I now observed myself to be less terrified than I had been in the morning. I stayed till sunset, but humbly desired his highness to excuse me for not accepting his invitation of lodging in the palace. My two friends and I lay at a private house in the town

adjoining, which is the capital of this little island; and the next morning we returned to pay our duty to the governor, as he was pleased to command us.

After this manner we continued in the island for ten days, most part of every day with the governor, and at night in our lodging. I soon grew so familiarized to the sight of spirits, that after the third or fourth time they gave me no emotion at all; or if I had any apprehensions left, my curiosity prevailed over them. For his highness the governor ordered me to call up whatever persons I might choose to name, and in whatever numbers, among all the dead from the beginning of the world to the present time, and command them to answer any questions I should think fit to ask; with this condition, that my question be confined within the compass of the times they lived in. And one thing I might depend upon, that they would certainly tell me the truth, for lying was a talent of no use in the lower world.

I made my humble acknowledgments to his highness for so great a favor. We were in a chamber from whence there was a fair prospect into the park. And because my first inclination was to be entertained with scenes of pomp and magnificence, I desired to see Alexander the Great at the head of his army, just after the battle of Arbela, which, upon a motion of the governor's finger, immediately appeared in a large field, under the window where we stood. Alexander was called up into the room; it was with great difficulty I understood his Greek, and had but little of my own. He assured me upon his honor that he was not poisoned, but died of a bad fever by excessive drinking.

Next, I saw Hannibal passing the Alps, who told me he had not a drop of vinegar in his camp.<sup>1</sup>

I saw Cæsar and Pompey at the head of their troops, just ready to engage. I saw the former in the last great triumph. I desired that the senate of Rome might appear before me, in one large chamber, and a modern representative in counter-

<sup>1</sup> There is here a plain intimation of the author's disbelief in the story told by Livy (Book xxi., ch. 37) of Hannibal having burst a rock which opposed his passage through the Alps, by burning wood upon it till it was heated, and then pouring vinegar upon it.



view, in another. The first seemed to be an assembly of heroes and demi-gods; the other, a knot of peddlers, pickpockets, highwaymen, and bullies.

The governor, at my request, gave the sign for Cæsar and Brutus to advance towards us. I was struck with a profound veneration at the sight of Brutus, and could easily discover the most consummate virtue, the greatest intrepidity and firmness of mind, the truest love of his country and general benevolence of mankind, in every lineament of his countenance. I observed, with much pleasure, that these two persons were in good intelligence with each other; and Cæsar freely confessed to me that the greatest actions of his own life were not equal, by many degrees, to the glory of taking it away. I had the honor to have much conversation with Brutus, and was told that his ancestor Junius, Socrates, Epaminondas, Cato the younger, Sir Thomas More, and himself were perpetually together—a sextumvirate, to which all the ages in the world cannot add a seventh.

It would be tedious to trouble the reader with relating what vast numbers of illustrious persons were called up, to gratify that insatiable desire I had to see the world in every period of antiquity placed before me. I chiefly fed mine eyes with beholding the destroyers of tyrants and usurpers, and the restorers of liberty to oppressed and injured nations. But it is impossible to express the satisfaction I received in my own mind, after such a manner as to make it a suitable entertainment to the reader.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

##### A FURTHER ACCOUNT OF GLUBBUDUBDRIE.—ANCIENT AND MODERN HISTORY CORRECTED.

HAVING a desire to see those ancients who were most renowned for wit and learning, I set apart one day on purpose. I proposed that Homer and Aristotle might appear at the head of all their commentators; but these were so numerous, that some hundreds were forced to attend in the court and outward rooms of the palace. I knew and could distinguish those two heroes, at first sight, and not only from the crowd, but from each other.

Homer was the comelier person of the two, walked very erect for one of his age, and his eyes were the most quick and piercing I ever beheld. Aristotle stooped much, and made use of a staff. His visage was meagre, his hair lank and thin, and his voice hollow.<sup>1</sup> I soon discovered that both of them were perfect strangers to the rest of the company, and had never seen or heard of them before; and I had a whisper from a ghost who shall be nameless, that these commentators always kept in the most distant quarters from their principals in the lower world, through a consciousness of shame and guilt, because they had so horribly misrepresented the meaning of those authors to posterity. I introduced Didymus and Eustathius to Homer, and prevailed on him to treat them better than perhaps they deserved, for he soon found they wanted a genius to enter into the spirit of a poet. But Aristotle was out of all patience with the account I gave him of Scotus and Ramus, as I presented them to him; and he asked them whether the rest of the tribe were as great dunces as themselves.

I then desired the governor to call up Descartes and Gassendi, with whom I prevailed to explain their systems to Aristotle. This great philosopher freely acknowledged his own mistakes in natural philosophy, because he proceeded in many things upon conjecture, as all men must do; and he found that Gassendi, who had made the doctrine of Epicurus as palatable as he could, and the vortices of Descartes, were equally to be exploded.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Swift, like Lord Orrery, seems to have failed to appreciate the merits of Aristotle. By representing him as stooping much, and making use of a staff, our author indicates that the reputation of the great philosopher has not stood the test of time. Swift and Orrery are perhaps fair exponents of the opinions of their own day. But the philosophers of the age that succeeded, and of the present—Kant, Hegel, Brandis, Cousin, and Sir William Hamilton—have vindicated the greatness of Aristotle, and restored to the high place which he so long occupied one of the most profound and subtle thinkers that the world has ever seen whose mind has left its impress on all systems of philosophy and all modes of thought since his own time.

<sup>2</sup> By the introduction of Descartes and Gassendi, and the judgment passed upon them by Aristotle, Swift wishes to express his own unfavorable estimate of both. But the Dean's opinion of philosophers or philosophy

He predicted the same fate to attraction, whereof the present learned are such zealous assertors. He said that new systems of nature were but new fashions, which would vary in every age; and even those who pretend to demonstrate them from mathematical principles would flourish but a short period of time, and be out of vogue when that was determined.

I spent five days in conversing with many others of the ancient learned. I saw most of the Roman emperors. I prevailed on the governor to call up Heliogabalus's cooks to dress us a dinner, but they could not show us much of their skill, for want of materials. A helot of Agesilaus made us a dish of Spartan broth, but I was not able to get down a second spoonful.

The two gentlemen who conducted me to the island were pressed by their private affairs to return in three days, which I employed in seeing some of the modern dead, who had made the greatest figure for two or three hundred years past, in our own and other countries of Europe; and having been always a great admirer of old illustrious families, I desired the governor would call up a dozen or two of kings, with their ancestors, in order, for eight or nine generations. But my disappointment was grievous and unexpected. For, instead of a long train with royal diadems, I saw in one family two fiddlers, three spruce courtiers, and an Italian prelate; in another, a barber, an abbot, and two cardinals. I have too great a veneration for crowned heads to dwell any longer on so nice a subject. But as to counts, marquises, dukes, earls, and the like, I was not so scrupulous. And I confess it was not without some pleasure that I found myself able to trace the particular features by which certain families are distinguished up to their originals.

---

is not greatly to be relied on. Descartes, with all his speculations, must be looked on as one of the great pioneers of modern psychology, leading the way for Locke in England, Leibnitz in Germany, and Condillac in France. His doctrine of the vortices, to which Swift alludes, was that the heavens were one vast fluid, revolving like a vortex round the sun. Gassendi, the contemporary and opponent of Descartes, on the subject of the origin of our knowledge, was a man of great genius and varied learning, of whom it was said that he was "le meilleur littérateur des philosophes, et le meilleur philosophe des littérateurs."

I could plainly discover whence one family derives a long chin; why a second has abounded with knaves for two generations, and fools for two more; why a third happened to be crack-brained, and a fourth to be sharpeners: whence it came, what Polydore Virgil says of a certain great house, *Neo vir fortis, nec fœmina casta*; how cruelty, falsehood, and cowardice grew to be characteristics by which certain families are distinguished as much as by their coats of arms. Neither could I wonder at all this, when I saw such an interruption of lineages, by pages, lackeys, valets, coachmen, gamblers, fiddlers, players, captains, and pickpockets.

I was chiefly disgusted with modern history. For having strictly examined all the persons of greatest name in the courts of princes, for a hundred years past, I found how the world had been misled by writers, to ascribe the greatest exploits in war to cowards; the wisest counsel to fools; sincerity to flatterers; Roman virtue to betrayers of their country; piety to atheists; truth to informers; how many innocent and excellent persons had been condemned to death or banishment, by the practising of great ministers upon the corruption of judges, and the malice of factions: how many villains had been exalted to the highest places of trust, power, dignity, and profit: how great a share in the motions and events of courts, councils, and senates might be challenged by parasites and buffoons. How low an opinion I had of human wisdom and integrity, when I was truly informed of the springs and motives of great enterprises and revolutions in the world, and of the contemptible accidents to which they owed their success!

Here I discovered the roguery and ignorance of those who pretend to write anecdotes, or secret history; who send so many kings to their grave with a cup of poison; will repeat the discourse between a prince and chief minister, where no witness was by; unlock the thoughts and cabinets of ambassadors and secretaries of state; and have the perpetual misfortune to be mistaken. Here I discovered the true causes of many great events that have surprised the world. A general confessed, in my presence, that he got a victory purely by the force of cowardice and ill-conduct; and an admiral, that for want of proper intelligence, he beat the enemy

to whom he intended to betray the fleet.<sup>1</sup> Three kings protested to me that in their whole reigns they never did once prefer any person of merit, unless by mistake, or treachery of some minister in whom they confided: neither would they do it if they were to live again: and they showed, with great strength of reason, that the royal throne could not be supported without corruption, because that positive, confident, restive temper, which virtue infused into a man, was a perpetual clog to public business.<sup>2</sup>

I had the curiosity to inquire, in a particular manner, by what methods great members had procured to themselves high titles of honor, and prodigious estates; and I confined my inquiry to a very modern period: however, without gratifying upon present times, because I would be sure to give no offence even to foreigners; for I hope the reader need not be told, that I do not in the least intend my own country, in what I say upon this occasion. A great number of persons concerned were called up; and, upon a very slight examination, discovered such a scene of infamy, that I cannot reflect upon it without some seriousness. Perjury, oppression, subornation, fraud, pandarism, and the like infirmities, were among the most excusable arts they had to mention, and for these I made as it was reason-

able, great allowance. But when some confessed they owed their greatness and wealth to debauchery; others, to the betraying of their country or their prince; some to poisoning; more, to the perverting of justice, in order to destroy the innocent; I hope I may be pardoned if these discoveries inclined me a little to abate of that profound veneration which I am naturally apt to pay to persons of high rank, who ought to be treated with the utmost respect due to their sublime dignity, by us their inferiors.

I had often read of some great services done to princes and states, and desired to see the persons by whom those services were performed. Upon inquiry I was told that their names were to be found on no record, except a few of them, whom history has represented as the vilest of rogues and traitors. As to the rest, I had never once heard of them. They all appeared with dejected looks, and in the meanest habits; most of them telling me they died in poverty and disgrace, and the rest on a scaffold or a gibbet.

Among others, there was one person whose case appeared a little singular. He had a youth about eighteen years old standing by his side. He told me he had for many years been commander of a ship, and in the sea-fight at Actium had the good fortune to break through the enemy's great line of battle, sink three of their capital ships, and take a fourth, which was the sole cause of Antony's flight, and of the victory that ensued; that the youth standing by him, his only son, was killed in the action. He added, that upon the confidence of some merit, the war being at an end, he went to Rome, and solicited at the court of Augustus to be preferred to a greater ship, whose commander had been killed; but, without any regard to his pretensions, it was given to a boy who had never seen the sea, the son of Libertina, who waited on one of the emperor's mistresses. Returning back to his own vessel, he was charged with neglect of duty, and the ship given to a favorite page of Publicola, the vice-admiral; whereupon he retired to a poor farm at a great distance from Rome, and there ended his life. I was so curious to know the truth of this story, that I desired Agrippa might be called, who was admiral in that fight. He appeared, and confirmed the whole account; but with more advantage to the

<sup>1</sup> It is very probable that Swift here alludes, according to the conjecture of Sir Walter Scott, to the conduct of Admiral Russell, previous to the battle of La Hogue, in 1692. Russell, at the time, was in command of the English and Dutch fleets, and though he had received many rewards and honors from William III., whom he had invited to come over to England, his ambition and greed were still unsatisfied, and he carried on at the very time a treasonable correspondence with James II. for the purpose of restoring him to the throne, and even proposed to get out of the way with the fleet, so as to give the invaders an opportunity of landing. And yet, with all his readiness to play the traitor, he had enough English feeling, and perhaps professional spirit, to intimate to the enemy "that if he met the French fleet he would fight it, even though the king himself were on board." In this he was as good as his word. On the 19th of May he engaged the French fleet off La Hogue and gained a signal victory, which demolished the hopes of the prince whom he was plotting to restore to his kingdom.

<sup>2</sup> Scott conjectures, what is very likely, that the three monarchs alluded to here are Charles II., James II., and William III., none of whom stood high in Swift's good graces.

saptain, whose modesty had extenuated or concealed a great part of his merit.

I was surprised to find corruption grown so high and so quick in that empire, by the force of luxury so lately introduced; which made me less wonder at many parallel cases in other countries, where vices of all kinds have reigned so much longer, and where the whole praise, as well as pillage, has been engrossed by the chief commander, who, perhaps, had the least title to either.

As every person called up made exactly the same appearance he had done in the world, it gave me melancholy reflections to observe how much the race of human kind was degenerated among us within these hundred years past; how disease, under all its consequences and denominations, had altered every lineament of an English countenance; shortened the size of bodies, unbraced the nerves, relaxed the sinews and muscles, introduced a sallow complexion, and rendered the flesh loose and rancid.

I descended so low, as to desire some English yeomen of an old stamp might be summoned to appear; once so famous for the simplicity of their manners, diet and dress; for justice in their dealings; for their true spirit of liberty; for their valor and love of their country. Neither could I be wholly unmoved, after comparing the living with the dead, when I considered how all these pure native virtues were prostituted for a piece of money by their grandchildren, who, in selling their votes and managing at elections, have acquired every vice and corruption that can possibly be learned in a court.

#### CHAPTER IX.

THE AUTHOR RETURNS TO MALDONADA.—SAILS TO THE KINGDOM OF LUGGNAGG.—THE AUTHOR CONFINED.—HE IS SENT FOR TO COURT.—THE MANNER OF HIS ADMITTANCE.—THE KING'S GREAT LENITY TO HIS SUBJECTS.

THE day of our departure being come, I took leave of his highness, the governor of Glubbudbrib, and returned with my two companions to Maldonada, where, after a fortnight's waiting, a ship was ready to sail for Luggnagg. The two gentlemen, and some others, were so gen-

erous and kind as to furnish me with provisions, and see me on board. I was a month on this voyage. We had one violent storm, and were under a necessity of steering westward to get into the trade-wind, which holds for about sixty leagues. On the 21st of April, 1708, we sailed into the river of Clumegnig, which is a sea-port town, at the south-east point of Luggnagg. We cast anchor within a league of the town, and made a signal for a pilot. Two of them came on board in less than half an hour, by whom we were guided between certain shoals and rocks which are very dangerous in the passage, to a large basin, where a fleet may ride in safety within a cable's length of the town wall.

Some of our sailors, either out of treachery or inadvertence, had informed the pilots that I was a stranger, and a great traveler; whereof these gave notice to a custom house officer, by whom I was examined very strictly upon my landing. This officer spoke to me in the language of Balnibarbi, which, by the force of much commerce, is generally understood in that town, especially by seamen and those employed in the customs. I gave him a short account of some particulars, and made my story as plausible and consistent as I could; but I thought it necessary to disguise my country, and call myself a Hollander: because my intentions were for Japan, and I knew the Dutch were the only Europeans permitted to enter into that kingdom. I therefore told the officer, that having been shipwrecked on the coast of Balnibarbi, and cast on a rock, I was received up into Laputa, or the flying island (of which he had often heard), and was now endeavoring to get to Japan, whence I might find a convenience of returning to my own country. The officer said I must be confined till he could receive orders from court, for which he would write immediately, and hoped to receive an answer in a fortnight. I was carried to a convenient lodging, with a sentry placed at the door; however, I had the liberty of a large garden, and was treated with humanity enough, being maintained all the time at the king's charge. I was visited by several persons, chiefly out of curiosity, because it was reported that I came from countries very remote, of which they had never heard.

I hired a young man, who came in the same ship, to be an interpreter; he was a

native of Luggnagg, but had lived some years at Maldonada, and was a perfect master of both languages. By his assistance, I was able to hold a conversation with those who came to visit me; but this consisted only of their questions and my answers.

The despatch came from court about the time we expected. It contained a warrant for conducting me and my retinue to *Traldragdubh*, or *Trildrogdrib* (for it is pronounced both ways as near as I can remember), by a party of ten horse. All my retinue was that poor lad for an interpreter, whom I persuaded into my service, and, at my humble request, we had each of us a mule to ride on. A messenger was dispatched half a day's journey before us, to give the king notice of my approach, and to desire that his majesty would please to appoint a day and hour when it would be his gracious pleasure that I might have the honor to lick the dust before his footstool. This is the court style, and I found it to be more than matter of form: for upon my admittance two days after my arrival, I was commanded to crawl upon my belly, and lick the floor as I advanced; but, on account of my being a stranger, care was taken to have it made so clean that the dust was not offensive.<sup>1</sup> However, this was a peculiar grace, not allowed to any but persons of the highest rank, when they desire an admittance. Nay, sometimes the floor is strewed with dust on purpose, when the person to be admitted happens to have powerful enemies at court; and I have seen a great lord with his mouth so crammed, that when he had crept to the proper distance from the throne, he was not able to speak a word. Neither is there any remedy; because it is capital for those who receive an audience to spit or wipe their mouth in his majesty's presence. There is indeed another custom, which I cannot altogether approve of: when the king has a mind to put any of his nobles to death in a gentle, indulgent manner, he commands the floor to be strewed with a certain brown powder of a deadly composition, which, being

licked up, infallibly kills him in twenty-four hours. But in justice to this prince's great clemency, and the care he has of his subjects' lives (wherein it were much to be wished that the monarchs of Europe would imitate him), it must be mentioned for his honor, that strict orders are given to have the infected parts of the floor well washed after every such execution, which, if his domestics neglect, they are in danger of incurring his royal displeasure. I myself heard him give directions that one of his pages should be whipped, whose turn it was to give notice about washing the floor after an execution, but maliciously had omitted it; by which neglect, a young lord of great hopes, coming to an audience, was unfortunately poisoned, although the king at that time had no design against his life. But this good prince was so gracious as to forgive the poor page his whipping, upon promise that he would do so no more, without special orders.

To return from this digression; when I had crept to within four yards of the throne, I raised myself gently upon my knees, and then striking my forehead seven times against the ground, I pronounced the following words, as they had been taught me the night before: *Inckpling gloffthrobb squw tserumm blihop mlashnalt zwin tnodbalkuff hsthiophad kurdubhasht*. This is the compliment, established by the laws of the land, for all persons admitted to the king's presence. It may be rendered into English thus: "May your celestial majesty outlive the sun, eleven moons and a half!"<sup>1</sup> To this the king returned some answer, which, although I could not understand, yet I replied as I had been directed: *Flute drin yalerick dwuldom prtasrad mirpush*; which properly signifies, "My tongue is in the mouth of my friend;" and by this

<sup>1</sup> There is here an obvious allusion to the humiliation to which men must submit who seek to rise in courts. Few men knew better than Swift what arts were practised at court, and there were few courts in which patronage was more venal than in that of George I.

<sup>1</sup> The description of the ceremonial of the introduction to the King of Luggnagg and the hyperbolical language addressed to him are intended, we may infer, to ridicule and reprove the extravagant and adulatory terms in which the Houses of Parliament were in the habit of addressing the English Sovereign. The old Duchess of Marlborough gives it this application:—"The style of the Lords' address," she says, "put me in mind of Dean Swift's account, who I am prodigiously fond of, which he gives of the manner in which he was introduced to the King of Luggnagg.—*The Opinions of Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough*.

expression was meant that I desired leave to bring my interpreter: whereupon the young man already mentioned was accordingly introduced, by whose intervention I answered as many questions as his majesty could put in about an hour. I spoke in the Balnibarbian tongue, and my interpreter delivered my meaning in that of Luggnagg. The king was much delighted with my company, and ordered his *bliff-marklub*, or high chamberlain, to appoint a lodging in the court for me and my interpreter, with a daily allowance for my table, and a large piece of gold for my common expenses.

I stayed three months in this country, out of perfect obedience to his majesty, who was pleased highly to favor me, and made me very honorable offers. But I thought it more consistent with prudence and justice to pass the remainder of my days with my wife and family.

#### CHAPTER X.<sup>1</sup>

THE LUGGNAGGIANS COMMENDED.—A PARTICULAR DESCRIPTION OF THE STRULDBRUGS, WITH MANY CONVERSATIONS BETWEEN THE AUTHOR AND SOME EMINENT PERSONS UPON THAT SUBJECT.

THE Luggnaggians are a polite and generous people, and although they are not without some share of that pride which is peculiar to all Eastern countries, yet they show themselves courteous to strangers, especially such as are countenanced by the court. I had many acquaintances, and among persons of the

<sup>1</sup> This chapter is principally occupied by an account of the struldbrugs, or immortals, and is, as Thackeray observes, "perhaps the most melancholy satire in the whole book." It is more: it is a most moving discourse upon the miseries which would attend on human life if protracted beyond the ordinary period which God has assigned to man; the moral of which is pointed with peculiarly touching significance, when we remember the horror, almost prophetic, which Swift felt of old age, and the sorrows and sufferings which it entails. For many years he used to bid his friends adieu with these melancholy words, "God bless you; I hope we shall never meet again." On one occasion, he and another clergyman had just moved from under a heavy mirror, when it fell to the ground, and in reply to his companion's exclamation of thankfulness for their escape, he said, "Had I been alone, I could have wished I had not removed."

best fashion; and being always attended by my interpreter, the conversation we had was not disagreeable.

One day, in much good company, I was asked by a person of quality whether I had seen any of their *struldbrugs*, or immortals. I said I had not, and desired he would explain to me what he meant by such an appellation, applied to a mortal creature. He told me that sometimes, though very rarely, a child happened to be born in a family, with a red circular spot on the forehead, directly over the left eyebrow, which was an infallible mark that it would never die. The spot, as he described it, was about the compass of a silver threepence, but in the course of time grew larger, and changed its color: for at twelve years old it became green, so continued till five and twenty, then turned to a deep-blue; at five-and-forty it grew coal black, and as large as an English shilling; but never admitted any further alteration. He said these births were so rare, that he did not believe there could be above eleven hundred *struldbrugs*, of both sexes, in the whole kingdom; of which he computed about fifty in the metropolis, and among the rest a young girl born about three years ago: that these productions were not peculiar to any family, but a mere effect of chance; and the children of the *struldbrugs* themselves were equally mortal with the rest of the people.

I freely own myself to have been struck with inexpressible delight, upon hearing this account: and the person who gave it me happening to understand the Balnibarbian language, which I spoke very well, I could not forbear breaking out into expressions perhaps a little too extravagant. I cried out, as in a rapture, "Happy nation, where every child has at least a chance of being immortal! Happy people, who enjoy so many living examples of ancient virtue, and have masters ready to instruct them in the wisdom of all former ages! but happiest, beyond all comparison, are those excellent *struldbrugs*, who, being born exempt from that universal calamity of human nature, have their minds free and disengaged, without the weight and depression of spirits caused by the continual apprehension of death." I discovered my admiration that I had not observed any of these illustrious persons at court; the black spot on the fore-

head being so remarkable a distinction, that I could not have easily overlooked it: and it was impossible that his majesty, a most judicious prince, should not provide himself with a good number of such wise and able counsellors. Yet perhaps the virtue of those reverend sages was too strict for the corrupt and libertine manners of a court: and we often find, by experience, that young men are too opinionated and volatile, to be guided by the sober dictates of their seniors. However, since the king was pleased to allow me access to his royal person, I was resolved, upon the very first occasion, to deliver my opinion to him on this matter freely and at large, by the help of my interpreter; and whether he would please to take my advice or not, yet in one thing I was determined: that his majesty, having frequently offered me an establishment in this country, I would, with great thankfulness, accept the favor, and pass my life here in the conversation of those superior beings, the *struldbregs*, if they would please to admit me.

The gentleman to whom I addressed my discourse, because (as I have already observed) he spoke the language of Balni-barbi, said to me, with a sort of a smile, which usually arises from them to the ignorant, that he was glad of any occasion to keep me among them, and desired my permission to explain to the company what I had said. He did so, and they talked together for a long time in their own language, whereof I understood not a syllable, neither could I observe by their countenances what impression my discourse had made on them. After a short silence the same person told me that his friends and mine (so he thought fit to express himself) were very much pleased with the judicious remarks I had made on the great happiness and advantages of immortal life, and they were desirous to know, in a particular manner, what scheme of living I should have formed to myself, if it had fallen to my lot to have been born a *struldbreg*.

I answered it was easy to be eloquent on so copious and delightful a subject, especially to me, who had been often apt to amuse myself with visions of what I should do, if I were a king, a general, or a great lord: and upon this very case, I had frequently run over the whole system how I should employ myself, and

pass the time, if I were sure to live for ever.

"If it had been my good fortune to come into the world a *struldbreg*, as soon as I could discover my own happiness, by understanding the difference between life and death, I would first resolve, by all arts and methods whatsoever, to procure myself riches: in pursuit of which, by thrift and management, I might reasonably expect, in about two hundred years, to be the wealthiest man in the kingdom. In the second place, I would, from my earliest youth, apply myself to the study of arts and sciences, by which I should arrive in time to excel all others in learning. Lastly, I would carefully record every action, and event of consequence that happened in the public, impartially draw the characters of the several successions of princes and great ministers of state, with my own observations on every point. I would exactly set down the several changes and customs, language, fashions of dress, diet, and diversions; by all which acquirements I should be a great treasure of knowledge and wisdom, and certainly become the oracle of the nation.

"I would never marry after threescore, but live in an hospitable manner, yet still on the saving scale. I would entertain myself in forming and directing the minds of hopeful young men, by convincing them, from my own remembrance, experience, and observation, fortified by numerous examples, of the usefulness of virtue in public and private life. But my choice and constant companions should be a set of my own immortal brotherhood, among whom I would elect a dozen, from the most ancient down to my own contemporaries. Where any of these wanted fortunes, I would provide them with convenient lodges round my own estate, and have some of them always at my table; only mingling a few of the most valuable among you mortals, whom length of time would harden me to lose with little or no reluctance, and treat your posterity after the same manner; just as a man diverts himself with the annual succession of pinks and tulips in his garden, without regretting the loss of those which withered the preceding year.

"These *struldbregs* and I would mutually communicate our observations and memorials, through the course of time; remark the several gradations by which

corruption steals into the world, and oppose it in every step, by giving perpetual warning and instruction to mankind: which, added to the strong influence of our own example, would probably prevent that continual degeneracy of human nature, so justly complained of in all ages.

"Add to this the pleasure of seeing the various revolutions of states and empires; the changes in the lower and upper world; ancient cities in ruins, and obscure villages become the seats of kings; famous rivers lessening into shallow brooks; the ocean leaving one coast dry, and overwhelming another; the discovery of many countries yet unknown; barbarity overrunning the politest nations, and the most barbarous becoming civilized. I should then see the discovery of the longitude, the perpetual motion, the universal medicine, and many other great inventions, brought to the utmost perfection.

"What wonderful discoveries should we make in astronomy, by outliving and confirming our own predictions; by observing the progress and returns of comets, with the changes of motion in the sun, moon, and stars!"

I enlarged upon many other topics, which the natural desire of endless life, and sublunary happiness, could easily furnish me with. When I had ended, and the sum of my discourse had been interpreted, as before, to the rest of the company, there was a good deal of talk among them in the language of the country, not without some laughter at my expense. At last, the same gentleman who had been my interpreter, said, "He was desired by the rest to set me right in a few mistakes, which I had fallen into through the common imbecility of human nature, and upon that allowance was less answerable for them. That this breed of *struldbrugs* was peculiar to their country, for there were no such people either in Balnibarbi or Japan, where he had the honor to be ambassador from his majesty, and found the natives in both these kingdoms very hard to believe that the fact was possible: and it appeared from my astonishment when he first mentioned the matter to me, that I received it as a thing wholly new, and scarcely to be credited. That in the two kingdoms above-mentioned, where during his residence he had conversed very much, he observed long

life to be the universal desire and wish of mankind. That whoever had one foot in the grave was sure to hold back the other as strongly as he could. That the oldest had still hopes of living one day longer, and looked on death as the greatest evil, from which nature always prompted him to retreat. Only in this island of Luggnagg the appetite for living was not so eager, from the continual example of the *struldbrugs* before their eyes.

"That the system of living contrived by me was unreasonable and unjust; because it supposed a perpetuity of youth, health, and vigor, which no man could be so foolish to hope, however extravagant he may be in his wishes. That the question therefore was not whether a man would choose to be always in the prime of youth, attended with prosperity and health; but how he would pass a perpetual life, under all the usual disadvantages which old age brings along with it; for although few men will avow their desires of being immortal, upon such hard conditions, yet in the two kingdoms before-mentioned, of Balnibarbi and Japan, he observed that every man desired to put off death some time longer, let it approach ever so late; and he rarely heard of any man who died willingly, except he were incited by the extremity of grief or torture. And he appealed to me, whether in those countries I had travelled, as well as my own, I had not observed the same general disposition."

After this preface, he gave me a particular account of the *struldbrugs* among them. He said they commonly acted like mortals till about thirty years old; after which, by degrees, they grew melancholy and dejected, increasing in both till they came to fourscore. This he learned from their own confession; for otherwise, there not being above two or three of that species born in an age, they were too few to form a general observation by. When they came to fourscore years, which is reckoned the extremity of living in this country, they had not only all the follies and infirmities of other old men, but many more which arose from the dreadful prospect of never dying. They were not only opinionated, peevish, covetous, morose, vain, talkative; but incapable of friendship, and dead to all natural affection, which never descended below their grandchildren. "Envy and impotent desires



are their prevailing passions. But those objects against which their envy seems principally directed are the vices of the younger sort, and the deaths of the old. By reflecting on the former, they find themselves cut off from all possibility of pleasure; and whenever they see a funeral, they lament and repine that others are gone to a harbor of rest, to which they themselves never can hope to arrive. They have no remembrance of anything but what they learned and observed in their youth and middle age, and even that is very imperfect; and for the truth or particulars of any fact, it is safer to depend on common tradition than upon their best recollections. The least miserable among them appear to be those who turn to dotage, and entirely lose their memories; these meet with more pity and assistance, because they want many bad qualities which abound in others.

"If a *struldbrug* happen to marry one of his own kind, the marriage is dissolved, of course, by the courtesy of the kingdom, as soon as the younger of the two comes to the fourscore; for the law thinks it a reasonable indulgence, that those who are condemned, without any fault of their own, to a perpetual continuance in the world, should not have their miseries doubled by the load of a wife.

"As soon as they have completed the term of eighty years, they are looked on as dead in law; their heirs immediately succeed to their estates; only a small pittance is reserved for their support; and the poor ones are maintained at the public charge. After that period, they are held incapable of any employment of trust or profit; they cannot purchase lands, or take leases; neither are they allowed to be witnesses in any cause, either civil or criminal, not even for the decision of meers and bounds.

"At ninety, they lose their teeth and hair; they have at that age no distinction of taste, but eat and drink whatever they can get, without relish or appetite. The diseases they were subject to still continue, without increasing or diminishing. In talking, they forget the common appellation of things, and the names of persons, even of those who are their nearest friends and relations. For the same reason, they never can amuse themselves with reading, because their memory will not serve to carry them from the begin-

ning of a sentence to the end; and by this defect they are deprived of the only entertainment whereof they might otherwise be capable.

"The language of this country being always upon the flux, the *struldbrugs* of one age do not understand those of another; neither are they able after two hundred years to hold any conversation (further than by a few general words) with their neighbors, the mortals; and thus they lie under the disadvantage of living like foreigners in their own country."

This was the account given me of the *struldbrugs*, as near as I can remember. I afterwards saw five or six of different ages, the youngest not above two hundred years old, who were brought to me at several times by some of my friends; but although they were told that I was a great traveler, and had seen all the world, they had not the least curiosity to ask me a question; only desired I would give them *stums kudash*, or a token of remembrance, which is a modest way of begging, to avoid the law, that strictly forbids it, because they are provided for by the public, although indeed with a very scanty allowance.

They are despised and hated by all sorts of people. When one of them is born, it is reckoned ominous, and their birth is recorded very particularly: so that you may know their age by consulting the register, which, however, has not been kept above a thousand years past, or at least has been destroyed by time or public disturbances. But the usual way of computing how old they are is by asking them what kings or great persons they can remember, and then consulting history; for infallibly the last prince in their mind did not begin his reign after they were fourscore years old.

They were the most mortifying sight I ever beheld; and the women were more horrible than the men. Besides the usual deformities in extreme old age, they acquired an additional ghastliness, in proportion to their number of years, which is not to be described; and among half a dozen I soon distinguished which was the eldest, although there was not above a century or two between them.

The reader will easily believe, that from what I had heard and seen, my keen appetite for perpetuity of life was much

abated. I grew heartily ashamed of the pleasing visions I had formed; and thought no tyrant could invent a death into which I would not run with pleasure from such a life. The king heard of all that had passed between me and my friends upon this occasion, and rallied me very pleasantly; wishing I could send a couple of *struldbrugs* to my own country to arm our people against the fear of death; but this, it seems, is forbidden by the fundamental laws of the kingdom, or else I should have been well content with the trouble and expense of transporting them.

I could not but agree that the laws of this kingdom relative to the *struldbrugs* were founded upon the strongest reasons, and such as any other country would be under the necessity of enacting in the like circumstances. Otherwise, as avarice is the necessary consequent of old age, those immortals would in time become proprietors of the whole nation, and engross the civil power, which, for want of abilities to manage, must end in the ruin of the public.

#### CHAPTER XI.

THE AUTHOR LEAVES LUGGNAGG, AND SAILS TO JAPAN—FROM THENCE IN A DUTCH SHIP TO AMSTERDAM, AND FROM AMSTERDAM TO ENGLAND.

I THOUGHT this account of the *struldbrugs* might be some entertainment to the reader, because it seems to be a little out of the common way; at least I do not remember to have met the like in any book of travels that has come to my hands; and if I am deceived, my excuse must be, that it is necessary for travelers who describe the same country, very often to agree in dwelling on the same particulars, without deserving the censure of having borrowed or transcribed from those who wrote before them.

There is indeed a perpetual commerce between this kingdom and the great empire of Japan; and it is very probable that the Japanese authors may have given some account of the *struldbrugs*; but my stay in Japan was so short, and I was so entirely a stranger to the language, that I was not qualified to make any inquiries. But I hope the Dutch, upon this notice,

will be curious and able enough to supply my defects.

His majesty, having often pressed me to accept some employment in his court, and finding me absolutely determined to return to my native country, was pleased to give me his license to depart; and honored me with a letter of recommendation, under his own hand, to the Emperor of Japan. He likewise presented me with four hundred and forty-four large pieces of gold (this nation delighted in even numbers), and a red diamond, which I sold in England for eleven hundred pounds.

On the 6th of May, 1709, I took a solemn leave of his majesty, and all my friends. This prince was so gracious as to order a guard to conduct me to Glanguenstald, which is a royal port to the south-west part of the island. In six days I found a vessel ready to carry me to Japan, and spent fifteen days in the voyage. We landed at a small port-town, called Xamoschi, situated on the south-east part of Japan; the town lies on the western point, where there is a narrow strait leading northward into a long arm of the sea, upon the north-west part of which Yedo, the metropolis, stands. At landing I showed the custom-house officer my letter from the King of Luggnagg to his imperial majesty. They knew the seal perfectly well; it was as broad as the palm of my hand. The impression was, "A king lifting up a lame beggar from the earth." The magistrates of the town, hearing of my letter, received me as a public minister; they provided me with carriages and servants, and bore my charges to Yedo, where I was admitted to an audience, and delivered my letter, which was opened with great ceremony, and explained to the emperor by an interpreter; who then gave me notice, by his majesty's order, that I should signify my request, and, whatever it were, it should be granted, for the sake of his royal brother of Luggnagg. This interpreter was a person employed to transact affairs with the Hollanders: he soon conjectured, by my countenance, that I was a European, and therefore repeated his majesty's commands in Low Dutch, which he spoke perfectly well; I answered, as I had before determined, that I was a Dutch merchant, shipwrecked in a very remote country, whence I had travelled by sea

and land to Luggnagg, and then took shipping for Japan; where I knew my countrymen often traded, and with some of these I hoped to get an opportunity of returning into Europe. I therefore most humbly entreated his royal favor, to give order that I should be conducted in safety to Nangasac. To this I added another petition, that for the sake of my patron, the King of Luggnagg, his majesty would condescend to excuse my performing the ceremony imposed on my countrymen, of trampling upon the crucifix; because I had been thrown into this kingdom by my misfortunes, without any intention of trading. When this latter petition was interpreted to the emperor, he seemed a little surprised, and said he believed I was the first of my countrymen who ever made any scruple on this point, and that he began to doubt whether I was a real Hollander or not; but rather suspected I must be a Christian. However, for the reasons I had offered, but chiefly to gratify the King of Luggnagg by an uncommon mark of his favor, he would comply with the singularity of my humor; but the affair must be managed with dexterity, and his officers should be commanded to let me pass, as it were by forgetfulness; for he assured me, that if the secret should be discovered by my countrymen, the Dutch, they would cut my throat in the voyage. I returned my thanks, by the interpreter, for so unusual a favor; and some troops being at that time on the march to Nangasac, the commanding officer had orders to convey me safe thither, with particular instructions about the business of the crucifix.<sup>1</sup>

On the 9th of June, 1709, I arrived at Nangasac, after a very long and troublesome journey. I soon fell into the company of some Dutch sailors belonging to the *Amboyne* of Amsterdam, a stout ship of 450 tons. I had lived long in Holland, pursuing my studies in Leyden, and I spoke Dutch well. The seamen soon knew

whence I came last; they were curious to inquire into my voyages and course of life. I made up a story as short and probable as I could, but concealed the greatest part. I knew many persons in Holland; I was able to invent names for my parents, whom I pretended to be obscure people in the province of Guelderland. I would have given the captain (one Theodorus Vangrult) what he pleased to ask for my voyage to Holland; but understanding I was a surgeon, he was contented to take half the usual rate, on condition that I would serve him in the way of my calling. Before we took shipping, I was often asked by some of the crew whether I had performed the ceremony above mentioned. I evaded the question by general answers—that I had satisfied the emperor and court in all particulars. However, a malicious rogue of a skipper went to an officer, and pointing to me, told him I had not yet trampled on the crucifix; but the other, who had received instructions to let me pass, gave the rascal twenty strokes on the shoulders with a bamboo; after which I was no more troubled with such questions.

Nothing happened worth mentioning in this voyage. We sailed with a fair wind to the Cape of Good Hope, where we stayed only to take in fresh water. On the 10th of April, 1710, we arrived safe at Amsterdam, having lost only three men by sickness on the voyage, and a fourth, who fell from the foremast into the sea, not far from the coast of Guinea. From Amsterdam I soon after set sail for England, in a small vessel belonging to that city.

On the 16th of April we put in at the Downs. I landed next morning, and saw once more my native country, after an absence of five years and six months complete. I went straight to Redriff, where I arrived the same day, at two in the afternoon, and found my wife and family in good health.

<sup>1</sup> In this account of Gulliver's reception at Japan, Swift refers to the popular but erroneous belief that the Dutch merchants were compelled, when entering Japan, to trample on the crucifix. There is no doubt that the missionaries from Spain had excited great jealousy and resentment against the Christian religion, so much so that every Japanese official at the Dutch factory was

bound, twice or thrice a year, to take a solemn oath of renunciation and hatred of the Christian religion, and was made to trample the cross and crucifix under his feet, which probably gave rise to the opinion above referred to. The Dutch, through whom the entire European trade was carried on, were subjected to great indignities.

## THAT TEXAN CATTLE MAN.

WE rode the tawny Texan hills,  
A bearded cattle man and I;  
Below us laughed the blossomed rills,  
Above the dappled clouds blew by.  
We talked. The topic? Guess. Why, sir,  
Three-fourths of man's whole time he keeps  
To talk, to think, to be of HER;  
The other fourth he sleeps.

To learn what he might know of love,  
I laughed all constancy to scorn.  
"Behold yon happy, changeeful dove!  
Behold this day, all storm at morn,  
Yet now 't is changed to cloud and sun.  
Yea, all things change—the heart, the  
head,  
Behold on earth there is not one  
That changeth not," I said.

He drew a glass as if to scan  
The plain for steers; raised it and sighed.  
He craned his neck, this cattle man,  
Then drove the cork home and replied:  
"For twenty years (forgive these tears)—  
For twenty years no word of strife—  
I have not known for twenty years  
One folly from my wife."

I looked that Texan in the face—  
That dark-browed, bearded cattle man,  
He pulled his beard, then dropped in place  
A broad right hand, all scarred and tan,  
And toyed with something shining there  
From out his holster, keen and small.  
I was convinced. I did not care  
To argue it at all.

But rest I could not. Know I must  
The story of my Texan guide;  
His dauntless love, enduring trust;  
His blessed, immortal bride.  
I wondered, marvelled, marvelled much.  
Was she of Texan growth? Was she  
Of Saxon blood, that boasted such  
Eternal constancy?

I could not rest until I knew—  
"Now twenty years, my man," said I,  
"Is a long time." He turned and drew  
A pistol forth, also a sigh.  
"T is twenty years or more," said he,  
"Nay, nay, my honest man, I vow  
I do not doubt that this may be;  
But tell, oh! tell me how.

"T would make a poem true and grand;  
All time should note it near and far;  
And thy fair, virgin Texan land  
Should stand out like a Winter star.  
America should heed. And then  
The doubtful French beyond the sea—  
'T would make them truer, nobler men  
To know how this may be."

"It's twenty years or more," urged he,  
"Nay, that I know, good guide of mine;  
But lead me where this wife may be,  
And I a pilgrim at a shrine.  
And kneeling, as a pilgrim true"—  
He, scowling, shouted in my ear;  
"I cannot show my wife to you;  
She's dead this twenty year."

JOAQUIN MILLER, b. 1836.

## A LOVE CONFIDENCE.

(FACT.)

SOME years ago, at one of Dr. Y——'s soirées, at Paris, I met an Irish gentleman, whose name was *not* O'Sullivan, but whom, for the sake of concealment, I shall so designate. I had never seen him before, nor were we upon that occasion introduced to each other; but this ceremony he soon rendered needless, by introducing himself. With a smile peculiarly Irish and modest, and with a tinge of the brogue just sufficient to give the world assurance of a "Pat," he thus addressed me:—"I beg ten thousand pardons, sir: if I am not greatly mistaken your name is Fidkins." (I take the same privilege of concealment, under an assumed name, as I have given to my new friend.)

"Fidkins is my name."

"I beg ten thousand pardons, sir, but if I am not greatly mistaken you have lately published a novel called 'The Scheming Lover.'" (My novel, like my friend and myself, travels incog.)

"I have, sir."

"Why, then, sir, upon my honor and conscience, that is a mighty pretty thing to be able to say."

He smiled, bowed and withdrew, and I, as in duty bound, was much amused at the oddity of the proceeding. Later in the evening, at Mr. O'Sullivan's especial request, Dr. Y—— "favored" him with a formal introduction to me.

On the following morning, at an hour

much earlier than is usual for paying visits of ceremony, my servant brought Mr. O'Sullivan's card with Mr. O'Sullivan's most earnest request that I would grant him a quarter of an hour's interview. The rule being granted, as a lawyer would say, the gentleman entered; and after exhausting no inconsiderable portion of the time stipulated for in preparatory "hems" and "has," he thus began:

"I beg ten thousand pardons, sir—sir—I am the most unfortunate of existing creatures, and I come to beg your kind assistance. I have the misfortune, sir, to be most miserably in——"

"Debt," I expected he would have added, and accordingly made the usual amiable preparations for expressing "my regret at my utter inability," &c., &c.; but, he continued,—

"Love!"

It is astonishing with what celerity the sluices of our sympathy are opened, and how copious is the stream, when it is not required to flow *Bank-ward*. "Sir," said I, "I should be happy to be serviceable to you in any manner in the world; but, really, it seems to me that in a case of this nature——"

"Pardon me, sir, but that is the very thing! you are the person of all others to assist me. As I said, sir, I am most awfully in love, but unluckily, sir, I—I am bashful."

"And so, sir, you come to borrow a little of my superfluous impudence? I am flattered by the compliment."

"Don't misunderstand me, sir, pray don't. No, sir; the case is this: your book is full of love-schemes (and, upon my honor and conscience, very clever they are!) but it so happens there is not one among them that suits my particular case."

As I consider a *character* always worth humoring, I resolved to humor this.

"Well, Mr. O'Sullivan, have the kindness to *state* your case, and if I can serve you I will."

"Why, then, sir, in the first place, the lady is a widow—she's thirty-five or thereabouts: no great disparity between us, as I am thirty-two."

"Is the lady handsome?"

"Why—that's a mere matter of taste, but—why, yes, in my eyes she—I think she is handsome. But now for the difficulty: she has eight hundred a year of her own."

"A difficulty, perhaps, but, surely, no objection, Mr. O'Sullivan?"

"Why, yes, and it is. If I propose to her, people will say it is for the sake of the dirty lucre, when if you could read my heart, Mr. Fidkins, you'd see that besides, have not I exactly eight hundred a year of my own—in Ireland?—setting aside for the last three years the rents won't come in—so as for her money you see——! But to make an end, sir, I'm cruelly in love with her, and if she won't marry me, I'll die."

"But it seems you have not yet proposed to the lady. Now it strikes me that, as a preliminary step, you should do so: at least you should sound her affections; for should they be engaged in another quarter——"

"Don't talk of that, sir; the very thought of that drives me mad. But I'll follow your advice; I'll see her to-day, and should she refuse me, let nobody think I'll live any longer."

On the day following he came to me again; the upshot of his interview with the lady had been a flat rejection. Upon many subsequent occasions he repeated his addresses, invariably with a similar result; and, upon each occasion, I received the honor of his confidence, together with the alarming assurance that *at length* his heart was broken, and that, for him, the sun had risen for the last time.

It was in vain that I remonstrated with him upon the folly of indulging a hopeless passion, and that I endeavored to persuade him to try, by a change of scene, to forget the cruel fair one; to quit Paris and go to Rome, or Nova Scotia; or to carry out a stock of pigs, paupers, and poultry, and colonize some newly discovered land. His parting phrase still was, "T is all of no use; she won't marry me; I'm the most miserable of earth's creatures, and *now* I'll die."

Business suddenly calling me to England, I neither saw nor heard of, and had almost forgotten, "the most miserable of earth's creatures," when, one day, about two years and a half afterwards, as I was walking along Pall Mall, I met him. He came up to me, and shaking me violently by both hands, exclaimed—"My dear sir, my dear friend—at last I see you again! This is the happiest moment I have enjoyed for many a day! You remember that unhappy attachment of mine? I was the most miserable man alive *then*, I'm millions of times more miserable *now*!"

"For shame, Mr. O'Sullivan," said I;  
"be a man and forget her."

"Is it forget her, you say? And how  
the devil will I forget her when we've been  
married these two years? and the devil a  
sixpence has she got any more than my-  
self!"

### THE MOSQUITO.

Fair insect! that, with thread-like legs spread  
out,

And blood-extracting bill, and filmy wing,  
Dost murmur, as thou slowly sail'st about,  
In pitiless ears full many a plaintive thing,  
And tell how little our large veins should  
bleed,  
Would we but yield them to thy bitter need.

Unwillingly, I own, and, what is worse,  
Full angrily, men hearken to thy plaint;  
Thou gettest many a brush and many a curse,  
For saying thou art gaunt, and starved, and  
faint:  
Even the old beggar, while he asks for food,  
Would kill thee, hapless stranger, if he could.

I call thee stranger, for the town, I ween,  
Has not the honour of so proud a birth;  
Thou com'st from Jersey meadows, fresh and  
green,  
The offspring of the gods, though born on  
earth:  
For Titan was thy sire, and fair was she,  
The ocean-nymph, that nursed thy infancy.

That bloom was made to look at, not to touch;  
To worship—not approach—that radiant  
white;  
And well might sudden vengeance light on  
such  
As dared, like thee, most impiously to bite.  
Thou should'st have gazed at distance and  
admired,  
Murmured thy admiration, and retired.

Thou'rt welcome to the town, but why come  
here

To bleed a brother poet, gaunt, like thee?  
Alas! the little blood I have is dear,  
And thin will be the banquet drawn from  
me.

Look round—the pale-eyed sisters in my cell,  
Thy old acquaintance, Song and Famine, dwell.

Try some plump alderman, and suck the blood,  
Enriched by generous wine and costly meat;  
On well-fill'd skins, sleek as thy native mud,

Fix thy light pump, and press thy freckled  
feet:

Go to the men for whom, in ocean's halls,  
The oyster breeds, and the green turtle  
sprawls.

There corks are drawn, and the red vintage  
flows,

To fill the swelling veins for thee, and now  
The ruddy cheek, and now the ruddier nose  
Shall tempt thee, as thou fittest round the  
brow;

And when the hour of sleep its quiet brings,  
No angry hand shall rise to brush thy wings.

Beneath the rushes was thy cradle swung,  
And when, at length, thy gauzy wings  
grew strong,

Abroad to gentle airs their folds were flung,  
Rose in the sky, and bore thee soft along:  
The south wind breathed to waft thee on thy  
way,  
And danced and shone beneath the billowy  
bay.

Calm rose afar the city spires, and thence  
Came the deep murmur of its throng of  
men,

And as its grateful odors meet thy sense,  
They seem the perfumes of thy native fen.  
Fair lay its crowded streets, and at the sight  
Thy tiny song grew shriller with delight.

At length, thy pinion fluttered in Broadway,  
Ah! there were fairy steps, and white  
necks kissed

By wanton airs, and eyes whose killing ray  
Shone through the snowy veils like stars  
through mist;  
And fresh as morn, on many a cheek and chin,  
Bloomed the bright blood through the tran-  
sparent skin.

Sure these were sights to tempt an anchorite!  
What! do I hear thy slender voice com-  
plain?

Thou wallest when I talk of beauty's light,  
As if it brought the memory of pain:  
Thou art a wayward being—well—come near,  
And pour thy tale of sorrow in my ear.

And say'st thou, slanderer! rouge makes thee  
sick?

And China bloom at best is sorry food?  
And Rowland's Kalydor, if laid on thick,  
Poisons the thirsty wretch that bores for  
blood?

Go! 'twas a just reward that met thy crime,  
But shun the sacrilege another time.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT (1794-1878).

## MR. TITMOUSE DYES HIS HAIR.

[SAMUEL WARREN, D. C. L., 1807-77; b. Racre Denbighshire, Scotland, son of Samuel, LL.D., studied medicine at Edinburgh, taking the prize on comparative jurisprudence. In 1828 he began the study of law at the Inner Temple, London; practiced as special pleader, 1831-37; in the latter years was called to the bar. He contributed to *Blackwood's Magazine*, 1830-31 "Passages from the Diary of a late Physician" afterwards translated into the French. He was conservative in politics, a strong supporter of Lord Derby, and published "Ten Thousand a Year" in *Blackwood's*, 1839. He was chosen M. P. for Leeds, of which city he was likewise Recorder. From his "Ten Thousand a Year" we select the following ludicrous incident.]

Titmouse, for the remainder of the day, felt, as may be imagined but little at his ease; for—to say nothing of his insuperable repugnance to the discharge of any of his former duties; his uneasiness under the oppressive civilities of Mr. Tagrag, and the evident disgust towards him entertained by his companions—many most important considerations arising out of recent and coming events, were momentarily forcing themselves upon his attention. The first of these was his *hair*, for Heaven seemed to have suddenly given him the long-coveted means of changing its detested hue; and the next was—an *eyeglass*, without which he had long felt his appearance and appointments to be painfully incomplete. Early in the afternoon, therefore, on the readily admitted plea of important business, he obtained the permission of the obsequious Tagrag to depart for the day, and instantly directed his steps to the well-known shop of a fashionable perfumer and peruquier, in Bond street—well-known to those at least who were in the habit of glancing at the enticing advertisements in the newspapers. Having watched through the window till the coast was clear (for he felt a natural delicacy in asking for a hair dye before people who could in an instant perceive his urgent occasion for it,) he entered the shop, where a well-dressed gentleman was sitting behind the counter, reading. He was handsome and his elaborately curled hair was of a heavenly black (so at least Titmouse considered it) that was worth a thousand of printed advertisements of the celebrated fluid which formed the chief commodity there vended.

Titmouse, with a little hesitation, asked this gentleman what was the price of their article "for turning *light* hair black," and was answered, "only seven and sixpence for the smaller-sized bottle." One was in a twinkling placed upon the counter, where it lay like a miniature mummy swathed, as it were, in manifold advertisements. "You'll find the fullest directions within, and testimonials from the highest nobility to the wonderful efficacy of the 'CYANOCHAITAN-THROPOPOION.'"<sup>1</sup>

"Sure it will do, sir!" inquired Titmouse anxiously.

"Is my hair dark enough to your taste, sir?" said the gentleman, with a calm and bland manner, "because I owe it entirely to this invaluable specific."

"Do you indeed, sir!" inquired Titmouse: adding with a sigh, "but between ourselves, look at mine!" and lifting his hat for a moment, he exhibited a great crop of bushy carrotty hair.

"Whew! rather ugly that, sir!" exclaimed the gentleman, looking very serious. "What a curse it is to be born with such a hair: isn't it?"

"I should think so, sir," answered Titmouse mournfully: "and do you really think, sir, that this, what's-its-name turned yours of that beautiful black?"

"Think? 'Pon my honor, sir, certain; no mistake, I assure you! I was fretting myself into my grave about the color of my hair! Why, sir, there was a nobleman here (I don't like to mention names), the other day, with a head that seemed as if it had been dipped into water, and then powdered with brick dust; but I assure you, the Cyanochaitanthropopoion was too much for it; it turned black in a very short time. You should have seen his lordship's ecstasy"—the speaker saw that Titmouse would swallow anything; so he went on with a confidential air—"and in a month's time he had married a beautiful woman, whom he had loved from a child, but who would never marry a man with such a head of hair."

<sup>1</sup> This fearful-looking word, I wish to inform my lady readers, is a monstrous amalgamation of three or four Greek words—denoting a fluid "*that can render the human hair black*." Whenever a barber or perfumer determines on trying to puff off some villainous imposition of this sort, strange to say, he goes to some starving scholar and gives him half-a-crown to coin a word like the above, that shall be equally unintelligible and unpronounceable, and therefore attractive and popular.

"How long does it take to do all this, sir?" interrupted Titmouse eagerly, with a beating heart.

"Sometimes two, sometimes three days. In four days' time I'll answer for it, your most intimate friend would not know you. My wife did not know me for a long while, and wouldn't let me salute her—ha, ha!" Here another customer entered; and Titmouse, laying down the five-pound note he had squeezed out of Tagrag, put the wonder-working phial into his pocket, and, on receiving his change, departed, bursting with eagerness to try the effects of Cyanochaitanthropoion. Within half an hour's time he might have been seen driving a hard bargain with a pawnbroker for a massive-looking eye-glass, which, as it hung suspended in the window, he had for months cast a longing eye upon: and he eventually purchased it (his eye-sight, I need hardly say, was perfect) for only fifteen shillings. After taking a hearty dinner in a little dusky eating house in Rupert Street, frequented by fashionable-looking foreigners, with splendid heads of curling hair and mustachios, he hastened home. Having lit his candle, and locked his door, with tremulous fingers he opened the papers enveloping the little phial; and glancing over their contents, got so inflamed with the numberless instances of its efficacy, detailed in brief and glowing terms—the "Duke of—, the Countess of—, the Earl of, &c., &c., &c., &c.—the lovely Miss—, the celebrated Sir Little Bull's-eye (who was so gratified that he allowed his name to be used)—all of whom, from having hair of the reddest possible description were now possessed of ebon hued locks"—that the cork was soon extracted from the bottle. Having turned up his coat-cuffs, he commenced the application of the Cyanochaitanthropoion, rubbing into his hair, eyebrows, and whiskers, with all the energy he was capable of, for upwards of half an hour. Then he read over every syllable on the papers in which the phial had been wrapped; and about eleven o'clock, having given sundry curious glances at the glass, got into bed full of exciting hopes and delightful anxieties concerning the success of the great experiment he was trying. He could not sleep for several hours. He dreamed a rapturous dream: that he bowed to a gentleman with coal-

black hair, whom he fancied he had seen before, and suddenly discovered that he was only looking at *himself* in a glass! This woke him. Up he jumped, and in a trice was standing before his little glass. Horrid! he almost dropped down dead! his hair was perfectly *green*—there could be no mistake about it. He stood staring in the glass in speechless horror, his eyes and mouth distended to the utmost, for several minutes. Then he threw himself on the bed, and felt fainting. Up he presently jumped again, rubbed his hair desperately and wildly about—again looking into the glass; there it was, rougher than before; but eyebrows, whiskers and head, all were, if anything, of a more vivid and brilliant green. Despair came over him. What had all his trouble been to this? and what was to become of him? He got into bed again, and burst into a perspiration. Two or three times he got in and out of bed to look at himself again—on each occasion deriving only more terrible confirmation than before of the disaster that had befallen him. After lying still for some minutes he got out of bed, and kneeling down, tried to pray; but it was in vain—and he rose half choked. It was plain he must have his head shaved, and wear a wig—that was making an old man of him at once. Getting more and more disturbed in his mind, he dressed himself, half determined on starting off to Bond Street, and breaking every pane of glass in the shop window of the cruel impostor who had sold him the liquid that had so frightfully disfigured him. As he stood thus irresolute, he heard the step of Mrs. Squallop approaching his door, and recollected that he had ordered her to bring up his teakettle about that time. Having no time to take his clothes off, he thought the best thing he could do would be to pop into bed again, draw his nightcap down to his ears and eyebrows, pretend to be asleep, and, turning his back towards the door, have a chance of escaping the observation of his landlady. No sooner thought of than done. Into bed he jumped, and drew the clothes over him—not aware, however, that in his hurry he had left his legs, with boots and trousers on, exposed to view—an unusual spectacle to his landlady, who had, in fact, scarcely ever known him in bed at so late an hour before. He lay as a still as mouse. Mrs. Squal-



lop, after glancing at his legs, happened to direct her eyes towards the window, beheld a small phial, only half of whose dark contents were remaining—of course it was POISON. In a sudden fright she dropped the kettle, plucked the clothes off the trembling Titmouse, and cried out—"Oh, Mr. Titmouse! Mr. Titmouse! What have you been—"

"Well, ma'm, what the devil *do* you mean? How dare you—" commenced Titmouse, suddenly sitting up, and looking furiously at Mrs. Squallop. A pretty figure he was. He had all his day clothes on; a white cotton nightcap was drawn down to his very eyes, like a man going to be hanged; his face was very pale, and his whiskers were of a bright green color.

"Lord-a-mighty!" exclaimed Mrs. Squallop, faintly, the moment this strange apparition presented itself; and, sinking on the chair, she pointed with a dismayed air to the ominous-looking object standing on the window shelf. Titmouse from that supposed she had found it all out. "Well—*isn't* it a shame, Mrs. Squallop?" said he getting off the bed, and plucking off his nightcap, exhibited the full extent of his misfortune. What d'ye think of that?" he exclaimed, staring wildly at her. Mrs. Squallop gave a faint shriek, turned her head aside, and motioned him away.

"I shall go mad—I shall——"

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" groaned Mrs. Squallop, evidently expecting him to leap upon her. Presently, however, she a little recovered her presence of mind, and Titmouse, stuttering with fury, explained to her what had taken place. As he went on, Mrs. Squallop became less and less able to contain herself, and at length burst into a fit of convulsive laughter, and sat holding her hands to her fat shaking sides, as if she would have tumbled off her chair. Titmouse was almost on the point of striking her! At length, however, the fit went off; and, wiping her eyes, she expressed the greatest commiseration for him, and proposed to go down and fetch up some soft soap, and flannel, and try what "a good hearty wash would do." Scarce sooner said than done—but, alas, in vain! Scrub, scrub—lather, lather, did they both; but the instant the soap-suds were washed off, there was the head as green as ever.

"What *am* I to do, Mrs. Squallop?"

groaned Titmouse, having taking another look at himself in the glass.

"Why, really, I'd be off to a police office, and have 'em all taken up, if as how I was *you*."

"No—see if I don't take that bottle, and make the fellow that sold it to me swallow what's left, and I'll smash in his shop front besides."

"Oh, you won't—you mustn't—not on no account. Stop at home a bit, and be quiet, it may go off with all this washing, in the course of the day. Soft soap is an uncommon strong thing for getting colors out—but—a—a—excuse me, Mr. Titmouse—why wasn't you satisfied with the hair God Almighty had given you? D'ye think he don't know a deal better than you what was best for you? I'm blest if I don't think this a judgment on you."

"What's the use of your standing preaching to me in this way, Mrs. Squallop? Ain't I half mad without it? Judgment or no judgment, where's the harm of my wanting black hair any more than black trousers? That ain't *your own* hair, Mrs. Squallop; you're as gray as a badger underneath; I've often remarked it."

"I'll tell you what, Mr. Himperance," furiously exclaimed Mrs. Squallop, "you're a liar! And you deserve what you've got. It *is* a judgment, and I hope it will stick by you. So take *that* for your sauce, you vulgar fellow. Get rid of your green hair if you can! It's only carrot *tops* instead of carrot *roots*, and some like one, some the other. Ha, ha, ha!"

"I'll tell you what, Mrs. Squa—" he commenced; but she had gone, having slammed to the door behind her with all her force; and Titmouse was left alone in a half frantic state, in which he continued for nearly two hours. Once again he read over the atrocious puffs which had overnight inflated him to such a degree, and he now saw that they were all lies. This is a sample of them:

"This divine fluid (as it was enthusiastically styled to the inventor by the lovely Duchess of Doodle) possesses the inestimable and astonishing quality of changing hair, of whatever color, to a dazzling jet black, at the same time imparting to it a rich glossy appearance, which wonderfully contributes to the imposing *tout ensemble* presented by those who use it. That well-known ornament of the circle of fashion, the young and lovely Mrs.

Fitzfrillery, owned to the proprietor that to this surprising fluid it was that she was indebted for those unrivalled raven ringlets which attracted the eyes of envying and admiring crowds," and so forth. A little further on:

"This exquisite effect is not in *all cases* produced instantaneously; much will of course depend (as the celebrated M. Dupuytren, of the Hotel Dieu, of Paris, informed the inventor), on the physical idiosyncrasy of the party using it, with reference to the constituent particles of the colouring matter, constituting the fluid in the capillary vessels. Often a single application suffices to change the most hopeless-looking head of red hair to as deep a black; but, not unfrequently, the hair *passes through intermediate shades and tints*; all, however ultimately settling into a deep and permanent black."

This passage not a little revived the drooping spirits of Titmouse. Accidentally, however, an asterisk at the last word in the above sentence directed his eye to a note at the bottom of the page, printed in such minute type as baffled any but the strongest sight and most determined eye to read, and which said note was the following:

"Though cases *do*, undoubtedly, occasionally occur, in which the native inherent indestructible qualities of the hair defy all attempts at change or even modification, and resist even *this* potent remedy: of which, however, in all his experience" (the specific had been invented for about *six months*) "the inventor has known but very few instances." But to this exceedingly select class of unfortunate incurables, poor Titmouse entertained a dismal suspicion that he belonged.

"Look, sir! look! Only look here what your stuff has done to my hair!" said Titmouse, on presenting himself soon after to the gentleman who had sold him the infernal liquid; and, taking off his hat, exposed the green hair. The gentleman, however, did not appear at all surprised or discomposed.

"Ah, yes! I see, I see. You're in the intermediate stage. It differs in different people."

"Differs, sir! I'm going mad! I look like a green monkey."

"In *me*, the color was strong *yellow*. But have you read the descriptions that are given in the wrapper?"

"I should think so. Much good they do *me*. Sir, you're a humbug—an impostor. I am a sight to be seen for the rest of my life! Look at me, sir. Eyebrows, whiskers, and all."

"*Rather* a singular appearance just at present, I must own," said the gentleman, his face turning suddenly red all over, with the violent effort he was making to prevent an explosion of laughter. He soon, however, recovered himself, and added coolly, "if you'll only persevere."

"Persevere!" interrupted Titmouse, violently clapping his hat on his head; "I'll teach you to *persevere* in taking in the public. I'll have a warrant out against you."

"Oh, my dear sir, I'm accustomed to all this!"

"The—devil—you—are!" gasped Titmouse quite aghast.

"Oh, often—often, while the liquid is performing the first stage of the change; but in a day or two afterwards, the parties generally come back smiling into my shop with heads as black as crows."

"No! But really do they, sir?" interrupted Titmouse, drawing a long breath.

"Hundreds, I may say thousands, my dear sir! And one lady gave me a picture of herself, in her black hair, to make up for her abuse of me when it was in a puce color."

"But do you recollect any one's hair turning *green*, and then getting black?" inquired Titmouse, with trembling anxiety.

"Recollect any! Fifty at least. For instance, there was Lord Albert Addlehead;—but why should I name names? I know hundreds! But everything is honor and confidential *here*!"

"And did Lord What's-his-name's hair go green, and then black? and was it at first as light as mine?"

"His hair was redder, and in consequence it became greener, and is now blacker than ever yours will be."

"Well, if I and my landlady have this morning used an ounce, we've used a quarter of a pound of soft soap in—"

"Soft soap!—soft soap! That explains all." He forgot how well it had been already explained by him. "By heavens sir! soft soap! You may have ruined your hair forever!" Titmouse opened his eyes and mouth with a start of terror, it not occurring to him that the intoler-

able green had preceded and caused, not followed, the use of the soft soap. "Go home, my dear sir! God bless you—go home as you value your hair; take this small bottle of Damascus cream, and rub it in before it's too late; and then use the remainder of the—"

"Then you don't think it's too late?" inquired Titmouse, faintly; and having been assured to the contrary—having asked the price of the Damascus cream, which was only three-and-sixpence (stamp included)—he paid it with a rueful air, and took his departure. He sneaked along the streets, with the air of a pick-pocket fearful that every one he met was an officer who had his eye on him. He was not, in fact, very far off the mark; for many a person smiled, and stared, and turned around to look at him as he went along.

I wonder, now, what effect the perusal of these pages must have upon the reader, gentle or simple, young or old, male or female, who has shared the folly of Titmouse in the particular now under consideration? They cannot help laughing at the trouble of Titmouse; but it is accompanied by a *blush* at the absurd weakness of which themselves have been guilty. Depend upon it, my gentleman, that every man or woman of sense who sees you, and suspects or knows what you have been about, can scarce help bursting out a-laughing at you, and writes you down ever after—ASS. But if they do this on seeing him who has so weakly attempted to disguise red-colored hair, what sorrow, mingled with contempt, must they feel when they see a man, or woman ashamed of—GRAY HAIRS—a "crown of rejoicing to them that they have done well," a mark of one to whom God has given long life, as the means of gathering experience and wisdom—and dishonoring those gray hairs by the desperate folly of Tittlebat Titmouse?

Titmouse slunk up-stairs to his room, in a sad state of depression, and spent the next hour in rubbing into his hair the Damascus cream. He rubbed till he could hardly hold his arms up any longer from sheer fatigue. Having risen, at length, to mark, from the glass, the progress he had made, he found that the only result of his persevering exertions had been to give a greasy shining appearance to the hair, that remained as green as ever.

With a half-uttered groan he sank down upon a chair, and fell into a sort of abstraction, which was interrupted by a sharp knock at his door. Titmouse started up, trembled, and stood for a moment or two irresolute, glancing fearfully at the glass; and then opening the door, let in Mr. Gammon, who started back a pace or two, as if he had been shot on catching sight of the strange figure of Titmouse. It was useless for Gammon to try to check his laughter; so leaning against the door-post, he yielded to the impulse, and laughed without intermission for at least two minutes. Titmouse felt desperately angry, but feared to show it; and the timid, rueful, lackadaisical air with which he regarded the dreaded Mr. Gammon, only prolonged and aggravated the agonies of that gentleman. When, at length, he had a little recovered himself, holding his left hand to his side with an exhausted air, he entered the little apartment, and asked Titmouse what in the name of Heaven he had been doing, to himself. "*Without this*" (in the absurd slang of the lawyers) that he knew all the while quite well what Titmouse had been about; but he wanted the enjoyment of hearing Titmouse's own account of the matter. Titmouse, not daring to hesitate, complied—Gammon listening in an agony of suppressed laughter, all the while seeming on the point of bursting a blood-vessel. He looked as little at Titmouse as he could, and was growing a little more sedate, when Titmouse, in a truly lamentable tone, inquired, "What's the good, Mr. Gammon, of ten thousand a year with such a head of hair as this?" On hearing which, Gammon jumped off his chair, started to the window, and such an explosion of laughter followed, as threatened to crack the panes of glass before him. This was too much for Titmouse, who presently cried aloud in a grievous manner; and Gammon, suddenly ceasing his laughter, turned round and apologized in the most earnest manner; after which he uttered an abundance of sympathy for the sufferings which "he deplored being unable to alleviate." He even restrained himself when Titmouse again and again asked him if he could not "have the law" of the man who had so imposed on him. Gammon diverted the thoughts of his suffering client, by taking from his pocket some very imposing packages of

paper tied round with red tape. From time to time, however, he almost split his nose with efforts to restrain his laughter, on catching a fresh glimpse of poor Titmouse's emerald hair.

Gammon was a man of business, however; and in the midst of all this distracting excitement contrived to get Titmouse's signature to sundry papers of no little consequence; among others, first, to a bond conditioned for the payment of £500; secondly, another for £10,000; and, lastly, an agreement (of which he gave Titmouse an alleged copy) by which Titmouse, in consideration of Messrs. Quirk, Gammon & Snap, using their best exertions to put him in the possession of the estate, &c., &c., bound himself to conform to their wishes in everything, on pain of their instantly throwing up the whole affair, looking out for another heir-at-law, and issuing execution forthwith against Titmouse for all expenses incurred under his retainer. I said that Gammon gave his confiding client an *alleged* copy of agreement; it was not a real copy, for certain stipulations appeared in each that were not intended to appear in the other, for reasons which were perfectly satisfactory to Messrs. Quirk, Gammon & Snap. When Gammon had got to this point, he thought it the fitting opportunity for producing a second five-pound note. He did so, and put Titmouse thereby into an ecstasy which pushed out of his head for a while all recollection of what had happened to his hair. He had at that moment nearly eleven pounds in hard cash! Gammon easily obtained from him an account of his little money transactions with Huckaback—of which, however, all he could tell was—that for ten shillings down, he had given a written engagement to pay fifty pounds on getting the estate. Of this Gammon made a careful memorandum, explaining the atrocious villainy of Huckaback—and, in short, that if he (Titmouse) did not look very sharply about him, he would be robbed right and left; so that it was of the utmost consequence to him early to learn how to distinguish between false and true friends. Gammon went on to assure him that the instrument he had given to Huckaback was, probably, in point of law, not worth a farthing, on the ground of its being both fraudulent and usurious; and intimated something, which Titmouse did not

very distinctly comprehend, about the efficacy of a bill in equity for a *discovery*; which, at a very insignificant expense (not exceeding £100), would oblige the plaintiff in equity (*i. e.* Huckaback), by the way of declaring, to give his solemn oath that he had advanced the full sum of £50; and having obtained this important and satisfactory result, Titmouse would have the opportunity of disproving the statement of Huckaback—if *he could*; which of course he could not. By this process, however, a little profitable employment would have been afforded to a certain distinguished firm in Saffron Hill—and that was *something* to Gammon.

\* \* \* \* \*

When Titmouse rose the next morning (Saturday), behold—he found his hair had become of a variously shaded purple or violet color! Astonishment and apprehension by turns possessed him, as he stared into the glass, at this unlooked for change of color; and hastily dressing himself, after swallowing a very slight breakfast, off he went once more to the scientific establishment in Bond Street, to which he had been indebted for his recent delightful experiences. The distinguished inventor and proprietor of the Cyanochaitanthropoion was behind the counter as usual—calm and confident as ever.

"Ah! I see—as I said!—as I said! isn't it?—coming round quicker than usual—really, I'm selling more of the article than I can possibly make."

"Well," at length said Titmouse, as soon as he had recovered from the surprise occasioned by the sudden volubility with which he had been assailed on entering, "then is it really going on tolerable well? taking off his hat and looking anxiously into a glass that hung close by.

"*Tolerable* well! delightful! perfect! couldn't be better. If you'd studied the thing, you'd know, sir, that purple is the middle color between green and black. Indeed, black is only purple and green mixed, which explains the whole thing."

Titmouse listened with infinite satisfaction to this philosophical statement.

"Remember, sir, my hair is to come like yours—eh? you recollect, sir?"

"I have very little doubt of it, sir—nay, I am certain of it, knowing it by experience."

The scamp had been hired expressly

for the purpose of lying thus in support of the Cyanochaitanthropopoion; his own hair being a natural black.

"I am going to a grand dinner to-morrow, sir," said Titmouse, "with some devilish great people at the west end of the town—eh? you understand? will it do by that time—for—hem!—most lovely gal—oh? you understand the thing? devilish anxious and all that sort of thing, you know."

"Yes, I do," replied the gentleman of the shop, in a confidential tone; and, opening one of the glass doors behind him, took out a bottle considerably larger than the first, and handed it to Titmouse. "This," said he, "will complete the thing; if combines chemically with the purple particles, and the result is—generally arrived at in about two days' time—"

"But it will do *something* in a night's time—eh?—surely."

"I should think so! But here it is—it is called TETARAGMENON ABRACADABRA."

"What a name!" exclaimed Titmouse, with a kind of awe. "Pon honor, it almost takes one's breath away—"

"It will do more, sir—it will take your red hair away! By the way, only the day before yesterday, a lady of high rank (between ourselves, Lady Caroline Carrot), whose red hair always seemed as if it would have set her bonnet in a blaze, came here, after two days' use of the Cyanochaitanthropopoion, and one day's use of this Tetaragmenon Abracadabra—and asked me if I knew her. Upon my soul I did not, till she solemnly assured me that she was really Lady Caroline."

"How much is it?" eagerly inquired Titmouse, thrusting his hand into his pocket, with no little excitement.

"Only nine and-sixpence."

"Good gracious, what a price!—nine and six"—

"Would you believe it, sir? This extraordinary fluid cost a distinguished German chemist his whole life to bring to perfection; and it contains expensive materials from all the four corners of the world."

"I've laid out a large figure with you, sir, this day or two—couldn't you say eight sh—"

"We never abate, sir," said the gentleman, rather haughtily. Of course poor Titmouse bought the thing; not a little

depressed, however, at the heavy price he had paid for the three bottles, and the uncertainty he felt as to the ultimate issue. That night, he was so well satisfied with the progress which the hair on his head was making (for by candle-light it really looked very dark) that he resolved—at all events for the present—to leave well alone; or, at the utmost, to try the effects of the Tetaragmenon Abracadabra only upon his eyebrows and whiskers. Into them he rubbed the new specific; which, on the bottle being opened, surprised him in two respects: first, it was perfectly colorless; secondly, it had a most infernal smell. However, it was no use hesitating, he had bought and paid for it; and the papers it was folded in gave an account of its success, which was really irresistible and unquestionable. Away, therefore, he rubbed—and when he had finished, got into bed, in humble hope as to the result, which would be disclosed by the morning's light! But would you believe it? When he looked at himself in the glass about six o'clock (at which hour he awoke) I protest it as a fact, that his eyebrows and whiskers were as white as snow, which, combining with the purple color of the hair on his head, rendered him one of the most astounding objects (in human shape) the eye of man had ever beheld. There was the wisdom of age seated in his eyebrows and whiskers, unspeakable folly in his features, and a purple crown of WONDER on his head.

Really, it seemed as if the devil were wreaking his spite on Mr. Titmouse—nay, perhaps it was the devil himself who had served him with the bottles in Bond Street. Or was it a more ordinary servant of the devil, some greedy, impudent, unprincipled speculator, who, desirous of acting on the approved maxim—*flat experimentum in corpore vili*—had pitched on Titmouse (seeing the sort of person he was) as a godsend, quite reckless what effect he produced on his hair, so as the stuff was paid for, and its effects noted? It might possibly have been sport to the gentleman of the shop, but it was near proving death to poor Titmouse, who really might have resolved on throwing himself out of the window, only that he saw it was not big enough for a baby to get through. He turned aghast at the monstrous object which his little glass

presented to him; and sunk down upon the bed with a feeling as if he were now fit for death. As before, Mrs. Squallop made her appearance with his kettle for breakfast. He was sitting at the table, dressed, and with his arms folded, with a reckless air, not at all caring to conceal the new and still more frightful change which he had undergone since she saw him last. Mrs. Squallop stared at him for a second or two in silence; then stepping back out of the room, suddenly drew to the door, and stood outside, laughing vehemently.

"I'll kick you down stairs!" shouted Titmouse, rushing to the door, pale with fury, and pulling it open.

"Mr.—Mr.—Titmouse, you'll be the death of me—you will—you will!" gasped Mrs. Squallop, almost black in the face, and the water running out of the kettle which she was unconsciously holding in a siant. After a while, however, they got reconciled. Mrs. Squallop had fancied he had been but rubbing chalk on his eyebrows and whiskers; and seemed dismayed, indeed, on hearing the true state of the case. He implored her to send out for a small bottle of ink; but as it was Sunday morning, none could be got—and she teased him to try a little blacking! He did; but of course it was useless. He sat for an hour or two in an ecstasy of grief and rage. What would he now have given never to have meddled with the hair which God had thought fit to send him into the world with? Alas! with what mournful force Mrs. Squallop's words again and again recurred to him! To say that he eat breakfast would be scarcely correct. He drank a single cup of cocoa, and eat about three inches length and thickness of a roll, and then put away his breakfast things on the window-shelf. If he had been in the humor to go to church, how could he? he would have been turned out as an object involuntarily exciting everybody to laughter.

\* \* \* \* \*

As for Gammon, during the short time he had stayed, how he had endeared himself to Titmouse, by explaining, not aware that Titmouse had confessed all to Snap, the singular change in the color of his hair to have been occasioned by the intense mental anxiety through which he had lately passed! The anecdotes he told

of sufferers, whose hair a single night's agony had changed to all the colors of the rainbow! Though Tagrag outstayed all his fellow-visitors, in the manner which has been described, he could not prevail upon Titmouse to accompany him in his "carriage," for Titmouse pleaded a pressing engagement (*i. e.* a desperate attempt he purposed making to obtain some ink), but pledged himself to make his appearance at Satin Lodge at the appointed hour—half-past three or four o'clock. Away, therefore, drove Tagrag delighted that Satin Lodge would so soon contain so resplendent a visitor—indignant at the cringing, sycophantic attentions of Messrs. Quirk, Gammon, & Snap, against whom he resolved to put Titmouse on his guard, and infinitely astonished at the extraordinary change that had taken place in the color of Titmouse's hair. Partly influenced by the explanation which Gammon had given of the phenomenon, Tagrag resigned himself to feelings of simple wonder. Titmouse was doubtless passing through stages of physical transmutation, corresponding with the marvellous change that was taking place in his circumstances; and for all he (Tagrag) knew, other and more extraordinary changes were going on; Titmouse might be growing at the rate of an half-inch a day, and soon stand before him a man more than six feet high! Considerations such as these, invested Titmouse with intense and overpowering interest in the estimation of Tagrag; *how* could he make enough of him at Satin Lodge that day? If ever that hardened sinner felt inclined to utter an inward prayer, it was as he drove home—that Heaven would array his daughter in angel hues to the eyes of Titmouse!

My friend Tittlebat made his appearance at the gate of Satin Lodge, at about a quarter to four o'clock. Good gracious, how he had dressed himself out! He considerably exceeded his appearance when first presented to the reader.

\* \* \* \* \*

Not dreaming that he could be seen, he stood beside the gate for a moment, under the melancholy laburnum; and, taking a dirty-looking silk handkerchief out of his hat, slapped it vigorously about his boots, (from which circumstance it may be inferred that he had walked), and replaced

it in his hat. Then he unbuttoned his surtout, adjusted it nicely, and disposed his chain and eyeglass just so as to let the tip only of the latter be seen peeping out of his waistcoat; twitched up his collar, plucked down his wristbands, drew the tip of a white pocket-handkerchief out of a pocket in the breast of a surtout, pulled a white glove half-way on his left hand; and, having thus given the finishing touches to his toilet, opened the gate, and—Tittlebat Titmouse, Esq., the great guest of the day, for the first time in his life (swinging a little ebony cane about with careless grace) entered the domain of Mr. Tagrag.

The little performance I have been describing, though every bit of it passing under the eyes of Tagrag, his wife, and his daughter, had not excited a smile; their anxious feelings were too dead to be reached or stirred by light emotions. Miss Tagrag turned very pale and trembled.

"La, pa," said she faintly, "how could you say he'd got white eyebrows and whiskers? They're a beautiful black."

Tagrag was speechless: the fact was so—for Titmouse had fortunately obtained a little bottle of ink. As Titmouse approached the house (Tagrag hurrying out to open the door for him), he saw the two ladies standing at the windows. Off went his hat, and out dropped the silk handkerchief, not a little disconcerting him for the moment. Tagrag, however, soon occupied his attention at the door with anxious civilities, shaking him by the hand, hanging up his hat and stick, and then introducing him to the sitting-room. The ladies received him with most profound courtesies, which Titmouse returned with a quick embarrassed bow, and an indistinct—"I hope you're well mem!"

If they had had presence of mind enough to observe it, the purple color of Titmouse's hair must have surprised them not a little; all they could see, however, was—the angelic owner of ten thousand a year.

"ONE OF THE GREATEST HEROES OF ANTIQUITY."—It is related that when Miss Anna Dickinson was about to deliver her lecture on Joan D'Arc in a small Western town, it was considered necessary that she should be introduced to the audience. The task fell on the Chairman of the Lecture Committee, a worthy indi-

vidual, but not very well versed in history. "Ladies and gentlemen," said he, advancing to the front of the platform, "Miss Dickinson will address you to-night on the life and adventures of John Dark, one of the greatest heroes of antiquity. We are not as familiar with the heroes of antiquity as we ought to be, owing to the long time since antiquity; but one thing is certain, and that is that Miss Dickinson can tell us all about that most remarkable man of them all, John Dark."

PRUDENCE EXEMPLIFIED.—On one occasion a sma' laird was waited on by a neighbor to request his name as an accommodation to a bit bill for £20, at three months, which led to the following characteristic colloquy: "Na, na, I canna do that." "Why for no, laird; ye hae dune the same thing for ither?" "Aye, aye, Tammas; but there's wheels within wheels ye ken nothing aboot; I canna do't." "It's a sma' affair to refuse me, laird." "Weel, ye see, Tammas, if I was to pit my name till't, ye wad get the siller frae the bank, and when the time cam round ye wadna be ready, and I wad hae to pay't, sae you and me wad quarrel; sae we may just as weel quarrel the noo as lang as the siller's in ma pouch."

AN anecdote is related illustrative of the slyness of the Bohemians compared with the simple honesty of the Germans and the candid unscrupulousness of the Hungarians. In war times three soldiers, one each of these three nations, met in a parlor of an inn, over the chimney-piece of which hung a watch. When they had gone the German said, "That is a good watch; I wish I had bought it." "I am sorry I did not take it," said the Hungarian. "I have it in my pocket," said the Bohemian.

HOW IT WAS.—"I sall tell you how it vas. I drink mine lager; den I put mine hand on mine head, and dere vas von pain. Den I put mine hand on mine body, and dere vas anoder pain. Den I put mine hand in mine pocket, and dere vas notting. So I jine mit de demperance. Now dere is no pain more in mine head, and de pain in mine body vas all gone away. I put mine hand in mine pocket, and dere vas dventy tollars. So I shtay mit de demperance."

## CONTENTMENT.

{ 'HOLMES brings American humour to its finest point and is, in fact, one of the first of American *Wits*. Perhaps the following verses will best illustrate a specialty of Holmes's wit, the kind of *badinage* with which he quizzes common sense so successfully, by his happy paradox of serious, straightforward statement, and quiet qualifying afterwards, by which he tapers his point.'—*Quarterly Review*.]

'Man wants but little here below.'

'LITTLE I ask; my wants are few;  
I only wish a hut of stone  
(A *very plain* brown stone will do)  
That I may call my own;  
And close at hand is such a one,  
In yonder street that fronts the sun.

Plain food is quite enough for me;  
Three courses are as good as ten;  
If Nature can subsist on three,  
Thank Heaven for three—Amen!  
I always thought cold victual nice,—  
My *choice* would be vanilla-ice.

I care not much for gold or land;  
Give me a mortgage here and there,  
Some good bank-stock, some note of hand,  
Or trifling railroad share,—  
I only ask that Fortune send  
A *little* more than I shall spend.

Honours are silly toys, I know,  
And titles are but empty names;  
I would, *perhaps*, be Plenipo—  
But only near St. James;  
I'm very sure I should not care  
To fill our Gubernator's chair.

Jewels are baubles; 'tis a sin  
To care for such unfruitful things—  
One good-sized diamond in a pin,  
Some, *not so large*, in rings,  
A ruby, and a pearl, or so,  
Will do for me—I laugh at show.

My dame should dress in cheap attire  
(Good, heavy silks are never dear);  
I own perhaps I *might* desire  
Some shawls of true Cashmere—  
Some narrow crapes of China silk,  
Like wrinkled skins on scalded milk.

Wealth's wasteful tricks I will not learn,  
Nor ape the glitt'ring upstart fool;  
Shall not carved tables serve my turn,  
But *all* must be of buhl?  
Give grasping pomp its double care,—  
I ask but *one* recumbent chair.

Thus humble let me live and die,  
Nor long for Midas' golden touch;  
If Heaven more gen'rous gifts deny,  
I shall not miss them *much*,—  
Too grateful for the blessing lent  
Of simple *tastes and mind content!*'

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

## THE PIOUS EDITOR'S CREED.

[THE *Biglow Papers*, by James Russell Lowell, is well known as one of the most racy and pungent volumes of humorous and satirical verse which has emanated from the press. *The Pious Editor's Creed* is, says the editor of the English edition, 'an exquisite piece of satire levelled at the swarms of noisy editors in the United States, who seek political preferment in the great quadrennial scrambles.' Professor Lowell was born at Boston in 1819, and he filled the chair of *Belles-Lettres* in Harvard University. As a poet and humorist, he occupies a high position in America and Great Britain. He is now Ambassador to England (1884).]

I du believe in Freedom's cause,  
Ex fur away ex Paris is;  
I love to see her stick her claws  
In them infarnal Pharisees;  
It's wal enough agin a king  
To dror resolves an' triggers,—  
But libbaty's a kind o' thing  
Thet don't agree with niggers.

I du believe the people want  
A tax on teas an' coffees,  
Thet nothin' aint extravagunt,—  
Purvidin' I'm in office;  
Fer I hev loved my country sence  
My eye-teeth fill'd their sockets,  
An' Uncle Sam I reverence,  
Partic'larly his pockets.

I du believe in *any* plan  
O' levvin' the taxes,  
Ex long ex, like a lumberman,  
I get jest wut I axes:  
I go free-trade thru thick an' thin,  
Because it kind o' rouses  
The folks to vote,—an' keeps us in  
Our quiet custom-houses.

I du believe it's wise an' good  
To send out furrin missions  
Thet is, on sartin understood  
An' orthydox conditions—  
I mean nine thousan' dolls. per ann.,  
Nine thousan' more fer outfit,  
An' me to recommend a man  
The place 'ould jest about fit.



I du believe in special ways  
 O' prayin' an' convartin';  
 The bread comes back in many days,  
 An' butter'd, tu, fer sartin;—  
 I mean in preyin' till one busts.  
 On wut the party chooses,  
 An' in convartin' public trusts  
 To very privit uses.

I du believe hard coin the stuff  
 Fer 'lectioneers to spout on;  
 The people's ollers soft enough  
 To make hard money out on:  
 Dear Uncle Sam pervides fer his,  
 An' gives a good-sized junk to all,—  
 I don't care *how* hard money is  
 Es long ez mine's paid punctoal.

I du believe with all my soul  
 In the gret Press's freedom,  
 To pint the people to the goal  
 An' in the traces lead 'em;  
 Palsied the arm thet forges yokes  
 At my fat contracts squintin',  
 An' wither'd be the nose thet pokes  
 Inter the gov'ment printin'!

I du believe thet I should give  
 Wut's his'n unto Cæsar,  
 Fer it's by him I move an' live,  
 Frum him my bread an' cheese air;  
 I du believe thet all o' me  
 Doth bear his sounperscription,—  
 Will, conscience, honour, honesty,  
 An' things o thet description.

I du believe in prayer an' praise  
 To him thet hez the grantin'  
 O' jobs,—in everythin' thet pays,  
 But most of all in CANTIN';  
 This doth my cup with marcies fill,  
 This lays all thought o' sin to rest,—  
 I *don't* believe in princerple,  
 But, oh, I *du* in interest.

I du believe in bein' this  
 Or that, ez it may happen  
 One way or t' other hendiest is  
 To ketch the people nappin';  
 It aint by princerples nor men  
 My preudunt course is steadied,—  
 I scent wich pays the best, an' then  
 Go into it baldheaded.

I du believe thet holdin' slaves  
 Comes nat'ral tu a Presidunt,  
 Let 'lone the rowdedow it saves  
 To hev a wel-broke precedunt;  
 Fer any office, small or gret,  
 I couldn't ax with no face,  
 Without I'd ben, thru dry an' wet,  
 Th' unrizzeest kind o' doughface.

I du believe wutever trash  
 'Ill keep the people in blindness,—  
 Thet we the Mexicuns can thrash  
 Right inter brotherly kindness,  
 Thet bombshells, grape, an' powder, 'n' ball  
 Air good-will's strongest magnets,  
 Thet peace, to make it stick at all,  
 Must be druv in with bagnets.

In short, I firmly du believe  
 In Humbug generally,  
 Fer it's a thing thet I perceive  
 To hev a solid vally;  
 This heth my faithful shepherd ben,  
 In pasture sweet heth led me,  
 An' this'll keep the people green  
 To feed ez they hev fed me.

### THE WELL OF ST. KEYNE.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

A WELL there is in the west country,  
 And a clearer one never was seen;  
 There is not a wife in the west country  
 But has heard of the well of St. Keyne.

An oak and an elm-tree stand beside,  
 And behind doth an ash-tree grow,  
 And a willow from the bank above  
 Droops to the water below.

A traveller came to the well of St. Keyne,  
 Joyfully he drew nigh,  
 For from cock-crow he had been travelling,  
 And there was not a cloud in the sky.

He drank of the water so cool and clear,  
 For thirsty and hot was he,  
 And he sat down upon the bank  
 Under the willow-tree.

There came a man from the house hard by  
 At the well to fill his pail;  
 On the well-side he rested it,  
 And he bade the stranger hail.

'Now, art thou a bachelor, stranger?' quoth  
 he,  
 'Or an' if thou hast a wife,  
 The happiest draught thou hast drank this  
 day,  
 That ever thou didst in thy life.

'Or has thy good woman, if one thou hast,  
 Ever here in Cornwall been?  
 For an' if she have, I'll venture my life  
 She has drank of the well of St. Keyne.'

'I have left a good woman who never was here,'  
The stranger he made reply,  
'But that my draught should be the better for that,  
I pray you answer me why?'

'St. Keyne,' quoth the Cornish-man, 'many a time  
Drank of this crystal well,  
And before the angels summon'd her,  
She laid on the water a spell.

'If the husband of this gifted well  
Shall drink before his wife,  
A happy man thenceforth is he,  
For he shall be master for life.

'But if the wife should drink of it first,  
God help the husband then!'  
The stranger stoop'd to the well of St. Keyne,  
And drank of the water again.

'You drank of the well I warrant betimes?'  
He to the Cornish-man said:  
But the Cornish-man smiled as the stranger spake,  
And sheepishly shook his head.

'I hasten'd as soon as the wedding was done,  
And left my wife in the porch;  
But i' faith she had been wiser than me,  
For she took a bottle to church.'

# RUNNING WITH THE "MASHEEN."

[MONTIMER M. THOMPSON, 1831-1895, was born at Riga, N. Y. studied at Michigan University, and after a short connection with the drama, became a clerk in New York city, and in 1853 began to write for the press over the assumed name of Q. K. Philander Doesticks. Books published under this name include *Doesticks—What he Says* (1855), *Pluribustah* (1856), *History and Records of the Elephant Club* (1857) and *Nothing to Say* (1857).]

Since the "*Grate old Squirt*" made to go by steam, and imported from Cincinnati put to the blush Metropolitan Red-shirtedness, and which couldn't raise steam enough to throw water to the top of City Hall, has proved such a signal failure, the good old-fashioned, "fire-annihilators" (not Barnum's) have been more popular than ever.

The "boys" say they will take the oldest primitive engine in the city, man it with fourteen small-sized news-boys on a side, and, with this apparatus, will

VOL. III.—W. H.

throw more water, throw it higher, farther, and to more purpose than any or all the clumsy steam humbugs yet invented in Porkopolis.

Ninety-seven's boys say they can run to a fire, get their water on, extinguish the conflagration, "take-up," get home, bunk in, and snooze half an hour before the "Squirt" could get her kindling-wood ready.

Now I am not known by the cognomen of "Mose," nor do I answer to the name of "Syskey"—neither as a general thing do I promenade the middle of Broadway with my pantaloons tucked in my boots. Still, by way of a new excitement, I lately joined the Fire Department, and connected myself with the Company of Engine 97.

Bought my uniform, treated the company, took up my quarters in the bunk-room, where I slept by night in a bed occupied in the day time by a big yellow dog. First night, went to bed with my boots on, ready for an alarm. At last it came—seized the rope with the rest of the boys; started on a run; tugged and toiled till we got her into the 11th district, four miles and a half from home; found the alarm had been caused by a barrel of shavings, and the conflagration had extinguished itself; had to drag her clear back; tired most to death; it wasn't funny at all.

Turned in; half an hour, new alarm; started again—hose 80 laid in the same alley, got our apparatus jammed on the corner; fight; 97 victorious; got our machine out, and carried off the forewheel of 80's carriage on our tongue; reached the fire; big nigger standing on the hydrant; elected myself appraiser and auctioneer; knocked him down without any bidder; took water; got our stream on the fire; fun; worked till my arms ached; let go to rest; foreman hit me over the head with a trumpet and told me to go ahead; children in the garret horrible situation; gallant fireman made a rush up the ladder; battled his way through the smoke—reappeared with a child in each arm, and his pocket full of teaspoons.

Old gentleman from the country; much excited; wanted to help, but didn't exactly know how; he rushed into a fourth story bedroom; threw the mirror out of the window; frantically endeavored to hurl the dressing-table after it; seized the

coal-scuttle; hurriedly put in the poker, bootjack and a pair of worn out slippers, carried them down stairs, and deposited them in a place of safety four blocks away; came back on a run, into the parlor; took up the door-mat, wrapped up an empty decanter in it, and transported it safely into the barn of the nearest neighbor; he kept at work; by dint of heroic exertions, he at various times deposited, by piece, the entire kitchen cooking-stove in the next street, uninjured; and at last, after knocking the piano to pieces with an axe, in order to save the lock, and filling his pocket with sofa castors, he was seen to make his final exit from the back-yard, with a length of stovepipe in each hand, the toasting fork tucked behind his ear, and two dozen muffin rings in his hat, which was surmounted by a large-sized frying pan.

During the next week there were several alarms—fire in a big block full of paupers—first man in the building; carried down stairs in my arms two helpless undressed children, thereby saving their valuable lives; on giving them to the mother, she, amid a whirlwind of thanks, imparted the gratifying intelligence that one was afflicted with the measles, and the other had the Michigan itch.

Another fire; foreman took the lead, and ran down the street, yelling like an independent devil, with a tin trumpet. Company made a grand stampede, and followed in the rear, dragging old 97 in a spasmodic gallop. Found the fire in a boarding school; dashed up a ladder; tumbled through a window; entered a bed-room; smoke so thick I couldn't see; caught up in my arms a feminine specimen in a long night-gown; got back to the window; tried to go down; ladder broke under me, stuck adhesively to the young lady; and, after unexampled exertions, deposited her safely in the next house, where I discovered that I had rescued from the devouring element the only child of the black cook.

Fire in a storehouse—went on the roof; explosion; found myself in somebody's cellar, with one leg in a soap barrel, and my hair full of fractured hen's eggs; discovered that I had been blown over a church, and had the weathercock still remaining in the rear of my demolished pantaloons.

Fire in a liquor-store—hose burst;

brandy "lying round loose;" gin "convaynient," and old Monongahela absolutely begging to be protected from further dilution; Croton water too much for my delicate constitution; carried home on a shutter.

Fire in a church—Catholic—little marble images all round the room in niches; wall began to totter; statues began to fall; St. Andrew knocked my fire hat over my eyes; St. Peter threw his whole weight on my big toe; St. Jerome hit me a clip over the head, which laid me sprawling, when a picture of the Holy Family fell and covered me up like a bed quilt.

Fire in a big clothing store—next day our foreman sported a new silk velvet vest, seven of the men exhibited twelve dollar doeskin pants, and the black boy who sweeps out the bunk room, and scours the engine, had a new hat and a flaming red cravat, presented, as I heard, by the proprietor of the stock of goods as an evidence of his appreciation of their endeavors to save his property.

I didn't get any new breeches; on the contrary, lost my new overcoat and got damaged myself. Something like this—fire out, order came, "take up, 97;" took off the hose; turned her round; got the boys together, and started for home; corner of the street hook and ladder 100 (Dutch), engine 78 (Irish), hose 88 (Yankee), and our own company, came in contact; machines got jammed; polyglot swearing by the strength of the companies; got all mixed up; fight; one of 88's men hit foreman of hook and ladder 100 over the head with a spanner; extemporaneous and impartial distribution of brickbats; 97's engineer clipped one of 73's men with a trumpet; 73 retaliated with a paving stone; men of all the companies went in; resolved to "go in" myself; went in; went out again as fast as I could, with a black eye, three teeth (indigestible, I have reason to believe) in my stomach, intermingled with my supper, my red shirt in carpet rags, and my knuckles skinned, as if they had been pawned to a Chathamstreet Jew.

Got on a hydrant and watched the fun; 88's boys whipped everything; 73's best man was doubled up like a jack-knife, by a dig in the place where Jonah was; four of 97's fellows were lying under the machine with their eyes in mourning;

hook and ladder took home two-thirds of their company on the truck, and the last I saw of their foreman, he was lying in the middle of the street, with his trumpet smashed flat, his boots under his head, his pockets inside out, a brick in his mouth, a hundred and twenty-five feet of hose on the back of his neck, and the hind wheels of 20's engine resting on his left leg.

Four policemen on the opposite corner, saw the whole row. On the first indication of a fight, they pulled their hats down over their eyes, covered up their stars, and slunk down the nearest alley. Got home, resigned my commission, made my will, left the company my red shirt and fire cap. Seen enough of fire service; don't regret my experience, but do grieve for my lost teeth and my new overcoat.

P. S. Have just met the foreman of 73—he had on my late lamented overcoat; ain't big enough to lick him—magnanimously concluded to let him alone.

### NIAGARA.

I WAS never given to accepting the decisions of others as gospel in any case where it was possible for me to manufacture a home-made opinion of my own, and I did not greatly wonder at myself when I discovered that my emotions, when I first beheld that great aqueous brag of universal Yankeedom, Niagara, were not of the stereotyped and generally-considered-to-be-necessary-sort. The letter which follows, and which is all the reminiscence of my visit extant, was published soon after, and extensively copied, and was, in fact, the first article which bore the name of Doesticks.

### DOESTICKS ON A BENDER.

I HAVE been to Niagara—you know Niagara Falls—big rocks, water, foam, Table Rock, Indian curiosities, squaws, moccasins, stuffed snakes, rapids, wolves, Clifton house, suspension bridge, place where the water runs swift, the ladies faint, scream, and get the paint washed off their faces; where the aristocratic Indian ladies sit on the dirt and make little bags; where all the inhabitants swindle strangers; where the cars go in a hurry, the waiters are impudent, and all the small boys swear.

When I came in sight of the suspension bridge, I was vividly impressed with the idea that it was "some" bridge; in fact,

a considerable curiosity, and a "considerable" bridge. Took a glass of beer and walked up to the Falls; another glass of beer and walked under the Falls; wanted another glass of beer, but couldn't get it; walked away from the Falls, wet through, mad, triumphant, victorious; humbug! humbug! Sir, all humbug! except the dampness of everything, which is a moist certainty, and the cupidity of everybody, which is a diabolical fact, and the Indians and niggers everywhere, which is a satanic truth.

Another glass of beer—'twas forthcoming—immediately—also another, all of which I drank. I then proceeded to drink a glass of beer; went over to the States, where I procured a glass of beer—went up-stairs, for which I paid a sixpence; over to Goat Island, for which I disbursed twenty-five cents; hired a guide, to whom I paid half a dollar—sneezed four times, at nine cents a sneeze—went up on the tower for a quarter of a dollar, and looked at the Falls—didn't feel sublime any; tried to, but couldn't; took some beer, and tried again, but failed—drank a glass of beer and began to feel better—thought the waters were sent for and were on a journey to the—; thought the place below was one sea of beer—was going to jump down and get some; guide held me; sent him over to the hotel to get a glass of beer, while I tried to write some poetry—results as follows:

Oh thou (spray in one eye) awful, (small lobster in one shoe,) sublime (both feet wet) master-piece of (what a lie) the Almighty! terrible and majestic art thou in thy tremendous might—awful (orful) to behold, (cramp in my right shoulder,) gigantic, huge and nice! Oh, thou that tumblest down and riseth up in misty majesty to heaven—thou glorious parent of a thousand rainbows—what a huge, grand, awful, terrible, tremendous, infinite, old swindling humbug you are; what are you doing there, you rapids, you—you know you've tumbled over there, and can't get up again to save your puny existence; you make a great fuss, don't you?

Man came back with the beer, drank it to the last drop, and wished there had been a gallon more—walked out on a rock to the edge of the fall, woman on the shore very much frightened—I told her not to get excited if I fell over, as I

would step right up again—it would not be much of a fall anyhow—got a glass of beer of a man, another of a woman, and another of two small boys with a pail—fifteen minutes elapsed when I purchased some more of an Indian woman, and imbibed it through a straw; it wasn't good—had to get a glass of beer to take the taste out of my mouth; legs began to tangle up, effects of the spray in my eyes, got hungry and wanted something to eat—went into an eating-house, called for a plate of beans, when the plate brought the waiter in his hand. I took it, hung up my beef and beans on a nail, eat my hat, paid the dollar a nigger, and sided out on the step-walk, bought a boy of a glass of dog with a small beer and a neck on his tail with a collar with a spot on the end—felt funny, sick—got some soda-water in a tin-cup, drank the cup and placed the soda on the counter, and paid for the money full of pocket—very bad headache; rubbed it against the lamp-post and then stumped along; station-house came along and said if I did not go straight he'd take me to the watchman—tried to oblige the station-house, very civil station-house, very—met a baby with an Irish woman and a wheel-barrow in it; couldn't get out of the way; she wouldn't walk on the side-walk, but insisted on going on both sides of the street at once; tried to walk between her; consequence collision, awful, knocked out the wheelbarrow's nose, broke the Irish woman all to pieces, baby loose, court-house handy, took me to the constable, jury sat on me, and the jail said the magistrate must take me to the constable; objected; the dungeon put me into the darkest constable in the city; got out, and here I am, prepared to stick to my original opinion.

Niagara, non est excelsus (ego fui) humbug est! indignus admirationi!

MORTIMER M. THOMPSON.

### AN ORIGINAL LOVE STORY.

He struggled to kiss her. She struggled the same  
To prevent him so bold and undaunted;  
But, as smitten by lightning, he heard her exclaim,  
'Avaunt, Sir!' and off he avaulted.

But when he returned, with the fiendishst laugh,  
Showing clearly that he was affronted,  
And threaten'd by main force to carry her off,  
She cried 'Dont!' and the poor fellow donted.

When he meekly approached, and sat down at her feet,  
Praying loudly, as before he had ranted,  
That she would forgive him, and try to be sweet,  
And said 'Cant you!' the dear girl recanted.

Then softly he whispered, 'How could you do so?  
I certainly thought I was jilted;  
But come thou with me, to the parson we'll go;  
Say, wilt thou, my dear?' and she wilted.

### THE TOPER AND THE FLIES.

PETER PINDAR, (*Dr. Wolcott.*)

A group of toppers at a table sat,  
With punch that much regales the thirsty soul:  
Flies soon the party join'd, and join'd the chat,  
Humming, and pitching round the mantling bowl.

At length those flies got drunk, and for their sin,  
Some hundreds lost their legs and tumbled in;  
And sprawling 'midst the gulf profound,  
Like Pharaoh and his daring host, were drown-ed.

Wanting to drink—one of the men  
Dipp'd from the bowl the drunken host,  
And drank-taking care that none were lost,  
He put in every mother's son agen.

Up jumped the Bacchanalian crew on this,  
Taking it very much amiss—  
Swearing, and in the attitude to smite:—  
'Lord!' cried the man with gravely-lifted eyes,  
'Though I don't like to swallow flies,  
I did not know but *others might.*'

## DEVIL-PUZZLERS.

It will not do at all to disbelieve in the existence of a personal devil. It is not so many years ago that one of our profoundest divines remarked with indignation upon such disbelief. "No such person?" cried the doctor with energy. "Don't tell me! I can hear his tail snap and crack about amongst the churches any day!"

And if the enemy is, in truth, still as vigorously active among the sons of God as he was in the days of Job (that is to say, in the time of Solomon, when, as the critics have found out, the Book of Job was written), then surely still more is he vigilant and sly in his tricks for foreclosing his mortgages upon the souls of the wicked.

And once more: still more than ever is his personal appearance probable in these latter days. The everlasting tooting of the wordy Cumming has proclaimed the end of all things for a quarter of a century; and he will surely see his prophecy fulfilled if he can only keep it up long enough. But, though we discredit the sapient Second-Adventist as to the precise occasion of the diabolic avatar, has there not been a strange coincidence between his noisy declarations, and other evidence of an approximation of the spiritual to the bodily sphere of life? Is not this same quarter of a century that of the Spiritists? Has it not witnessed the development of Od? And of clairvoyance? And have not the doctrines of ghosts, and re-appearance of the dead, and of messages from them, risen into a prominence entirely new, and into a coherence and semblance at least of fact and fixed law such as was never known before? Yea, verily. Of all times in the world's history, to reject out of one's beliefs either good spirits or bad, angelology or diabolology, chief good being, or chief bad being, this is the most improper.

Dr. Hicok was trebly liable to the awful temptation, under which he had assuredly fallen, over and above the fact that he was a prig, which makes one feel the more glad that he was so handsomely come up with in the end; such a prig that everybody who knew him, invariably called him (when he wasn't by) Hicok-

alorum. This charming surname had been conferred on him by a crazy old fellow with whom he once got into a dispute. Lunatics have the most awfully tricky ways of dodging out of pinches in reasoning; but Hicok knew too much to know *that*; and so he acquired his fine title to teach him one thing more.

Trebly liable, we said. The three reasons are—

1. He was foreign-born.
2. He was a Scotchman.
3. He was a physician and surgeon.

The way in which these causes operated was as follows (I wish it were allowable to use Artemas Ward's curiously satisfactory vocable "thusly:" like Mrs. Winslow's soothing syrup, it "supplies a real want"):

Being foreign-born, Dr. Hicok had not the unflinching moral stamina of a native American, and therefore was comparatively easily beset by sin. Being, secondly, a Scotchman, he was not only thoroughly conceited, with a conceit as immovable as the Bass Rock, just as other folks sometimes are, but, in particular, he was perfectly sure of his utter mastery of metaphysics, logic and dialectics, or, as he used to call it, with a snobbish Teutonicalization, *dialektik*. Now, in the latter two, the Scotch can do something, but in metaphysics they are simply imbecile; which quality, in the inscrutable providence of God, has been joined with an equally complete conviction of the exact opposite. Let not man, therefore, put those traits asunder—not so much by reason of any divine ordinance, as because no man in his senses would try to convince a Scotchman—or any body else, for that matter.

Thirdly, he was a physician and surgeon; and gentlemen of this profession are prone to become either thoroughgoing materialists, or else implicit and extreme Calvinistic Presbyterians, "of the large blue kind." And they are, moreover, positive, hard-headed, bold, and self-confident. So they have good need to be. Did not Majendie say to his students, "Gentlemen, disease is a subject which physicians know nothing about?"

So the doctor both believed in the existence of a personal devil, and believed in his own ability to get the upper hand of that individual in a tournament of the wits. Ah, he learned better by terrible

experience! The doctor was a dry-looking little chap, with sandy hair, a freckled face, small gray eyes, and absurd white eyebrows and eyelashes, which made him look as if he had finished off his toilet with just a light flourish from the dredging-box. He was erect of carriage, and of a prompt, ridiculous alertness of step and motion, very much like that of Major Wellington De Boots. And his face commonly wore a kind of complacent serenity such as the Hindoos ascribe to Buddha. I know a little snappish dentist's goods dealer up town, who might be mistaken for Hicok-alorum any day.

Well, well—what had the doctor done? Why—it will sound absurd, probably, to some unbelieving people—but really Dr. Hicok confessed the whole story to me himself: he had made a bargain with the evil one! And indeed he was such an uncommonly disagreeable-looking fellow, that, unless on some such hypothesis, it is impossible to imagine how he could have prospered as he did. He gained patients, and cured them too; made money; invested successfully; bought a brown-stone front—a house not a wiglet—then bought other real estate; began to put his name on charity subscription lists, and to be made vice-president of various things.

Chiefest of all—it must have been by some superhuman aid that Dr. Hicok married his wife, the then and present Mrs. Hicok. Dear me! I have described the doctor easily enough. But how infinitely more difficult it is to delineate Beauty than the Beast: did you ever think of it? All I can say is, that she is a very lovely woman now; and she must have been, when the doctor married her, one of the loveliest creatures that ever lived—a lively, graceful, bright-eyed brunette, with thick fine long black hair, pencilled delicate eyebrows, little pink ears, thin high nose, great astonished brown eyes, perfect teeth, a little rosebud of a mouth, and a figure so extremely beautiful that nobody believed she did not pad; hardly even the artists who—those of them at least who work faithfully in the life-school—are the very best judges extant of truth in costume and personal beauty. But, furthermore, she was good, with the innocent unconscious goodness of a sweet little child; and of all feminine charms—even beyond her supreme grace of motion—

she possessed the sweetest, the most resistless—a lovely voice; whose tones, whether in speech or song, were perfect in sweetness, and with a strange penetrating sympathetic quality, and at the same time with the most wonderful half-delaying completeness of articulation and modulation, as if she enjoyed the sound of her own music. No doubt she did; but it was unconsciously, like a bird. The voice was so sweet, the great loveliness and kindness of soul it expressed were so deep, that, like every exquisite beauty, it rayed forth a certain sadness within the pleasure it gave. It awakened infinite, indistinct emotions of beauty and perfection—infinite longings.

It's of no use to tell me that such a spirit—she really ought not to be noted so low down as amongst human beings—that such a spirit could have been made glad by becoming the yoke-fellow of Hicok-alorum, by influences exclusively human. No!—I don't believe it—I won't believe it—it can't be believed. I can't convince you, of course, for you don't know her; but if you did, along with the rest of the evidence, and if your knowledge was like mine—that from the testimony of mine own eyes and ears and judgment—you would know just as I do, that the doctor's possession of his wife was the keystone of the arch of completed proof on which I found my absolute assertion that he had made that bargain.

He certainly had! A most characteristic transaction too; for while, after the usual fashion, it was agreed by the "party of the first part"—viz., Old Scratch—that Dr. Hicok should succeed in whatever he undertook during twenty years, and by the party of the second part, that at the end of that time the D———should fetch him in manner and form as is ordinarily provided, yet there was added a peculiar clause. This was, that, when the time came for the doctor to depart, he should be left entirely whole and unharmed, in mind, body, and estate, provided he could put to the Devil three consecutive questions, of which either one should be such that that cunning spirit could not solve it on the spot.

So for twenty years Dr. Hicok lived and prospered, and waxed very great. He did not gain one single pound avoirdupois, however, which may perchance seem strange, but is the most natural

thing in the world. Who ever saw a little, dry, wiry, sandy freckled man, with white eyebrows, that did grow fat? And, besides, the doctor spent all his leisure time in hunting up his saving trinity of questions; and hard study, above all for such a purpose, is as sure an anti-fattener as Banting.

He knew the Scotch metaphysicians by heart already, *ex-officio* as it were; but he very early gave up the idea of trying to fool the Devil with such mud-pie as that. Yet be it understood, that he found cause to except Sir William Hamilton from the muddle-headed crew. He chewed a good while, and pretty hopefully, upon the Quantification of the Predicate; but he had to give that up too, when he found out how small and how dry a meat rattled within the big, noisy nut-shell. He read Saint Thomas Aquinas, and Peter Dens, and a cartload more of old casuists, Romanist and Protestant.

He exhausted the learning of the Development Theory. He studied and experimented up to the existing limits of knowledge on the question of the Origin of life, and then poked out alone, as much farther as he could, into the ineffable black darkness that is close at the end of our noses on that, as well as most other questions. He hammered his way through the whole controversy on the Freedom of the Will. He mastered the whole works of Mr. Henry C. Carey on one side, and of two hundred and fifty English capitalists and American college professors on the other, on the question of Protection or Free Trade. He made, with vast pains, an extensive collection of the questions proposed at debating societies and college-students' societies with long Greek names. The last effort was a failure. Dr. Hicok had got the idea, that, from the spontaneous activity of so many free young geniuses, many wondrous and suggestive thoughts would be born. Having however, tabulated his collection, he found, that, among all these innumerable gymnasia of intellect, there were only seventeen questions debated! The doctor read me a curious little memorandum of his conclusions on this unexpected fact, which will perhaps be printed some day.

He investigated many other things too; for a sharp-witted little Presbyterian Scotch doctor, working to cheat the Devil

out of his soul, can accomplish an amazing deal in twenty years. He even went so far as to take into consideration mere humbugs; for, if he could cheat the enemy with a humbug, why not? The only pain in that case, would be the mortification of having stooped to an inadequate adversary—a foeman unworthy of his steel. So he weighed such queries as the scholastic brocard, *An chimæra bombinans in vacuo, decorat secundas intentiones?* and that beautiful moot point wherewith Sir Thomas More silenced the challenging schoolmen of Bruges, *An averia carrucæ capta in vetitonamio sint irreplegibilia?*

He glanced a little at the subject of conundrums; and among the chips from his workshop is a really clever theory of conundrums. He has a classification and discussion of them, all his own, and quite ingenious and satisfactory, which divides them into answerable, and unanswerable, and under each of these, into resemblant and differential.

For instance: let the four classes be distinguished with the initials of these four terms A. R., A. D., U. R., and U. D.; you will find that the Infinite Possible Conundrum (so to speak) can always be reduced under one of those four heads. Using symbols, as they do in discussing syllogism—indeed, by the way, a conundrum is only a jocular variation in the syllogism, an intentional fallacy for fun (read Whately's Logic, Book III., and see if it isn't so)—using symbols, I say, you have these four "figures":—

I. (A. R.) Why is A like B? (answerable): as, Why is a gentleman, who gives a young lady a young dog, like a person who rides rapidly up hill? A. Because he gives a gallop up (gal-a-pup).

*Sub-variety*; depending upon violation of something like the "principle of excluded middle," a very fallacy of a fallacy; such as the ancient "nigger-minstrel" case, Why is an elephant like a brick? A. Because neither of them can climb a tree.

II. (A. D.) Why is A *unlike* B? (answerable) usually put thus: What is the difference between A and B? (Figure I., if worded in the same style, would become, "What is the similarity between A and B?"): as, What is the difference between the old United States Bank and the Fulton Ferryboat signals in thick weather? A. One is a fog whistle and the other is a Whig "fossil."



III. (U. R.) Why is A like B? (unanswerable): as Charles Lamb's well-known question, Is that your own hare or a wig?

IV. (U. D.) Why is A *unlike* B? (unanswerable) i. e., What is the difference, &c., as, What is the difference between a fac-simile and a sick family; or between hydraulics and raw-hide licks?

But let me not diverge too far into frivolity. All the hopefully difficult questions, Dr. Hicok set down and classified. He compiled a set of rules on the subject, and, indeed, developed the whole philosophy of it by which he struck off, as soluble, questions or classes of them. Some he thought out himself; others were now and then answered in some learned book, that led the way through the very heart of one or another of his biggest mill stones.

So it was really none too much time that he had; and, in truth, he did not actually decide upon his three questions, until just a week before the fearful day when he was to put them.

It came at last, as every day of reckoning surely comes; and Dr. Hicok, memorandum in hand, sat in his comfortable library about three o'clock on one beautiful warm summer afternoon, as pale as a sheet, his heart thumping away like Mr. Krupp's biggest steam-hammer at Essen, his mouth and tongue parched and feverish, a pitcher of cold water at hand from which he sipped and sipped, though it seemed as if his throat repelled it "into the globular state," or dispersed it into steam, as red-hot iron does. Around him were the records of the vast army of doubters and quibblers in whose works he had been hunting, as a traveller labors through a jungle, for the deepest doubts, the most remote inquiries.

Sometimes, with that sort of hardihood, rather than reason, which makes a desperate man try to believe by his will what he longs to know to be true, Dr. Hicok would say to himself, "I know I've got him!" And then his heart would seem to fall out of him, it sank so suddenly, and with so deadly a faintness, as the other side of his awful case loomed before him, and he thought, "But if—?" He would not finish *that* question: he could not. The furthest point to which he could bring himself was, that of a sort of icy outer stiffening of acquiescence in the inevitable.

There was a ring at the street-door. The servant brought in a card, on a silver salver.

Mr. Apollo Egon.

"Show the gentleman in," said the doctor. He spoke with difficulty; for the effort to control his own nervous excitement was so immense an exertion, that he hardly had the self-command and muscular energy even to articulate.

The servant returned, and ushered into the library a handsome, youngish, middle-aged and middle-sized gentleman, pale, with large melancholy black eyes, and dressed in the most perfect and quiet style.

The doctor arose, and greeted his visitor with a degree of steadiness and politeness that did him the greatest credit.

"How do you do, sir?" he said: "I am happy"—but it struck him that he wasn't, and he stopped short.

"Very right, my dear sir," replied the guest, in a voice that was musical but perceptibly sad, or rather patient in tone. "Very right; how hollow those formulas are! I hate all forms and ceremonies! But I am glad to see *you*, doctor. Now, that is really the fact."

No doubt! "Divil doubt him!" as an Irishman would say. So is a cat glad to see a mouse in its paw. Something like these thoughts arose in the doctor's mind; he smiled as affably as he could, and requested the visitor to be seated.

"Thanks!" replied he, and took the chair which the doctor moved up to the table for him. He placed his hat and gloves on the table. There was a brief pause, as might happen if two friends sat at their ease for a chat on matters and things in general. The visitor turned over a volume or two that lay on the table.

"The Devil," he read from one of them; "His Origin, Greatness, Decadence. By the Rev. A. Reville, D. D."

"Ah!" he commented quietly. "A Frenchman, I observe. If it had been an Englishman, I should fancy he wrote the

book for the sake of the rhyme in the title. Do you know, doctor, I fancy that incredulity of his will substitute one dash for the two periods in the reverend gentlemen's degree! I know no one greater condition of success in some lines of operation, than to have one's existence thoroughly disbelieved in."

The doctor forced himself to reply: "I hardly know how I came to have the book here. Yet he does make out a pretty strong case. I confess I would like to be certified that he is right. Suppose you allow yourself to be convinced?" And the poor fellow grinned; it couldn't be called a smile.

"Why, really, I'll look into it. I've considered the point though, not that I'm sure I could choose. And you know, as the late J. Milton very neatly observed, one would hardly like to lose one's intellectual being, 'though full of pain;' and he smiled, not unkindly but sadly, and then resumed: "A Bible too. Very good edition. I remember seeing it stated that a professional person made it his business to find errors of the press in one of the Bible Society's editions—this very one, I think; and the only one he could discover was a single 'wrong font.' Very accurate work—very!"

He had been turning over the leaves indifferently as he spoke, and laid the volume easily back. "Curious old superstition that," he remarked, "that certain personages were made uncomfortable by this work!" And he gave the doctor a glance, as much as to ask, in the most delicate manner in the world, "Did you put that there to scare me with?"

I think the doctor blushed a little. He had not really expected, you know—still, in case there should be any prophylactic influence—? No harm done, in any event; and that was precisely the observation made by the guest.

"No harm done, my dear fellow!" he said, in his calm, quiet, musical voice. No good, either, I imagine they both of them added to themselves.

There is an often repeated observation that people under the pressure of an immeasurable misery or agony seem to take on a preternaturally sharp vision for minute details, such as spots in the carpet, and sprigs in the wall-paper, threads on a sleeve, and the like. Probably the doctor felt his influence. He had dallied a

little, too, with the crisis; and so did his visitor—from different motives, no doubt; and, as he sat there, his eye fell on the card that had just been brought to him.

"I beg your pardon," he said; "but might I ask a question about your card?"

"Most certainly, doctor: what is it?"

"Why—it's always a liberty to ask questions about a gentleman's name, and we Scotchmen are, particularly sensitive on the point; but I have always been interested in the general subject of patronymatology."

The other, by a friendly smile and a deprecating wave of the hand, renewed his welcome to the doctor's question.

"Well, it's this: How did you come to decide upon the form of name—Mr. Apollo Lyon?"

"Oh! just a little fancy of mine. It's a newly-invented variable card, I believe they call it. There's a temporary ink arrangement. It struck me it was liable to abuse in case of an assumption of *aliases*; but perhaps that's none of my business. You can easily take off the upper name, and another one comes out underneath. I'm always interested in inventions. See."

And as the text, "But they have sought out many inventions," passed through Dr. Hicok's mind, the other drew forth a white handkerchief, and, rubbing the card in a careless sort of way, laid it down before the doctor. Perhaps the strain on the poor doctor's nerves was unsteady him by this time; he may have been right; but he seemed to see only one name, as if compounded from the former two.

Apollo.

And it seemed to be in red ink instead of black; and the lines seemed to creep and throb and glow, as if the red were the red of fire, instead of vermillion. But red is an extremely trying color to the eyes. However, the doctor, startled as he was, thought best not to raise any further queries, and only said, perhaps with some difficulty, "Very curious, I'm sure!"

"Well, doctor," said Mr. Lyon, or whatever his name was, "I don't want to hurry you, but I suppose we might as well have our little business over?"

"Why, yes. I suppose you wouldn't care to consider any question of compromises or substitutes?"

"I fear it's out of the question really," was the reply, most kindly in tone, but with perfect distinctness.

There was a moment's silence. It seemed to Dr. Hicok as if the beating of his heart must fill the room, it struck so heavily, and the blood seemed to urge with so loud a rush through the carotids up past his ears. "Shall I be found to have gone off with a rush of blood to the head?" he thought to himself. But—it can very often be done by a resolute effort—he gathered himself together as it were and with one powerful exertion mastered his disordered nerves. Then he lifted his memorandum, gave one glance at the sad, calm face opposite him, and spoke.

"You know they're every once in a while explaining a vote, as they call it, in Congress. It don't make any difference, I know; but it seems to me as if I should put you more fully in possession of my meaning, if I should just say a word or two, about the reasons for my selection."

The visitor bowed with his usual air of pleasant acquiescence.

"I am aware," said Dr. Hicok, "that my selection would seem thoroughly commonplace to most people. Yet nobody knows better than you do, my dear sir, that the oldest questions are the newest. The same vitality which is so strong in them, as to raise them as soon as thought begins, is infinite, and maintains them as long as thought endures. Indeed, I may say to you frankly, that it is by no means on novelty, but rather on antiquity, that I rely."

The doctor's hearer bowed with an air of approving interest. "Very justly reasoned," he observed. The doctor went on—

"I have, I may say—and under the circumstances I shall not be suspected of conceit—made pretty much the complete circuit of unsolved problems. They class exactly as those questions do which we habitually reckon as solved: under the three subjects to which they relate—God, the intelligent creation, the unintelligent

creation. Now, I have selected my questions accordingly—one for each of those divisions. Whether I have succeeded in satisfying the conditions necessary will appear quickly. But you see that I have not stooped to any quibbling, or begging, either. I have sought to protect myself by the honorable use of a masculine reason."

"Your observations interest me greatly," remarked the audience. "Not the less so, that they are so accurately coincident with my own habitual lines of thought—at least, so far as I can judge from what you have said. Indeed, suppose you had called upon me to help you prepare insoluble problems, I was bound, I suppose, to comply to the best of my ability; and, if I had done so, those statements of yours are thus far the very preface I supplied—I beg your pardon; should have supplied—you with. I fancy I could almost state the questions. Well?"—

All this was most kind and complimentary; but somehow it did not encourage the doctor in the least. He even fancied that he detected a sneer, as if his interlocutor had been saying, "Flutter away, old bird! That was *my bait* that you had been feeding on: you're safe enough; it is my net that holds you."

"*First Question*," said Dr. Hicok, with steadiness: "Reconcile the fore-knowledge and the fore-ordination of God with the free will of man."

"I thought so, of course," remarked the other. Then he looked straight into the doctor's keen little gray eyes with his deep melancholy black ones, and raised his slender forefinger. "Most readily. The reconciliation is *your own conscience*, doctor! Do what you know to be right, and you will find that there is nothing to reconcile—that you and your Maker have no debates to settle!"

The words were spoken with a weighty solemnity and conviction that were awful. The doctor had a conscience, though he had found himself practically forced, for the sake of success, to use a good deal of constraint with it—in fact, to lock it up, as it were, in a private madhouse, on an unfounded charge of lunacy. But the obstinate thing would not die, and would not lose its wits; and now all of a sudden, and from the very last quarter where it was to be expected, came a summons before whose intensity of just re-

quirement no bolts could stand. The doctor's conscience walked out of her prison, and came straight up to the field of battle and said—

"Give up the first question."

And he obeyed.

"I confess it," he said. "But how could I have expected a great basic truth, both religiously and psychologically so, from—from *you*?"

"Ah! my dear sir," was the reply: "you have erred in *that* line of thought, exactly as many others have. The truth is one and the same, to God, man, and devil."

"*Second Question*," said Dr. Hicok. "Reconcile the development theory, connection of natural selection and sexual selection, with the responsible immortality of the soul."

"Unquestionably," assented the other, as if to say, "Just as I expected."

"No theory of creation has any logical connection with any doctrine of immortality. What was the motive of creation?—*that* would be a question! If you had asked me *that*! But the question, 'Where did men come from?' has no bearing on the question, 'Have they any duties now that they are here?' The two are reconciled, because they do not differ. You can't state any inconsistency between a yard measure and a fifty-six pound weight."

The doctor nodded; he sat down; he took a glass of water, and pressed his hand to his heart. "Now, then," he said to himself, "once more! If I have to stand this fifteen minutes I shall be in *some* other world!"

The door from the inner room opened; and Mrs. Hicok came singing in, carrying, balanced upon her pretty pink forefinger, something or other of an airy bouquet-like fabric. Upon this she was looking with much delight.

"See, dear!" she said: "how perfectly lovely!"

Both gentlemen started, and the lady started too. She had not known of the visit; and she had not, until this instant, seen that her husband was not alone.

Dr. Hicok, of course, had never given her the key to his skeleton-closet; for he was a shrewd man. He loved her, too; and he thought he had provided for her absence during the ordeal. She had executed her shopping with unprecedented speed.

Why the visitor started, would be difficult to say. Perhaps her voice startled him. The happy music in it was enough like a beautified duplicate of his own thrilling sweet tones, to have made him acknowledge her for a sister—from heaven. He started, at any rate.

"Mr. Lyon, my wife," said the doctor, somewhat at a loss. Mr. Lyon bowed, and so did the lady.

"I beg your pardon, gentlemen, I am sure," she said. "I did not know you were busy, dear. There is a thunder-shower coming up. I drove home just in season."

"Oh!—only a little wager, about some conundrums," said the doctor. Perhaps he may be excused for his fib. He did not want to annoy her unnecessarily.

"Oh, do let me know!" she said with much eagerness. "You know how I enjoy them!"

"Well," said the doctor, "not exactly the ordinary kind. I was to puzzle my friend here with one out of three questions; and he has beaten me in two of them already. I've but one more chance."

"Only one?" she asked, with a smile. "What a bright man your friend must be! I thought nobody could puzzle you, dear. Stay; let me ask the other question."

Both the gentlemen started again: it was quite a surprise.

"But are you a married man, Mr. Lyon?" she asked, with a blush.

"No, madam," was the reply, with a very graceful bow—"I have a mother, but no wife. Permit me to say, that if I could believe there was a duplicate of yourself in existence, I would be as soon as possible."

"Oh, what a gallant speech!" said the lady. "Thank you, sir, very much;" and she made him a pretty little courtesy. "Then I am quite sure of my question, sir. Shall I, dear?"

The doctor quickly decided. "I am done for, any how," he reflected. "I begin to see that the old villain put those questions into my head himself. He hinted as much. I don't know but I'd rather she would ask it. It's better to have her kill me, I guess, than to hold out the carving-knife to him myself."

"With all my heart, my dear," said the doctor, "if Mr. Lyon consents."

Mr. Lyon looked a little disturbed; but

his manner was perfect, as he replied that he regretted to seem to disoblige, but that he feared the conditions of their little bet would not allow it.

"Beg your pardon, I'm sure, for being so uncivil," said the lively little beauty, as she whispered a few words in her husband's ear.

This is what she said—

"What's mine's yours, dear. Take it. Ask him—buzz, buzz, buzz."

The doctor nodded. Mrs. Hicok stood by him and smiled, still holding in her pretty pink fore-finger the frail shimmering thing just mentioned; and she gave it a twirl, so that it swung quite round. "Isn't it a love of a bonnet?" she said.

"Yes," the doctor said aloud. "I adopt the question."

*"Third Question. Which is the front side of this?"*

And he pointed to the bonnet. It must have been a bonnet, because Mrs. Hicok called it so. I shouldn't have known it from the collection of things in a kaleidoscope, bunched up together.

The lady stood before him, and twirled the wondrous fabric round and round, with the prettiest possible unconscious roguish look of defiance. The doctor's very heart stood still.

"Put it on, please," said Mr. Lyon, in the most innocent way in the world.

"Oh, no!" laughed she. "I know I'm only a woman, but I'm not quite so silly! But I tell you what: you may put it on, if you think that will help you!" And she held out the mystery to him.

Confident in his powers of discrimination Mr. Lyon took hold of the fairy-like combination of sparkles and threads and feathers and flowers, touching it with that sort of timid apprehension that bachelors use with a baby. He stood before the glass over the mantel-piece. First he put it across his head with one side in front, and then with the other. Then he put it lengthways on his head, and tried the effect of tying one of the two couples of strings under each of his ears. Then he put it on, the other side up; so that it swam on his head like a boat, with a high mounted bow and stern. More than once he did all this, with obvious care and thoughtfulness.

Then he came slowly back, and resumed his seat. It was growing very dark, though they had not noticed it; for the thunder-

shower had been hurrying on, and already its advanced guard of wind, heavy-laden with the smell of the rain, could be heard, and a few large drops splashed on the window.

The beautiful wife of the doctor laughed merrily to watch the growing discomposure of the visitor, who returned the bonnet, with undiminished courtesy, but with obvious constraint of manner.

He looked down; he drummed on the table; he looked up; and both the doctor and the doctor's wife were startled at the intense sudden anger in the dark, handsome face. Then he sprang up, and went to the window. He looked out a moment, and then said—

"Upon my word, that is going to be a very sharp squall! The clouds are very heavy. If I'm any judge, something will be struck. I can feel the electricity in the air."

While he still spoke, the first thunderbolt crashed overhead. It was one of those close, sudden, overpoweringly awful explosions from clouds very heavy and very near, where the lightning and the thunder leap together out of the very air close about you, even as if you were in them. It was an unendurable burst of sound, and of the intense white sheety light of very near lightning. Dreadfully frightened, the poor little lady clung close to her husband. He, poor man, if possible yet more frightened, exhausted as he was by what he had been enduring, fainted dead away. Don't blame him: a cast-iron bull-dog might have fainted.

Mrs. Hicok, thinking that her husband was struck dead and by the lightning, screamed terribly. Then she touched him; and, seeing what was really the matter, administered cold water from the pitcher on the table. Shortly he revived.

"Where is he?" he said.

"I don't know, love. I thought you were dead. He must have gone away. Did it strike the house?"

"Gone away? Thank God! Thank you, dear! cried out the doctor.

Not knowing any adequate cause for so much emotion, she answered him—

"Now, love, don't you ever say women are not practical. That was a practical question, you see. But didn't it strike the house? What a queer smell. Ozone: isn't that what you were telling me about? How funny, that lightning should have a smell!"

"I believe there's no doubt of it," observed Dr. Hicok.

Mr. Apollo Lyon had really gone, though just how or when, nobody could say.

"My dear," said Dr. Hicok, "I do so like that bonnet of yours! I don't wonder it puzzled him. It would puzzle the Devil himself. I firmly believe I shall call it your Devil-puzzler."

But he never told her what the puzzle had been.

FRED. B. PERKINS.

Pub. by G. P. Putnam's Sons, (1877).

### A GENTLE ECHO ON WOMAN.

*In the Doric manner.*

DEAN SWIFT.

*Shepherd.* ECHO, I ween, will in the woods reply,  
And quaintly answer questions: shall I try?

*Echo.* Try.

*Shep.* What must we do our passion to express?

*Echo.* Press.

*Shep.* How shall I please her, who ne'er loved before?

*Echo.* Before.

*Shep.* What most moves women when we them address?

*Echo.* A dress.

*Shep.* Say, what can keep her chaste whom I adore?

*Echo.* A door.

*Shep.* If music softens rocks, love tunes my lyre.

*Echo.* Liar.

*Shep.* Then teach me, Echo, how shall I come by her?

*Echo.* Buy her.

*Shep.* When bought, no question I shall be her dear?

*Echo.* Her deer.

*Shep.* But deer have horns: how must I keep her under?

*Echo.* Keeper under.

*Shep.* But what can glad me when she's laid on bier?

*Echo.* Beer.

*Shep.* What must I do when women will be kind?

*Echo.* Be kind.

*Shep.* What must I do when women will be cross?

*Echo.* Be cross.

*Shep.* Lord, what is she that can so turn and wind?

*Echo.*

*Shep.* If she be wind, what stills her when she blows?

*Echo.* Blows.

*Shep.* But if she bang again, still should I bang her?

*Echo.* Bang her.

*Shep.* Is there no way to moderate her anger?

*Echo.* Hang her.

*Shep.* Thanks, gentle Echo! right thy answers tell

What woman is and how to guard her well.

*Echo.*

Guard her well.

### SAINT PATRICK.

DR. MAGINN.

[WILLIAM MAGINN, LL.D., the 'Modern Rabelais' and 'Sir Morgan O'Doherty' of *Blackwood and Fraser*, and who is immortalized in the *Noctes Ambrosianae*, was one of the most fertile and versatile writers of modern days. Born at Cork 1793, died 1842.]

A fig for St. Dennis of France,

He's a trumpery fellow to brag on;

A fig for St. George and his lance,

Which spitted a heathenish dragon.

And the Saints of the Welshman or Scot,

Are a couple of pitiful pipers,

Both of whom may just travel to pot,

Compared with the patron of swipers,—

St. Patrick of Ireland, my dear!

He came to the Emerald Isle

On a lump of a paving-stone mounted;

The steamboat he beat by a mile,

Which mighty good sailing was counted.

Says he, 'The salt-water, I think,

Has made me most bloodily thirsty,

So bring me a flagon of drink

To keep down the mullegrubs, burst ye!

Of drink that is fit for a saint!

He preach'd then with wonderful force,

The ignorant natives a-teaching;

With a pint he wash'd down his discourse,

'For,' says he, 'I detest your dry preaching.'

The people, with wonderment struck,

At a pastor so pious and civil,

Exclaim'd, 'We're for you old buck,

And we pitch our blind gods to the devil,

Who dwells in hot water below.'

This ended, our worshipful spoon

Went to visit an elegant fellow,

Whose practice each cool afternoon,

Was to get most delightfully mellow.

That day, with a black jack of beer,  
It chanced he was treating a party;  
Says the Saint, 'This good day, do you hear,  
I drank nothing to speak of, my hearty;  
So give me a pull at the pot.'

The pewter he lifted in sport  
(Believe me I tell you no fable),  
A gallon he drank from the quart,  
And then planted it full on the table.  
'A miracle!' every one said,  
And they all took a pull at the stingo;  
They were capital hands at the trade,  
And drank till they fell; yet, by jingo!  
The pot still froth'd over the brim.

Next day, quoth his host, 'Tis a fast,  
But I've nought in my larder but mutton;  
And on Fridays who'd make such repast,  
Except an unchristian-like glutton?'  
Says Pat, 'Cease your nonsense, I beg,  
What you tell me is nothing but gammon;  
Take my compliments down to the leg,  
And bid it come hither a salmon!'  
And the leg most politely complied.

You've heard, I suppose, long ago,  
How the snakes in a manner most antic,  
He march'd to the county Mayo,  
And trundled them into th' Atlantic.  
Hence not to use water for drink  
The people of Ireland determine;  
With mighty good reason I think,  
Since St. Patrick has fill'd it with vermin,  
And vipers, and other such stuff.

Oh! he was an elegant blade,  
As you'd meet from Fair Head to Kilcum-  
per,  
And though under the sod he is laid,  
Yet here goes his health in a bumper!  
I wish he was here that my glass  
He might by art magic replenish;  
But as he is not, why, alas!  
My ditty must come to a finish,  
Because all the liquor is out.

### THE MILKMAID.

ONCE on a time a rustic dame  
(No matter for the lady's name)  
Wrapt up in deep imagination,  
Indulged her pleasing contemplation;  
While on a bench she took her seat,  
And placed the milk-pail at her feet.

Oft in her hand she clink'd the pence,  
The profits which arose from thence;  
While fond ideas fill'd her brain  
Of layings up, and monstrous gain,  
Till every penny which she told  
Creative fancy turn'd to gold;  
And reasoning thus from computation,  
She spoke aloud her meditation.

'Please heaven but to preserve my health,  
No doubt I shall have store of wealth;  
It must of consequence ensue  
I shall have store of lovers too.  
Oh, how I'll break their stubborn hearts  
With all the pride of female arts.  
What suitors then will kneel before me!  
Lords, Earls, and Viscounts shall adore me.  
When in my gilded coach I ride,  
My Lady, at his Lordship's side,  
How will I laugh at all I meet  
Clattering in pattens down the street!  
And Lobbin then I'll mind no more,  
Howe'er I loved him heretofore;  
Or, if he talks of plighted truth,  
I will not hear the simple youth,  
But rise indignant from my seat,  
And spurn the lubber from my feet.'

Action, alas! the speaker's grace,  
Ne'er came in more improper place,  
For in the tossing forth her shoe  
What fancied bliss the maid o'erthrew!  
While down at once with hideous fall,  
Came lovers, wealth, and milk, and all.

R. LLOYD, 1733-1764.

### A DISGUSTED LOBSTER.

"BRIDGET, what did your mistress say she would have for dinner?" "Broil the lobster!" "Are you sure, Bridget?" "Entirely; get the grid-iron." Mary got the grid-iron, and placed it on the fire. She then placed the live lobster on the grid-iron. Intermission of five minutes, after which the dialogue was resumed, as follows: "Did you broil that lobster, Mary?" "Niver a broil! The more I poked the fire, the more he walked off. The baste's haunted; I'll try no more. No good will come from cooking a straddle-bug like that." "And where is the lobster?" "Faith, the last I saw of him, he was going out of the door with his tail at half-mast, like a wild maniac that he was!"

## HANDY ANDY.

[SAMUEL LOVER, artist, novelist, song-writer and composer, was the son of a stock-broker in Dublin, and was born in that city in 1797. At an early age he showed a great desire to become an artist, and with genius and perseverance, succeeded so far that, in 1828, he was elected a member of the royal Hibernian Society of arts. He discovered that he possessed a genius for authorship as well as for art, and was encouraged to make some attempts in that direction by the favourable opinion of Thomas Moore. In 1832, he published a collection of short pieces, entitled *Legends and stories of Ireland* by Samuel Lover, R. H. A., with six etchings by the author, (12mo. Dublin) which was favorably received, and followed by a second series, published in London in 1834. In 1837 Mr. Lover settled in London, and having made authorship his profession, contributed largely to the periodical literature of the day. He also wrote *Bory O'More*, a romance of Irish life, which immediately became popular. Its production on the stage, with the excellent acting of Power in the principal character, made the author still more known. His next publication, *Handy Andy*, contributed to *Bentley's Miscellany*; (which we republish as it then appeared), was subsequently added to considerably and published in book form, but the latter part is not equal to the original publication—which is by competent judges considered his masterpiece. He died in July 1868, aged 71.]

ANDY ROONEY was a fellow who had the most singularly ingenious knack of doing everything the wrong way; disappointment waited on all affairs in which he bore a part, and destruction was at his fingers' ends; so the nick-name the neighbors stuck upon him was Handy Andy, and the jeering jingle pleased them.

Andy's entrance into this world was quite in character with his after achievements, for he was nearly the death of his mother. She survived, however, to have herself clawed almost to death while her darling "baby" was in arms, for he would not take his nourishment from the parent fount unless he had one of his little red fists twisted into his mother's hair, which he dragged till he made her roar; while he diverted the pain by scratching her, till the blood came with his other. Nevertheless, she swore he was "the loveliest and sweetest craythur the sun ever shined upon;" and when he was able to run about and wield a little stick, and smash everything breakable belonging to her, she only praised

his precocious powers, and she used to ask, "Did ever any one see a darlin' of his age handle a stick so bowld as he did?"

Andy grew up in mischief and the admiration of his mammy; but, to do him justice, he never meant harm in the course of his life, and he was most anxious to offer his services on all occasions to those who would accept them; but *they* were only persons who had not already proved Andy's peculiar powers.

There was a farmer hard by in this happy state of ignorance, named Owen Doyle, or as he was familiarly called *Owny na Coppal*, or, "Owen of the Horses," because he bred many of these animals and sold them at the neighboring fairs; and Andy one day offered his services to Owny, when he was in want of somebody to drive up a horse to his house from a distant "bottom" as low grounds by a river-side are called in Ireland.

"Oh, he's wild, Andy, and you'll never be able to ketch him," said Owny.

"Troth, an' I'll engage I'll ketch him if you'll let me go. I never seen the horse I couldn't ketch sir," said Andy.

"Why, you little spridhogue, if he took to runnin' over the long bottom, it 'ud be more than a day's work for you to folly him."

"Oh, but he won't run."

"Why won't he run?"

"Bekaze I won't make him run."

"How can you help it?"

"I'll soother him,"

"Well, you're a willing brat anyhow; and so go on, and God speed you!" said Owny.

"Just give me a wisp o' hay an' a han'ful iv oats," said Andy, "if I should have to coax him."

"Sartinly," said Owny, who entered the stable and came forth with the articles required by Andy, and a halter for the horse also.

"Now, take care," said Owny, "that you are able to ride that horse if you get on him."

"Oh, never fear, sir. I can ride owld Lanty's Gubbins' mule better nor any o' the boys on the common, and he couldn't throw me the other day, though he kicked the shoes av him."

"After that you may ride anything," said Owny; and indeed it was true; for



Lanty's mule, which fed on the common, being ridden shily by all the young vagabonds in the neighborhood, had become such an adept in the art of getting rid of his troublesome customers that it might well be considered a feat to stick on him.

"Now take great care of him, Andy, my boy," said the farmer.

"Don't be afeard, sir," said Andy, who started on his errand in that peculiar pace which is elegantly called a 'sweep's trot;' and as the river lay between Owny Doyle's and the bottom, and was too deep for Andy to ford at that season, he went round by Dinny Dowling's mill, where a small wooden bridge crossed the stream.

Here he thought he might as well secure the assistance of Paudeen, the miller's son, to help him in catching the horse: so he looked about the place until he found him, and telling him the errand upon which he was going, said, "If you like to come wid me, we can both have a ride." The last temptation was sufficient for Paudeen, and the boys proceeded together to the bottom, and they were not long in securing the horse. When they had got the halter over his head, "Now," said Andy, "give me a lift on him;" and accordingly, by Paudeen's catching Andy's left foot, in both his hands clasped together in the fashion of a stirrup, he hoisted his friend on the horse's back; and as soon as he was secure there, Master Paudeen, by the aid of Andy's hand, contrived to scramble up after him; upon which Andy applied his heel to the horse's side with many vigorous kicks, and crying "hyrrup!" at the same time, endeavoring to stimulate Owny's steed into something of a pace, as he turned his head toward the mill.

"Sure arn't you going to crass the river?" said Paudeen.

"No, I'm going to lave you at home."

"Oh, I'd rather go up to Owny's and it's the shortest way across the river."

"Yes, but I don't like."

"Is it afeard that you are?" said Paudeen.

"Not I, indeed!" said Andy; though it was really the fact, for the width of the stream startled him; "but Owny towld me to take great care o' the baste, and I'm loath to wet his feet."

"Go 'long wid you, you fool! What harm would it do him? Sure he's neither sugar nor salt that he'd melt."

"Well, I won't anyhow," said Andy, who by this time had got the horse into a good high trot, that shook every word of argument out of Paudeen's body; besides, it was as much as the boys could do, to keep their seats on Owny's Bucephalus, who was not long in reaching the miller's bridge. Here voice and halter were employed to pull him in, that he might cross the narrow wooden structure, at a quiet pace. But whether his double load had given him the idea of double exertion, or that the pair of legs on each side of him sticking into his flanks (and perhaps the horse was ticklish) made him go the faster, we know not; but the horse charged the bridge as if an Enniskilliner were on his back, and an enemy before him; and in two minutes his hoofs clattered like thunder on the bridge that did not bend beneath him. No, it did *not* bend, but it broke; proving the falsehood, of the boast, "I may break but I won't bend;" for, after all, the really strong may bend, and be as strong as ever: it is the unsound that has only the seeming of strength, which breaks at last when it resists too long.

Surprising was the spin the young equestrians took over the ears of the horse, enough to make all the artists of Astley's envious; and plump they went into the river where each formed his own ring and executed some comical "scenes in the circle," which were suddenly changed to evolutions on the "flying cord" that Dinny Dowling threw the performers, which became suddenly converted into a "tight rope," as he dragged *voltigeurs* out of the water; and for fear their blood might be chilled by the accident, he gave them an enormous thrashing with a dry end of the rope, just to restore circulation; and his exertions had they been witnessed would have charmed the Humane Society.

As for the horse, his legs stuck through the bridge, as though he had been put in a *chiroplast*, and he went playing away on the water with considerable execution, as if he was accompanying himself in the song which he was squealing at the top of his voice. Half the saws, hatchets, ropes, and poles in the parish were put in requisition immediately, and the horse's first lesson in *chiroplastic* exercises was performed with no other loss than some skin and a good deal of hair. Of course





*John Drew:*

*AS HARRY ADAMS*

GEORGE & CO.





Andy did not venture on taking Owny's horse home; so the miller sent him to his owner, with an account of the accident. Andy, for years kept out of Owny na Coppal's way; and at any time that his presence was troublesome, the inconvenienced party had only to say, "Isn't that Owny na Coppal coming this way?" and Andy fled for his life.

When Andy grew up to be what in country parlance is called "a brave lump of a boy," his mother thought he was old enough to do something for himself; so she took him one day along with her to the squire's and waited outside the door, loitering up and down the yard behind the house, among a crowd of beggars and great lazy dogs, that were thrusting their heads into every iron pot that stood outside the kitchen door, until chance might give her "a sight of the squire afore he wint out or afore he wint in;" and after spending her entire day in this idle way, at last the squire made his appearance, and Judy presented her son, who kept scraping his foot, and pulling his forelock, that stuck out like a piece of ragged thatch from his forehead, making his obeisance to the squire, while his mother was sounding his praises for being the "handiest crathur alive—and so willin'—nothin' comes wrong to him."

"I suppose the English of all this is, you want me to take him!" said the squire.

"Troth, an' your honor, that's just it—if your honor would be plazed."

"What can he do?"

"Anything, your honor."

"That means *nothing* I suppose," said the squire.

"Oh, no, sir. Everything, I mane that you would desire him to do."

"Can he take care of horses?"

"The best of care, sir," said the mother, while the miller, who was standing behind the squire, waiting for orders, made a grimace at Andy, who was obliged to cram his face into his hat to hide the laugh which he could hardly smother from being heard as well as seen.

"Let him come then, and help in the stables, and we'll see what we can do."

"May the Lord——"

"That'll do—there, now go."

"Oh, sure, but I'll pray for you, and——"

"Will you go?"

VOL. III.—W. H.

"And may the angels make your honor's bed this blessed night I pray."

"If you don't go, your son shan't come."

Judy and her hopeful boy turned to the right about in double-quick time, and hurried down the avenue.

The next day Andy was duly installed into his office of stable-helper' and, as he was a good rider, he was soon made whipper-in to the hounds, for there was want of such a functionary in the establishment. Andy's boldness in this capacity soon made him a favorite with the squire, who was one of those rollicking boys on the pattern of the old school, who scorned the attention of a regular valet, and let any one that chance threw in his way bring him his boots or his hot water for shaving, or his coat, whenever it *was* brushed. One morning, Andy, who was very often the attendant on such occasions, came to his room with hot water. He tapped at the door.

"Who's that?" said the squire, who had just risen, and did not know but it might be one of the women servants.

"It's me, sir."

"Oh—Andy! Come in."

"Here's the hot water, sir," said Andy, bearing an enormous tin can.

"Why, what the d—l brings that enormous tin can here? You might as well bring the stable-bucket."

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Andy, retreating. In two minutes more Andy came back, and, tapping at the door, put in his head cautiously, and said, "The maids in the kitchen, your honor, says there's not so much hot water ready."

"Did I not see it a moment since in your hand?"

"Yes sir; but that's not nigh the full o' the stable-bucket."

"Go along, you stupid thief! and get me some hot water directly."

"Will the can do, sir?"

"Ay, anything, so you make haste."

Off posted Andy, and back he came with the can.

"Where'll I put it, sir?"

"Throw this out," said the squire, handing Andy a jug containing some cold water, meaning the jug to be replenished with the hot.

Andy took the jug, and the window of the room being open, he very deliberately

threw the jug out. The Squire stared with wonder, and at last said:

"What did you do that for?"

"Sure you *could* me to throw it out, sir."

"Go out of this, you thick-headed villain!" said the squire throwing his boots at Andy's head, along with some very neat curses. Andy retreated, and thought himself a very ill-used person.

Though Andy's regular business was "whipper-in," yet he was liable to be called on for the performance of various other duties: he sometimes attended at table when the number of guests required that all the subs should be put in requisition, or rode on some distant errand for the "mistress," or drove out the nurse and children on the jaunting-car; and many were the mistakes, delays, or accidents, arising from Handy Andy's interference in such matters; but as they were seldom serious, and generally laughable, they never cost him the loss of his place, or the squire's favor, who rather enjoyed Andy's blunders.

The first time Andy was admitted to the mysteries of the dining-room, great was his wonder. The butler took him in to give him some previous instructions, and Andy was so lost in admiration at the sight of assembled glass and plate that he stood with his mouth and eyes wide open, and scarcely heard a word that was said to him. After the head man had been dinning his instructions into him for some time, he said he might go until his attendance was required. But Andy moved not; he stood with his eyes fixed by a sort of fascination on some object that seemed to rivet them with the same unaccountable influence which the rattlesnake exercises over its victim.

"What are you looking at?" said the butler.

"Them things, sir, said Andy, pointing to some silver forks.

"Is it the forks?" said the butler.

"Oh, no, sir! I know what forks is very well; but I never seen them things afore."

"What things do you mean?"

"These things, sir," said Andy, taking up one of the silver forks, and turning it round and round in his hand in utter astonishment, while the butler grinned at his ignorance, and enjoyed his own superior knowledge.

"Well!" said Andy, after a long pause, "the devil be from me if ever I seen a silver spoon split that way before!"

The butler gave a hoarse laugh, and made a standing joke of Andy's split spoon; but time and experience made Andy less impressed with wonder at the show of plate and glass, and the split spoons became familiar as household words to him; yet still there were things in the duties of table attendance beyond Andy's comprehension—he used to hand cold plates for fish, and hot plates for jelly, etc. But "one day," as Zanga says—"one day" he was thrown off his centre in a remarkable degree by a bottle of soda-water.

It was when that combustible was first introduced into Ireland as a dinner beverage that the occurrence took place, and Andy had the luck to be the person to whom a gentleman applied for some soda-water.

"Sir?" said Andy:

"Soda-water," said the guest in that subdued tone in which people are apt to name their wants at a dinner-table.

Andy went to the butler. "Mr. Morgan, there's a gentleman——"

"Let me alone will you?" said Mr. Morgan.

Andy maneuvered around him a little longer and again essayed to be heard.

"Mr. Morgan.

"Don't you see I'm as busy as I can be? Can't you do it yourself?"

"I dunna know what he wants."

"Well go and ax him," said Mr. Morgan.

Andy went off as he was bidden, and came behind the thirsty gentleman's chair, with "I beg your pardon, sir."

"Well," said the gentleman.

"I beg your pardon, sir, but what's this you axed me for?"

"Soda-water."

"What sir?"

"Soda-water; but, perhaps you have not any."

"Oh, there's plenty in the house, sir! Would you like it hot, sir?"

The gentleman laughed, and supposing the new fashion was not understood in present company, said, "Never mind."

But Andy was too anxious to please to be satisfied, and again applied to Morgan.

"Sir!" said he.

"Bad luck to you!—can't you let me alone?"

"There's a gentleman wants some soap and wather."

"Some what?"

"Soap and wather, sir."

"Divil sweep you!—Soda-wather you mane. You'll get it under the side-board."

"Is it in the can, sir?"

"The curse o' Crum'll on you! in the bottles."

"Is this it, sir?" said Andy, producing a bottle of ale.

"No, bad cess to you!—the little bottles."

"Is it the little bottles with no bottoms, sir?"

"I wish you wor in the bottom of the say!" said Mr. Morgan, who was fuming and puffing, and rubbing down his face with a napkin, as he was hurrying to all quarters of the room, or, as Andy said in praising his activity, that he was like bad luck—everywhere.

"There they are!" said Mr. Morgan at last.

"Oh, them bottles that won't stand," said Andy; "sure them's what I said with no bottoms to them. How'll I open it?—it's tied down."

"Cut the cord, you fool!"

Andy did as he was desired; and he happened at the time to hold the bottle of soda-water on a level with the candles that shed light over the festive board from a large silver branch, and the moment he made the incision, bang went the bottle of soda, knocking out two of the lights with the projected cork, which performed its parabola the length of the room, struck the squire himself in the eye at the foot of the table; while the hostess at the head had a cold bath down her back. Andy, when he saw the soda-water jumping out of the bottle, held it from him at arm's length; every fiz it made exclaiming, "Ow!—ow!—ow!" and at last, when the bottle was empty, he roared out, "Oh Lord!—it's all gone!"

Great was the commotion; few could resist laughter except the ladies, who all looked at their gowns, not liking the mixture of satin and soda-water. The extinguished candles were relighted—the squire got his eye open again—and the next time he perceived the butler sufficiently near to speak to him, he said in a low and hurried tone of deep anger,

while he knit his brow, "Send that fellow out of the room!" but, within the same instant, resumed his former smile, that beamed on all around as if nothing had happened.

Andy was expelled the *salle à manger* in disgrace, and for days kept out of the master and mistress' way; in the meantime the butler had made a good story of the thing in the servants' hall; and when he held up Andy's ignorance to ridicule, by telling how he asked for "soap and wather Andy was given the name of "Suds," and was called by no other for months after.

But though Andy's functions in the interior were suspended, his services in out-of-door affairs were occasionally put in requisition. But here his evil genius still haunted him, and he put his foot in a piece of business his master sent him upon one day, which was so simple as to defy almost the chance of Andy making any mistake about it; but Andy was very ingenious in his own particular line.

"Ride into the town and see if there's a letter for me," said the squire one day to our hero.

"Yes, sir."

"You know where to go?"

"To the town, sir."

"But do you know where to go in the town?"

"No, sir."

"And why don't you ask, you stupid thief?"

"Sure I'd find out, sir."

"Didn't I often tell you to ask what you're to do when you don't know?"

"Yes, sir."

"And why don't you?"

"I don't like to be troublesome, sir."

"Confound you!" said the squire; though he could not help laughing at Andy's excuse for remaining in ignorance.

"Well," continued he, "go to the post-office. You know the post-office, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir, where they sell gunpowdher."

"You're right for once," said the squire; for his majesty's postmaster was the person who had the privilege of dealing in the aforesaid combustible. "Go, then, to the post-office, and ask for a letter for me. Remember—not gunpowder, but a letter."



"Yes, sir," said Andy, who got astride of his hack, and trotted away to the post-office. On arriving at the shop of the postmaster (for that person carried on a brisk trade in groceries, gimlets, broad-cloth and linen-drapery), Andy presented himself at the counter and said, "I want a letther, sir, if you plaze."

"Who do you want it for?" said the postmaster, in a tone which Andy considered an aggression upon the sacredness of private life: so Andy thought the coolest contempt he could throw upon the prying impertinence of the postmaster, was to repeat his question.

"I want a letther, sir, if you plaze."

"And who do you want it for?" repeated the postmaster.

"What's that to you?" said Andy.

The postmaster, laughing at his simplicity, told him he could not tell what letter to give him unless he told him the direction.

"The directions I got was to get a letter here—that's the directions."

"Who gave you those directions?"

"The master."

"And who's your master?"

"What consarn is that o' yours?"

"Why, you stupid rascal! if you don't tell me his name, how can I give you a letter?"

"You could give it if you liked; but you're fond of axin' impident questions, becase you think I'm simple."

"Go along out o' this! Your master must be as great a goose as yourself, to send such a messenger."

"Bad luck to your impidence," said Andy; "is it Squire Egan you dar to say goose to?"

"Oh, Squire Egan's your master, then?"

"Yes, have you anything to say agin it?"

"Only that I never saw you before."

"Faith, then, you'll never see me agin if I have my own consint."

"I won't give you any letter for the squire, unless I know you're his servant. Is there any one in the town knows you?"

"Plenty," said Andy. "It's not every one is as ignorant as you."

Just at this moment a person to whom Andy was known, entered the house, who vouched to the postmaster that he might give Andy the squire's letter. "Have you one for me?"

"Yes, sir," said the postmaster, producing one—"fourpence."

The gentleman paid the fourpence postage, and left the shop with his letter.

"Here's a letter for the squire," said the postmaster; "you've to pay me elevenpence postage."

"What 'ud I pay you elevenpence for?"

"For postage."

"To the devil wid you? Didn't I see you give Mr. Durfy a letther for fourpence this minit, and a bigger letther than this? and now you want me to pay elevenpence for this scrap of a thing. Do you think I'm a fool?"

"No; but I'm sure of it," said the postmaster.

"Well, you are welkum, to be sure, sir; but don't be delayin' me now; here's fourpence for you, and gi' me the letther."

"Go along, you stupid thief!" said the postmaster, taking up the letter, and going to serve a customer with a mouse-trap.

While this person and many others were served, Andy lounged up and down the shop, every now and then putting in his head in the middle of the customers, and saying, "Will you gi' me the letther?"

He waited for above half an hour, in defiance of the anathemas of the postmaster, and at last left, when he found it impossible to get common justice for his master, which he thought he deserved as well as another man; for, under this impression, Andy determined to give no more than the fourpence.

The squire in the meantime was getting impatient for his return, and when Andy made his appearance, asked if there was a letter for him.

"There is, sir," said Andy.

"Then give it to me."

"I haven't it, sir."

"What do you mean?"

"He wouldn't give it to me, sir."

"Who wouldn't give it to you?"

"That owld chate beyant in the town—wanting to charge double for it."

"Maybe it's a double letter. Why the devil didn't you pay what he asked, sir?"

"Arrah, sir, why should I let you be chated? It's not a double letther at all; not above half the size o' one Mr. Durfy got before my face for fourpence."

"You'll provoke me to break your neck some day, you vagabond! Ride back for

your life, you omadhaun, and pay whatever he asks, and get me the letter."

"Why, sir, I tell you he was selling them before my face for fourpence a-piece."

"Go back, you scoundrel! or I'll horse-whip you; and if you're longer than an hour, I'll have you ducked in the horse-pond!"

Andy vanished, and made a second visit to the post-office. When he arrived, two other persons were getting letters, and the postmaster was selecting the epistles for each from a large parcel that lay before him on the counter; at the same time many shop customers were waiting to be served.

"I'm come for that letther," said Andy.

"I'll attend to you by-and-by."

"The masther's in a hurry."

"Let him wait till his hurry is over."

"He'll murther me if I'm not back soon."

"I'm glad to hear it."

While the postmaster went on with such provoking answers to these appeals for dispatch, Andy's eyes caught the heap of letters which lay on the counter: so, while certain weighing of soap and tobacco was going forward, he contrived to become possessed of two letters from the heap, and, having effected that, waited patiently enough till it was the great man's pleasure to give him the missive directed to his master.

Then did Andy bestride his hack and in triumph at his trick on the postmaster, rattled along the road homeward as fast as the beast could carry him. He came into the squire's presence, his face beaming with delight, and an air of self-satisfied superiority in his manner, quite unaccountable to his master, until he pulled forth his hand, which had been grubbing up his prizes from the bottom of his pocket; and holding three letters over his head, while he said, "Look at that!" he next slapped them down under his broad fist on the table before the squire, saying:

"Well! if he did make me pay eleven pence, by gor, I brought your honor the worth o' your money anyhow!"

Andy walked out of the room with an air of supreme triumph, having laid the letters on the table, and left the squire staring after him in perfect amazement.

"Well, by the powers! that's the most extraordinary genius I ever came across,"

was the soliloquy the master uttered as the servant closed the door after him; and the squire broke the seal of the letter that Andy's blundering had so long delayed. It was from his law-agent on the subject of an expected election in the county, which would occur in case of the demise of the then sitting member; it ran thus:

"*Dublin, Thursday.*

"MY DEAR SQUIRE—I am making all possible exertions to have every and the earliest information on the subject of the election. I say the election, because, though the seat of the county is not yet vacant, it is impossible but that it must soon be so. Any other man than the present member must have died long ago; but Sir Timothy Trimmer has been so undecided all his life that he cannot at present make up his mind to die; and it is only by Death himself giving the casting vote that the question can be decided. The writ for the vacant county is expected to arrive by every mail, and in the meantime I am on the alert for information. You know we are sure of the barony of Ballysloughguthery, and the boys of Killanmaul will murder any one that dares to give a vote against you. We are sure of Knockdoughty also, and the very pigs in Glanamuck would return you; but I must put you on your guard on one point where you least expected to be betrayed. You told me you were sure of Neck-or-nothing Hall; but I can tell you you're out there; for the master of the aforesaid is working heaven, earth, ocean and all the little fishes, in the other interest; for he is so over head and ears in debt, that he is looking out for a pension, and hopes to get one by giving his interest to the Honorable Sackville Scatterbrain, who sits for the Borough of Old Gooseberry at present, but whose friends think his talents are worthy of a county. If Sack wins, Neck-or-nothing gets a pension—that's *poz*. I had it from authority. I lodge at a milliner's here—no matter; more when I see you. But don't be afraid: we'll bag Sack, and distance Neck-or-nothing. But, seriously speaking, it's too good a joke that O'Grady should use you in this manner, who have been so kind to him in money matters; but as the old song says, 'Poverty parts good company;' and he is so cursed poor that he can't afford to know you any longer, now that you have lent him all the money you had, and the pension *in prospectu* is too much for his feelings. I'll be down with you again as soon as I can, for I hate the diabolical town as I do poison. They have altered Stephen's Green—ruined it, I should say. They have taken away the big

ditch that was round it, where I used to hunt water-rats when a boy. They are destroying the place with their d——d improvements. All the dogs are well, I hope, and my favorite bitch. Remember me to Mrs. Egan, whom all admire.

"My dear squire, yours per quire,

"MURTOUGH MURPHY.

"To Edward Egan, Esq., Merryvale."

Murtough Murphy was a great character, as may be guessed from his letter. He was a country attorney of good practice; good, because he could not help it—for he was a clever, ready-witted fellow, up to all sorts of traps, and one in whose hands a cause was very safe; therefore he had plenty of clients without his seeking them. For if Murtough's practice had depended on his looking for it, he might have made broth of his own parchment; for though to all intents and purposes a good attorney, he was so full of fun and fond of amusement, that it was only by dint of business being thrust upon him he was so extensive a practitioner. He loved a good bottle, a good hunt, a good joke, and a good song, as well as any fellow in Ireland; and even when he was obliged in the way of business to press a gentleman hard—to hunt his man to death—he did it so good-humoredly that his very victim could not be angry with him. As for those he served, he was their prime favorite; there was nothing they could want to be done in the parchment line, that Murtough would not find out some way of doing! and he was so pleasant a fellow, that he shared in the hospitality of all the best tables in the country. He kept good horses, was on every race-ground within twenty miles, and a steeple-chase was no steeple-chase without him. Then he betted freely and, what's more, won his bets very generally; but no one found fault with him for that, and he took your money with such a good grace, and mostly gave you a *bon mot* in exchange for it—that, next to winning the money yourself, you were glad it was won by Murtough Murphy.

The squire read his letter two or three times, and made his comments as he proceeded. "'Working Heaven and earth to'—ha!—so that's the work O'Grady's at—that's old friendship—foul! foul! and after all the mcney I lent him, too; he'd

better take care—I'll be down on him if he plays false—not that I'd like that much either—but—let's see who's this coming down to oppose me?—Sack Scatterbrain—the biggest fool from this to himself; the fellow can't ride a bit—a pretty member for a sporting county! 'I lodge at a milliner's!'—devil doubt you, Murtough; I'll engage you do. Bad luck to him!—he'd rather be fooling away his time in a back parlour, behind a bonnet shop, than minding the interests of the county. 'Pension'—ha!—wants it sure enough; take care, O'Grady, or, by the powers, I'll be at you. You may balk all the bailiffs, and defy any other man to serve you with a writ; but, by jingo! if I take the matter in hand, I'll be bound I'll get it done. 'Stephen's Green—big ditch—where I used to hunt water-rats.' Devil sweep you, Murphy, you'd rather be hunting water-rats any day than minding your business. He's a clever fellow for all that. 'Favorite bitch—Mrs. Egan.' Aye! there's the end of it—with his bit o' poetry, too, the devil!"

The squire threw down the letter, and then his eye caught the other two that Andy had purloined.

"More of that stupid blackguard's work!—robbing the mail!—no less!—that fellow will be hanged, some time or other. Egad, may be they'll hang him for this! What's the best to be done? May be it will be the safest way to see whom they are for, and send them to the parties, and request they will say nothing: that's it."

The squire here took up the letters that lay before him, to read their superscriptions; and the first he turned over was directed to Gustavus Granby O'Grady, Esq., Neck-or-nothing Hall, Knock-botherum. This was what is called a curious coincidence. Just as he had been reading all about O'Grady's intended treachery to him, here was a letter to that individual, and with the Dublin post-mark too, and a very grand seal.

The squire examined the arms, and though not versed in the mysteries of heraldry, he thought he remembered enough of most of the arms he had seen, to say that this armorial bearing was a strange one to him. He turned the letter over and over again, and looked at it back and front, with an expression in his face that said, as plain as countenance

could speak, "I'd give a trifle to know what is inside of this." He looked at the seal again; "Here's a—goose I think it is, sitting on a bowl with cross-bars on it, and a spoon in its mouth; like the fellow that owns it, may be. A goose with a silver spoon in its mouth—well, here's the gable end of a house, and a bird sitting on the top of it. Could it be Sparrow? There is a fellow called Sparrow, an under-secretary at the Castle. D—n it! I wish I knew what it's about."

The squire threw down the letter as he said, "D—n it!" but took it up again in a few seconds, and catching it edge-wise between his forefinger and thumb, gave a gentle pressure that made the letter gape at its extremities, and then, exercising that sidelong glance which is peculiar to postmasters, waiting-maids, and magpies who inspect marrowbones, peeped into the interior of the epistle, saying to himself as he did so, "All's fair in war, and why not in electioneering?" His face, which was screwed up to the scrutinizing pucker, gradually lengthened as he caught some words that were on the last turn-over of the sheet, and so could be read thoroughly, and his brow darkened into the deepest frown as he scanned these lines: "As you very properly and pungently remark, poor Egan is a spoon—a mere spoon." "Am I a spoon, you rascal?" said the squire tearing the letter into pieces, and throwing it into the fire. "And so, *Misther* O'Grady, you say I'm a spoon!" and the blood of the Egan's rose as the head of that pugnacious family strode up and down the room: "I'll spoon you, my buck!—I'll settle your hash! maybe I'm a spoon you'll sup with sorrow yet!"

Here he took up the poker, and made a very angry lunge at the fire that did not want stirring, and there he beheld the letter blazing merrily away. He dropped the poker as if he had caught it by the hot end, as he exclaimed, "What the d—l shall I do? I've burnt the letter!" This threw the squire into a fit of what he was wont to call his "considering cap"; and he sat with his feet on the fender for some minutes, occasionally muttering to himself what he began with—"What the d—l shall I do? It's owing to that infernal Andy—I'll murder that fellow some time or other. If he hadn't brought it—I shouldn't have seen it, to be sure, if I hadn't looked; but then the temptation

—a saint couldn't have withstood it. Confound it, what a stupid trick to burn it! Another here, too—must burn that as well, and say nothing about either of them;" and he took up the second letter, and, merely looking at the address, threw it into the fire. He then rang the bell, and desired Andy to be sent to him. As soon as that ingenious individual made his appearance, the squire desired him, with peculiar emphasis, to shut the door, and then opened upon him with:

"You unfortunate rascal!"

"Yis, your honor."

"Do you know that you might be hanged for what you did to-day?"

"What did I do, sir?"

"You robbed the post-office."

"How did I rob it, sir?"

"You took two letters that you had no right to."

"It's no robbery for a man to get the worth of his money."

"Will you hold your tongue, you stupid villain! I'm not joking: you absolutely might be hanged for robbing the post-office."

"Sure I didn't know there was any harm in what I done; and for that matter sure, if they're sich wonderful value, can't I go back again wid 'em?"

"No, you thief! I hope you've not said a word to any one about it."

"Not the sign of a word passed my lips about it."

"You're sure?"

"Sartin!"

"Take care, then, that you never open your mouth to mortal about it, or you'll be hanged, as sure as your name is Andy Rooney."

"Oh! at that rate I never will. But may be your honor thinks I ought to be hanged?"

"No—because you did not intend to do a wrong thing; but, only I have pity on you, I could hang you to-morrow for what you have done."

"Thank you, sir."

"I've burnt the letters, so no one can know anything about the business unless you tell on yourself; so remember—not a word."

"Faith, I'll be dumb as the dumb baste."

"Go now; and once for all, remember you'll be hanged so sure as you ever mention one word about this affair."

Andy made a bow and a scrape, and left the squire, who hoped the secret was safe. He then took a ruminating walk round the pleasure-grounds, revolving plans of retaliation upon his false friend, O'Grady; and having determined to put the most severe and sudden measure of the law in force against him, for the money in which he was indebted to him, he only awaited the arrival of Murtough Murphy from Dublin to execute the vengeance. Having settled this in his own mind, he became more contented, and said, with a self-satisfied nod of the head, "We'll see who's the spoon."

In a few days Murtough Murphy returned from Dublin, and to Merryvale immediately proceeded. The squire opened to him directly his intention of commencing hostile law proceedings against O'Grady, and asked what most summary measures could be put in practice against him.

"Oh! various, various, my dear squire," said Murphy; "but I don't see any great use in doing so *yet*—he has not openly avowed himself."

"But does he not intend to coalesce with the other party?"

"I believe so—that is, if he's to get the pension."

"Well, and that's as good as done, you know; for if they want him, the pension is easily managed."

"I am not so sure of that."

"Why, they're as plenty as blackberries."

"Very true; but, you see, Lord Goblestown swallows all the pensions for his own family; and there are a great many complaints in the market against him for plucking that blackberry-bush very bare indeed; and unless Sack Scatterbrain has swinging interest, the pension may not be such an easy thing."

"But still O'Grady has shown himself not my friend."

"My dear squire, don't be so hot; he has not *shown* himself yet."

"Well, but he means it."

"My dear squire, you oughtn't to jump at a conclusion as you would at a twelve-foot drain or a five-bar gate."

"Well, he's a blackguard!"

"No denying it; and therefore keep him on your side if you can, or he'll be a troublesome customer on the other."

"I'll keep no terms with him; I'll slap

at him directly. What can you do that's wickedest?—latital capias—fee-faw-fum, or whatever you call it?"

"Halloo! squire, you are overrunning your game, may be, after all, he *won't* join the Scatterbrains and—"

"I tell you it's no matter; he intended doing it, and that's all the same. I'll slap at him—I'll blister him!"

Murtough Murphy wondered at this blind fury of the squire, who, being a good-humored and good-natured fellow in general, puzzled the attorney the more by his present manifest malignity against O'Grady. But *he* had not seen the turns over of the letter: he had not seen "spoon,"—the real and secret cause of the "war-to-the knife" spirit which was kindled in the squire's breast.

"Of course, you can do what you please; but, if you'd take a friend's advice—"

"I tell you I'll blister him."

"He certainly bled you very freely."

"I'll blister him, I tell you, and that smart. Lose no time, Murphy, my boy; let loose the dogs of law on him, and harass him till he'd wish the d—l had him."

"Just as you like, but—"

"I'll have it my own way, I tell you; so say no more."

"I'll commence against him at once, then, as you wish it; but it's no use, for you know very well that it will be impossible to serve him."

"Let me alone for that! I'll be bound I'll find fellows to get the inside of him."

"Why, his house is barricaded like a jail, and he has dogs enough to bait all the bulls in the country."

"No matter: just send me the blister for him, and I'll engage I'll stick it on him."

"Very well, squire; you shall have the blister as soon as it can be got ready. I'll tell you when you may send over to me for it, and your messenger shall have it hot and warm for him. Good-bye, squire."

"Good-bye, Murphy!—lose no time."

"In the twinkling of a bedpost. Are you going to Tom Durfy's steeple-chase?"

"I'm not sure."

"I've a bet on it. Did you see the widow Flanagan lately? You didn't? They say Tom's pushing it strong there. The widow has money, you know, and Tom does it all for the love o' God; for

you know, squire, there are two things God hates—a coward and a poor man. Now, Tom's no coward; and, that he may be sure of the love o' God on the other score, he's making up to the widow; and as he's a slashing fellow she's nothing loth, and, for fear of any one cutting him out, Tom keeps as sharp a look out after her as she does after him. He's fierce on it, and looks pistols at any one that attempts putting his *comether* on the widow, while she looks 'as soon as you plaze,' as plain as an optical lecture can enlighten the heart of man: in short, Tom's all ram's horns, and the widow all sheep's eyes. Good-bye, squire." And Murtough put his spurs to his horse, and cantered down the avenue, whistling the last popular tune.

Andy was sent over to Murtough Murphy's for the law-process at the appointed time; and as he had to pass through the village, Mrs. Egan desired him to call at the apothecary's for some medicine that was prescribed for some of the children.

"What'll I ax for, ma'am?"

"I'd be sorry to trust to you, Andy, for remembering. Here's the prescription; take care of it, and Mr. M'Garry will give you something to bring back; and mind, if it's a powder—"

"Is it gunpowder, ma'am?"

"No—you stupid—will you listen? I say, if it's a powder, don't let it get wet as you did the sugar the other day."

"No, ma'am."

"And, if it's a bottle, don't break it as you did the last."

"No, ma'am."

"And make haste."

"Yis, ma'am;" and off went Andy.

In going through the village, he forgot to leave the prescription at the apothecary's, and pushed on for the attorney's; there he saw Murtough Murphy, who handed him the law process, inclosed in a cover, with a note to the squire.

"Have you been doing anything very clever lately, Andy?" said Murtough.

"I don't know, sir," said Andy.

"Did you shoot any one with soda-water since I saw you last?"

Andy grinned.

"Did you kill any more dogs lately, Andy?"

"Faix, you're too hard on me, sir; sure I never killed but one dog, and that was an accident—"

"An accident!—curse your impudence, you thief! Do you think, if you killed one of the pack on purpose, we wouldn't cut the very heart out of you with our hunting whips?"

"Faith, I wouldn't doubt you, sir; but, sure, how could I help that divil of a mare runnin' away wid me, and thramp-lin' the dogs?"

"Why didn't you hold her, you thief?"

"Hould her, indeed!—you just might as well expect to stop fire among flax as that one."

"Well, be off with you now, Andy, and take care of what I gave you for the squire."

"Oh, never fear, sir," said Andy, as he turned his horse's head homeward. He stopped at the apothecary's in the village, to execute his commission for the "mis-this." On telling the son of Galen that he wanted some physic "for one of the childer up at the big house," the dispenser of the healing art asked what physic he wanted.

"Faith, I dunna what physic."

"What's the matter with the child?"

"He's sick, sir."

"I suppose so, indeed, or you wouldn't be sent for medicine; you're always making some blunder. You come here, and don't know what description of medicine is wanted."

"Don't I?" said Andy, with a great air.

"No, you don't, you omadhaun!" said the apothecary.

Andy fumbled in his pockets, and could not lay hold of the paper his mistress entrusted him with, until he had emptied them thoroughly of their contents upon the counter of the shop: and then, taking the prescription from the collection, he said, "So you tell me I don't know the description of the physic I'm to get. Now, you see, you're out; for *that's* the *description*!" and he slapped the counter impressively with his hand as he threw down the receipt before the apothecary.

While the medicine was in the course of preparation for Andy, he commenced restoring to his pockets the various parcels he had taken from them in hunting for the receipt. Now, it had happened that he had laid them down beside some articles that were compounded, and sealed up for going out, on the apothecary's counter: and as the law process

which Andy had received from Murtough Murphy chanced to resemble it from another enclosure that lay beside it, containing a blister, Andy, under the influence of his peculiar genius, popped the blister into his pocket instead of the package which had been confided to him by the attorney, and having obtained the necessary medicine from M'Garry, rode home with self-complacency that he had not forgot to do a single thing that had been entrusted to him. "I'm all right this time," said Andy to himself.

Scarcely had he left the apothecary's when another messenger alighted at its door, and asked, "If Squire O'Grady's things *was* ready?"

"There they are," said the innocent M'Garry, pointing to the bottles, boxes and *blister*, he had made up and set aside, little dreaming that the blister had been exchanged for a law process: and Squire O'Grady's own messenger popped into his pocket the legal instrument that it was as much as any seven men's lives were worth to bring within gunshot of Neck-or-nothing Hall.

Home he went, and the sound of the old gate creaking on its hinges, at the entrance of the avenue, awoke the deep-mouthed dogs around the house, who rushed infuriate to the spot to devour the unholy intruder on the peace and privacy of the patrician O'Grady; but they recognized the old grey hack and his rider, and quietly wagged their tails and trotted back, and licked their lips at the thoughts of the bailiff they had hoped to eat. The door of Neck-or-nothing Hall was carefully unbarred and unchained, and the nurse-tender was handed the parcel from the apothecary's, and re-ascended to the sick room with slippered foot as quietly as she could; for the renowned O'Grady was, according to her account, "as cross as two sticks;" and she protested, furthermore, "that her heart was gray with him."

Whenever O'Grady was in bad humor, he had a strange fashion of catching at some word that either he himself, or those with whom he spoke, had uttered, and after often repeating it, or mumbling it over in his mouth, as if he were chewing it, off he started into a canter of ridiculous rhymes to the aforesaid word, and sometimes one of these rhymes would suggest a new idea, or some strange asso-

ciation which had the oddest effect possible; and to increase the absurdity, the jingle was gone through with as much solemnity as if he were indulging in a deep and interesting reverie, so that it was difficult to listen without laughing, which might prove a serious matter when O'Grady was in one of his *tantarums*, as his wife used to call them.

Mrs. O'Grady was near the bed of the sick man as the nurse-tender entered.

"Here's the things for your honor, now," said she, in her most soothing tone.

"I wish the d——I had you and them!" said O'Grady.

"Gusty, dear!" said his wife. (She might have said stormy instead of Gusty).

"Oh! they'll do you good, your honor," said the nurse-tender, curtsying, and uncorking bottles, and opening a pill-box.

O'Grady made a face at the pill-box, and repeated the word "pills" several times, with an expression of extreme disgust. "Pills—pills—kills—wills—ay—make your wills—make them—take them—shake them. When taken—to be well shaken—show me the bottle."

The nurse-tender handed a phial, which O'Grady shook violently.

"Curse them all!" said the squire. "A pretty thing to have a gentleman's body made a perfect sink, for these black-guard doctors and apothecaries to pour their dirty drugs into—faugh! drugs—mugs—jugs!" he shook the phial again, and looked through it.

"Isn't it nice and pink, darlin'?" said the nurse-tender.

"Pink," said O'Grady, eyeing her askance, as if he could have eaten her. "Pink, you old besom, pink"—he uncorked the phial, and put it to his nose. "Pink—phew!" and he repeated a rhyme to pink which would not look well in print.

"Now, sir, dear, there's a little blister just to go on your chest—if you plaze."

"A *what*?"

"A warm plaster, dear."

"A *blister* you said, you old devil!"

"Well, sure it's something to relieve you."

The squire gave a deep growl, and his wife put in the usual appeal of "Gusty, dear!"

"Hold your tongue, will you? How would *you* like it? I wish you had it on your—"

"Deed-and-deed, dear," said the nurse-tender.

"By the tarnal word! if you say another word, I'll throw the jug at you!"

"And there's a nice dhróp of gruel I have on the fire for you," said the nurse, pretending not to mind the rising anger of the squire, as she stirred the gruel with one hand, while with the other she marked herself with the sign of the cross, and said in a mumbling manner, "God presarve us! he's the most cantankerous Christian I ever kem across!"

"Shew me that infernal thing!" said the squire.

"What thing, dear?"

"You know well enough, you old hag!—that blackguard blister!"

"Here it is, dear. Now just open the burst o' your shirt, and let me put it on you."

"Give it into my hand here, and let me see it."

"Sartainly, sir; but I think if you'd let me just——"

"Give it to me, I tell you!" said the squire, in a tone so fierce that the nurse paused in her unfolding of the packet, and handed it with fear and trembling to the already indignant O'Grady. But it is only imagination can figure the outrageous fury of the squire when, on opening the envelope with his own hand, he beheld the law process before him. There, in the heart of his castle, with his bars, and bolts, and bulldogs, and blunderbusses around him, he was served—absolutely served—and he had no doubt the nurse-tender was bribed to betray him.

A roar and a jump up in bed first startled his wife into terror, and put the nurse on the defensive.

"You infernal old strap!" shouted he, as he clutched up a handful of bottles on the table near him and flung them at the nurse, who was near the fire at the time: and she whipped the pot of gruel from the grate, and converted it into a means of defense against the phialpelting storm.

Mrs. O'Grady rolled herself up in the bed-curtains while the nurse screeched "Murder!" and at last, when O'Grady saw that bottles were of no avail, he scrambled out of bed, shouting, "Where's my blunderbuss?" and the nurse-tender, while he endeavored to get it down from the rack where it was suspended over the mantel-piece, bolted out of the door,

and ran to the most remote corner of the house for shelter.

In the meantime, how fared it at Merryvale? Andy returned with his parcel for the squire, and his note from Murtough Murphy, which ran thus:

MY DEAR SQUIRE—I send you the blister for O'Grady, as you insist on it; but I think you won't find it easy to serve him with it. Your obedient and obliged,

MURTOUGH MURPHY.

"To Edward Egan, Esq, Merryvale."

The squire opened the cover, and when he saw a real instead of a figurative blister, grew crimson with rage. He could not speak for some minutes, his indignation was so excessive. "So," said he at last, "Mr. Murtough Murphy, you think to cut your jokes with me, do you? By all that is sacred, I'll cut such a joke on you with the biggest horsewhip I can find, that you'll remember it. '*Dear Squire, I send you the blister.*' Bad luck to your impudence! Wait till awhile ago—that's all. By this and that, you'll get such a blistering from me, that all the spermaceti in M'Garry's shop won't cure you."

Squire Egan was as good as his word. He picked out the most suitable horsewhip for chastising the fancied impertinence of Murtough Murphy; and as he switched it up and down with a powerful arm, to try its weight and pliancy, the whistling of the instrument through the air was music to his ears, and whispered of promised joy in the flagellation of the jocular attorney.

"We'll see who can make the sorest blister," said the squire.

"I'll back whalebone against Spanish flies any day. Will you bet, Dick?" said he to his brother-in-law, who was a wild, helter-skelter sort of a fellow, better known over the country as Dick the Devil than Dick Dawson.

"I'll back your bet, Ned."

"There's no fun in that, Dick, as there is nobody to take it up."

"May be Murtough will. Ask him before you thrash him; you'd better."

"As for him," said the squire, "I'll be bound he'll back my bet after he gets a taste o' this;" and the horsewhip whistled as he spoke.

"I think he had better take care of his back than his bet," said Dick, as he followed the squire to the hall door, where



his horse was in waiting for him, under the care of the renowned Andy, who little dreamed of the extensive harvest of mischief which was ripening in futurity, all from his sowing.

"Don't kill him quite, Ned," said Dick, as the squire mounted to his saddle.

"Why, if I went to horsewhip a gentleman, of course I should only shake my whip; but an attorney is another affair. And, as I'm sure he'll have an action against me for assault, I think I may as well get the worth of my money out of him, to say nothing of teaching him better manners for the future than to play off his jokes on his employers." With these words off he rode in search of the devoted Murtough, who was not at home when the squire reached his house; but as he was returning through the village, he espied him coming down the street in company with Tom Durfy and the widow, who were laughing heartily at some joke Murtough was telling them, which seemed to amuse him as much as his hearers.

"I'll make him laugh at the wrong side of his mouth," thought the squire, alighting and giving his horse to the care of one of the little ragged boys who were idling in the street. He approached Murphy with a very threatening aspect, and confronting him and his party so as to produce a halt, he said, as distinctly as his rage would permit him to speak, "You little insignificant blackguard, I'll teach you how you'll cut your jokes on me again; I'll blister you, my buck!" and laying hands on the astonished Murtough with the last word, he began a very smart horsewhipping of the attorney. The widow screamed, Tom Durfy swore, and Murtough roared, with some interjectional curses. At last he escaped from the squire's grip, leaving the lappel of his coat in his possession, and Tom Durfy interposed his person between them, when he saw an intention on the part of the flagellator to repeat his dose of horsewhip.

"Let me at him, sir, or by—"

"Fie, fie, squire!—to horsewhip a gentleman like a cart horse."

"A gentleman!—an attorney, you mean."

"I say a gentleman, Squire Egan," cried Murtough, fiercely, roused to gallantry by the presence of a lady, and smarting under a sense of injury and

whalebone. "I am a gentleman, sir, and demand the satisfaction of a gentleman. I put my honor into your hands, Mr. Durfy."

"Between his finger and thumb, you mean, for there's not a handful of it," said the squire.

"Well, sir," replied Tom Durfy, "little or much, I'll take charge of it. That's right, my cock," said he to Murtough, who, notwithstanding his desire to assume a warlike air, could not resist the natural impulse of rubbing his back and shoulders, which tingled with pain, while he exclaimed, "Satisfaction! satisfaction!"

"Very well," said the squire; you name yourself as Mr. Murphy's friend?" added he to Durfy.

"The same, sir," said Tom. "Whom do you name as yours?"

"I suppose you know one Dick the Devil?"

"A very proper person, sir—no better: I'll go to him directly."

The widow clung to Tom's arm, and looking tenderly at him, cried, "Oh, Tom, Tom, take care of your precious life!"

"Bother!" said Tom.

"Ah, Squire Egan, don't be so blood-thirsty!"

"Fudge, woman!" said the squire.

"Ah, Mr. Murphy, I'm sure the squire's very sorry for beating you."

"Devil a bit," said the squire.

"There, ma'am," said Murphy, "you see he'll make no apology."

"Apology!" said Durfy, "apology for a horsewhipping, indeed! Nothing but handling a horsewhip (which I wouldn't ask any gentleman to do), or a shot, can settle the matter."

"Oh, Tom! Tom! Tom!" said the widow.

"Ba! ba! ba!" shouted Tom, making a crying face at her. "Arrah, woman, don't be making a fool of yourself. Go in to the 'pothecary's, and get something under your nose to revive you; and let us mind our own business."

The widow, with her eyes turned up, and an exclamation to Heaven, was retiring to M'Garry's shop, wringing her hands, when she was nearly knocked down by M'Garry himself, who rushed from his own door, at the same moment that an awful smash of his shop-window and the demolition of his blue and red

bottles alarmed the ears of the bystanders, while their eyes were drawn from the late belligerent parties to a chase, which took place down the street, of the apothecary, roaring "Murder!" followed by O'Grady with an enormous cudgel.

O'Grady, believing that M'Garry and the nurse-tender had combined to serve him with a writ, determined to wreak double vengeance on the apothecary, as the nurse had escaped him; and, notwithstanding all his illness and the appeals of his wife, he left his bed and rode to the village, to "break every bone in M'Garry's skin." When he entered the shop, the pharmacopoliist was much surprised, and said, with a congratulatory grin at the great man, "Dear me, Squire O'Grady, I'm delighted to see you."

"Are you, you scoundrel!" said the squire, making a blow of his cudgel at him, which was fended off by an iron pestle the apothecary fortunately had in his hand. The enraged O'Grady made a rush behind the counter, which the apothecary nimbly jumped over, crying "Murder!" as he made for the door, followed by his pursuer, who gave a back-handed slap at the window-bottles *en passant*, and produced the crash which astonished the widow, who now joined her screams to the general hue and cry; for an indiscriminate chase of all the ragamuffins in the town, with barking curs and screeching children, followed the flight of M'Garry and the pursuing squire.

"What the devil is all this about?" said Tom Durfy, laughing. "By the powers! I suppose there's something in the weather to produce all this fun—though it's early in the year to begin thrashing, for the harvest isn't in yet. But, however, let us manage our little affair, now that we're left in peace and quietness, for the blackguards are all over the bridge after the hunt. I'll go to Dick the Devil immediately, squire, and arrange time and place."

"There's nothing like saving time and trouble on these occasions," said the squire. "Dick is at my house, I can arrange time and place with you this minute, and he will be on the ground with me."

"Very well," said Tom; "where is it to be?"

"Suppose we say the cross-roads, half-

way between this and Merryvale? There's very pretty ground there, and we shall be able to get our pistols and all that ready in the meantime between this and four o'clock—and it will be pleasanter to have it all over before dinner."

"Certainly, squire," said Tom Durfy; "we'll be there at four. Till then, good-morning, squire;" and he and his man walked off.

The widow, in the meantime, had been left to the care of the apothecary's boy, whose tender mercies were now, for the first time in his life, demanded toward a fainting lady; for the poor raw country lad, having to do with a sturdy peasantry in every-day matters, had never before seen the capers cut by a lady who thinks it proper and delicate, and becoming, to display her sensibility in a swoon; and truly her sobs and small screeches, and little stampings and kickings, amazed young gallipot. Smelling salts were applied—they were rather weak, so the widow inhaled the pleasing odor with a sigh, but did not recover. Sal volatile was next put in requisition; this was something stronger, and made her wriggle on her chair, and throw her head about with sundry "Ohs!" and "Ahs!" The boy beginning to be alarmed at the extent of the syncope, bethought himself of *assa-fœtida*; and, taking down a goodly bottle of that sweet-smelling stimulant, gave the widow the benefit of the whole jar under her nose. Scarcely had the stopper been drawn, when she gave a louder screech than she had yet executed, and exclaiming "Faugh!" with an expression of the most concentrated disgust, opened her eyes fiercely upon the offender, and shut up her nose between her forefinger and thumb against the offence, and snuffled forth at the astonished boy, "Get out o' that, you dirty cur! Can't you let a lady faint in peace and quietness? Gracious heavens! would you smother me, you nasty brute. Oh, Tom, where are you?" and she took to sobbing forth "Tom! Tom!" and put her handkerchief to her eyes, to hide the tears that were *not* there, while from behind the corner of the cambric she kept a sharp eye on the street, and observed what was going on. She went on acting her part very becomingly, until the moment Tom Durfy walked off with Murphy; but then she could feign no longer, and jumping up from her seat,

with an exclamation of "The brute!" she ran to the door, and looked down the street after them. "The savage!" sobbed the widow; "the hard-hearted monster! to abandon me here to die—oh! to use me so—to leave me like a—like a"—(the widow was fond of similes)—"like an old shoe—like a dirty glove—like a—like I don't know what!" (the usual fate of similes). "Mister Durfy, I'll punish you for this—I will!" said the widow, with an energetic emphasis on the last word; and she marched out of the shop, boiling over with indignation, through which, nevertheless, a little bubble of love now and then rose to the surface; and by the time she reached her own door, love predominated, and she sighed as she laid her hand on the knocker: "After all, if the dear fellow should be killed, what would become of me!—oh!—and that wretch, Dick Dawson, too—two of them. The worst of these merry devils is, they are always fighting."

The squire had ridden immediately homeward, and told Dick Dawson the piece of work that was before them.

"And so he will have a shot at you, instead of an action?" said Dick. "Well, there's pluck in that. I wish he was more of a gentleman, for your sake. It's dirty work, shooting attorneys."

"He's enough of a gentleman, Dick, to make it impossible for me to refuse him."

"Certainly, Ned," said Dick.

"Do you know, is he anything of a shot?"

"Faith, he makes very pretty snipe-shooting; but I don't know if he has experience of the grass before breakfast."

"You must try to find out from some one on the ground; because, if the poor devil isn't a good shot, I wouldn't like to kill him, and I'll let him off easy—I'll give it to him in the pistol-arm, or so."

"Very well, Ned. Where are the flutes? I must look over them."

"Here," said the squire, producing a very handsome mahogany case of Rigby's best. Dick opened the case with the utmost care, and took up one of the pistols tenderly, handling it as delicately as if it were a young child or a lady's hand. He clicked the lock back and forward a few times; his ear not being satisfied at the music it produced, he said he should like to examine them. "At all events they want a touch of oil."

"Well, keep them out of the mistress' sight, Dick, or she might be alarmed."

"Devil a taste," says Dick; "she's a Dawson, and there never was a Dawson yet that did not know men must be men."

"That's true, Dick. I would not mind so much if she wasn't in a delicate situation just now, when it couldn't be expected of the woman to be so stout; so go, like a good fellow, into your own room, and Andy will bring you anything you want."

Five minutes after, Dick was engaged in cleaning the duelling pistols, and Andy at his elbow, with his mouth wide open, wondering at the interior of the locks which Dick had just taken off.

"Oh, my heavens! but that's a quare thing, Mither Dick, sir," said Andy, going to take it up.

"Keep your fingers off it, you thief, do!" roared Dick, making a rap of the turnscrew at Andy's knuckles.

"Shure, I'll save you the trouble o' rubbin' that, Mither Dick, if you'll let me; here's the shabby leather."

"I wouldn't let your clumsy fist near it, Andy, nor your *shabby* leather, you villain, for the world. Go get me some oil."

Andy went on his errand, and returned with a can of lamp-oil to Dick, who swore at him for his stupidity; "The devil fly away with you!—you never do anything right; you bring me lamp-oil for a pistol."

"Well, shure I thought lamp-oil was the right thing for burnin'."

"And who wants to burn it, you savage?"

"Aren't you going to fire it, sir?"

"Choke you, you vagabond," said Dick, who could not resist laughing, nevertheless, "be off, and get me some sweet oil; but don't tell any one what it's for."

Andy retired, and Dick pursued his polishing of the locks. Why he used such a blundering fellow as Andy for a messenger might be wondered at, only that Dick was fond of fun, and Andy's mistakes were a particular source of amusement to him, and on all occasions when he could have Andy in his company he made him his attendant. When the sweet oil was produced, Dick looked about for a feather, but, not finding one,

desired Andy to fetch him a pen. Andy went on his errand, and returned after some delay with an ink bottle.

"I brought you the ink, sir; but I can't find a pin."

"Confound your numskull! I didn't say a word about ink—I asked for a pen."

"And what use would a pin be without ink, now I ax yourself, Misther Dick?"

"I'd knock your brains out if you had any, you *omadhaun*! Go along, and get me a feather, and make haste."

Andy went off, and having obtained a feather, returned to Dick, who began to tip certain portions of the lock very delicately with oil.

"What's that for, Misther Dick, if you plaze?"

"To make it work smooth."

"And what's that thing you're grazin' now, sir?"

"That's the tumbler."

"Oh, Lord! a tumbler—what a quare name for it. I thought there was no tumbler but a tumbler for punch."

"That's the tumbler you would like to be cleaning the inside of, Andy."

"Thru for you, sir. And what's that little thing you have your hand on now, sir?"

"That's the cock."

"Oh, dear, a cock! Is there e'er a hin in it, sir?"

"No, nor a chicken either, though there is a feather."

"The one in your hand, sir, that you're grazin' it with?"

"No; but this little thing—that is called the feather-spring."

"It's the feather, I suppose, makes it let fly."

"No doubt of it, Andy."

"Well, there's some sinse in that name, then but who'd think of sich a thing as a tumbler and a cock in a pistle? And what's that place that opens and shuts, sir?"

"The pan."

"Well, there is sinse in that name, too, bekase there's fire in the thing; and it's as nath'ral to say pan to that as to a fryin'-pan—isn't it, Misther Dick?"

"Oh! there was a great gunmaker lost in you, Andy," said Dick, as he screwed on the locks, which he had regulated to his mind, and began to examine

the various departments of the pistol-case, to see that it was properly provided. He took the instrument to cut some circles of thin leather, and Andy again asked him for the name o' *that* thing?

"This is called the punch, Andy."

"So there is the punch as well as the tumbler, sir."

"Ay, and very strong punch it is, you see, Andy;" and Dick struck it with his little mahogany mallet, and cut his patches of leather.

"And what's that for, sir?—the leather I mane."

"That's for putting round the ball."

"Is it for fear 'twould hurt him too much when you shot him?"

"You're a queer customer, Andy," said Dick, smiling.

"And what weeshee little balls thim is, sir."

"They are always small for duelling-pistols."

"Oh, then *thim* is jewellin'-pistles. Why, musha, Misther Dick, is it goin' to fight a jule you are?" said Andy, looking at him with earnestness.

"No, Andy, but the master is; but don't say a word about it."

"Not a word for the world. The master's goin' to fight! God send him safe out iv it! amin. And who is he going to fight, Misther Dick?"

"Murphy, the attorney, Andy."

"Oh, won't the master disgrace himself by fightin' the 'torney!"

"How dare you say such a thing of your master?"

"I ax your pard'n, Misther Dick: but sure you know what I mane. I hope he'll shoot him."

"Why, Andy, Murtough was always very good to you, and now you wish him to be shot."

"Sure, why wouldn't I rather have him kilt more than the master?"

"But neither may be killed."

"Misther Dick," said Andy, lowering his voice, "wouldn't it be an illigant thing to put two balls into the pistle instead o' one, and give the master a chance over the 'torney?"

"Oh, you murderous villain!"

"Arrah! why shouldn't the master have a chance over him?—he has childre, and 'torney Murphy has none."

"At any rate, Andy, I suppose you'd give the master a ball additional for

every child he has, and that would make eight. So you might as well give him a blunderbuss and slugs at once."

Dick loaded the pistol-case, having made all right, and desired Andy to mount a horse, carry it by a back road out of the demesne, and wait at a certain gate he named until he should be joined there by himself and the squire, who proceeded at the appointed time to the ground.

Andy was all ready, and followed his master and Dick with great pride, bearing the pistol-case after them to the ground, where Murphy and Tom Durfy were ready to receive them; and a great number of spectators were assembled, for the noise of the business had gone abroad, and the ground was in consequence crowded.

Tom Durfy had warned Murtough Murphy, who had no experience as a pistol man, that the squire was a capital shot, and that his only chance was to fire as quickly as he could. "Slap at him, Morty, my boy, the minute you get the word; and if you don't hit him itself, it will prevent his dwelling on his aim."

Tom Durfy and Dick the Devil soon settled the preliminaries of the ground and mode of firing, and twelve paces having been marked, both the seconds opened their pistol-cases and prepared to load. Andy was close to Dick all the time, kneeling beside the pistol-case which lay on the sod; and as Dick turned round to settle some other point on which Tom Durfy questioned him, Andy thought he might snatch the opportunity of giving his master "the chance" he suggested to his second. "Sure, if Misther Dick wouldn't like to do it, that's no reason I wouldn't," said Andy to himself, "and, by the powers! I'll pop in a ball *unknownst* to him." And, sure enough Andy contrived, while the seconds were engaged with each other, to put a ball into each pistol before the barrel was loaded with powder, so that when Dick took up his pistol to load, a bullet lay between the powder and the touch-hole. Now, this must have been discovered by Dick, had he been cool; but he and Tom Durfy had wrangled very much about the point they had been discussing, and Dick, at no time the quietest person in the world, was in such a rage that the pistols were loaded by him without noticing Andy's ingenious interference, and he handed the harmless

weapon to his brother-in-law when he placed him on his ground.

The word was given. Murtough, following his friend's advice, fired instantly—bang he went, while the squire returned but a flash in the pan. He turned a look of reproach upon Dick, who took the pistol silently from him, and handed him the other, having carefully looked to the priming after the accident which happened to the first.

Durfy handed his man another pistol also; and before he left his side, said in a whisper, "Don't forget—have the first fire."

Again the word was given. Murphy blazed away a rapid and harmless shot; for his hurry was the squire's safety, while Andy's murderous intentions were his salvation.

"D——n the pistol!" said the squire, throwing it down in a rage. Dick took it up with manifest indignation, and d——d the powder.

"Your powder's damp, Ned."

"No, it's not," said the squire, "it's you who have bungled the loading."

"Me!" said Dick, with a look of mingled rage and astonishment. "I bungle the loading of pistols! I, that have stepped more ground and arranged more affairs than any man in the country! Arrah, be easy, Ned!"

Tom Durfy now interfered, and said for the present it was no matter, as, on the part of his friend, he begged to express himself satisfied.

"But it's very hard we're not to have a shot," said Dick, poking the touch-hole of the pistol with a pricker, which he had just taken from the case which Andy was holding before him.

"Why, my dear Dick," said Durfy, "as Murphy has had two shots, and the squire has not had the return of either, he declares he will not fire at him again; and, under these circumstances, I must take my man off the ground."

"Very well," said Dick, still poking the touch-hole, and examining the point of the pricker as he withdrew it.

"And now Murphy wants to know, since the affair is all over, and his honor satisfied, what was your brother-in-law's motive in assaulting him this morning, for himself cannot conceive a cause for it."

"Oh, be *aisy*, Tom."

"'Pon my soul, it's true!"

"Why, he sent him a blister—a regular apothecary's blister—instead of some law process, by way of a joke, and Ned wouldn't stand it."

Durphy held a moment's conversation with Murphy, who now advanced to the squire, and begged to assure him there must be some mistake in the business, for that he had never committed the impertinence of which he was accused.

"All I know is," said the squire, "that I got a blister, which my messenger said you gave him."

"By virtue of my oath, squire, I never did it! I gave Andy an enclosure of the law process."

"Then it's some mistake that vagabond has made," said the squire. "Come here, you sir!" he shouted to Andy. Now Andy at this moment stood trembling under the angry eye of Dick the Devil, who, having detected a bit of lead on the point of the pricker, guessed in a moment Andy had been at work, and the unfortunate rascal, from the furious look of Dick, had a misgiving that he *had* made some blunder. "Why don't you come here when I call you?" said the squire. Andy laid down the pistol-case, and sneaked up to the squire. "What did you do with the letter Mr. Murphy gave you for me yesterday?"

"I brought it to your honor."

"No, you didn't," said Murphy. "You've made some mistake."

"Divil a mistake I made," answered Andy, very stoutly. "I wint home the minit you gev it to me."

"Did you go home direct from my house to the squire's?"

"Yis, sir, I did—I went direct home and called at Mr. M'Garry's by the way for some physic for the childre."

"That's it," said Murtough; "he changed my enclosure for a blister there; and if M'Garry has only had the luck to send the bit o' parchment to O'Grady, it will be the best joke I've heard this month of Sundays."

"He did! he did!" shouted Tom Durfy; "for don't you remember how O'Grady was after M'Garry this morning?"

"Sure enough," said Murtough enjoying the double mistake. "By dad! Andy, you've made a mistake this time that I'll forgive you."

"By the powers o' war!" roared Dick

the Devil; "I won't forgive him what he did now, though. What do you think?" said he, holding out the pistols, and growing crimson with rage, "may I never fire another shot if he hasn't crammed a brace of bullets down the pistols before I loaded them; so no wonder you burned prime, Ned."

There was a universal laugh at Dick's expense, whose pride in being considered the most accomplished regulator of the duello was well known.

"Oh, Dick, Dick! you're a pretty second!" was shouted by all.

Dick, stung by the laughter, and feeling keenly the ridiculous position in which he was placed, made a rush at Andy, who, seeing the storm brewing, gradually sneaked away from the group, and when he perceived the sudden movement of Dick the Devil, took to his heels, with Dick after him.

"Hurra!" cried Murphy, "a race—a race! I'll bet on Andy—five pounds on Andy."

"Done!" said the squire: "I'll back Dick the Devil."

"Tare an' ouns!" roared Murphy, "how Andy runs! Fear's a fine spur."

"So is rage," said the squire. "Dick's hot foot after him. Will you double the bet?"

"Done!" said Murphy.

The infection of betting caught the bystanders, and various gages were thrown and taken upon the speed of the runners, who were getting rapidly into the distance, flying over hedge and ditch with surprising velocity, and as from the level nature of the ground an extensive view could not be obtained, therefore Tom Durfy, the steeple-chaser, cried, "Mount, mount! or we'll lose the fun—into our saddles, and after them."

Those who had steeds took the hint, and a numerous field of horsemen joined in the pursuit of Handy Andy and Dick the Devil, who still maintained great speed. The horsemen made for a neighboring hill, whence they could command a wider view; and the betting went on briskly, varying according to the vicissitudes of the race.

"Two to one on Dick—he's closing."

"Done! Andy will wind him yet."

"Well done—there's a leap! Hurra! Dick's down! Well done, Dick!—up again and going."

"Mind the next quickset hedge—that's a rasper, it's a wide gap, and the hedge is as thick as a wall—Andy'll stick in it—mind him—well leaped, by the powers! Ha! he's sticking in the hedge—Dick'll catch him now. No, by jingo! he's pushed his way through—there he's going again on the other side. Ha! ha! ha! ha! look at him—he's in tatters! he has left half his breeches in the hedge."

"Dick is over now. Hurra! he has lost the skirt of his coat! Andy is gaining on him—two to one on Andy."

Down he goes!" was shouted, as Andy's foot slipped in making a dash at another ditch, into which he went head over heels, and Dick followed fast and disappeared after him.

"Ride! ride!" shouted Tom Durfy; and the horsemen put their spurs into the flanks of their steeds, and were soon up to the scene of action. There was Andy rolling over and over in the muddy bottom of a ditch, floundering in rank weeds and duck's meat, with Dick fastened on him, pommelling away most unmercifully, but not able to kill him altogether, for want of breath.

The horsemen in a universal *screech* of laughter, dismounted, and disengaged the unfortunate Andy from the fangs of Dick the Devil, who was dragged out of the ditch much more like a scavenger than a gentleman.

The moment Andy got loose, away he ran again, with a rattling "Tally ho!" after him, and he never cried stop till he carried himself under his mother's bed in the parent cabin.

Murtough Murphy characteristically remarked, that the affair of the day had taken a very whimsical turn:—"Here are you and I, squire, who went out to shoot each other, safe and well, while one of the seconds has come off rather worse for the wear; and a poor devil, who had nothing to say to the matter in hand, good, bad, or indifferent, is nearly killed."

The squire and Murtough then shook hands, and parted friends half an hour after they had met as foes; and even Dick contrived to forget his annoyance in an extra stoup of claret that day after dinner—filling more than one bumper in drinking *confusion* to Handy Andy, which seemed a rather unnecessary malediction.

AFTER the friendly parting of the foes

(*pro tempore*), there was a general scatter of the party who had come to see the duel; and how strange is the fact, that as much as human nature is prone to shudder at death under the gentlest circumstances, yet men will congregate to be its witnesses when violence aggravates the calamity! A public execution, or a duel, is a focus where burning curiosity concentrates; in the latter case, Ireland bears the palm for a crowd; in the former, the annals of the Old Bailey can *amply* testify. Ireland has its own interest, too, in the place of execution, but not in the same degree as England. They have been too used to hanging in Ireland to make it piquant: "*toujours perdrix*" is a saying which applies in this as in many other cases. The gallows, in its palmy days, was shorn of its terrors: it became rather a pastime. For the victim it was pastime with a vengeance; for through it all time was past with him. For the rabble who beheld his agony, the frequency of the sight had blunted the edge of horror, and only sharpened that of unnatural excitement. The great school, where law should be the respected master, failed to inspire its intended awe; the legislative lesson became a mockery; and death, instead of frowning with terror, grinned in a fool's cap from the scaffold.

This may be doubted now, when a milder spirit presides in the councils of the nation and on the bench; but those who remember Ireland not very long ago, can bear witness how lightly life was valued, or death regarded. Illustrative of this, one may refer to the story of the two basket-women in Dublin, who held gentle converse on the subject of an approaching execution.

"Won't you go see de man die to-morrow, Judy?"

"Oh no, darlin'," said Judy. (By the bye, Judy pronounced the *n* through her nose, and said, "*do*."

"Ah do, jewel," said her friend.

Judy again responded, "*Do*."

"And why won't you go, dear?" inquired her friend again.

"I've to wash de child," said Judy.

"Sure, didn't you wash it last week?" said her friend in an expository tone.

"Oh, well, I *won't* go," said Judy.

"Throth, Judy, you're ruinin' your health," said this soft-hearted acquaintance; "dere's a man to die to-morrow,

and you won't come—ugh!—you dever take *do divarshin!*”

And wherefore is it thus? Why should tears bedew the couch of him who dies in the bosom of his family, surrounded by those who love him, whose pillow is smoothed by the hand of filial piety, whose past is without reproach, and whose future is bright with hope? and why should dry eyes behold the duellist or the culprit, in whom folly or guilt may be the cause of a death on which the seal of censure or infamy may be set, and whose futurity we must tremble to consider? With more reason might we weep for the fate of either of the latter than the former, and yet we *do* not. And why is it so? If I may venture an opinion, it is that nature is violated: a natural death demands and receives the natural tribute of tears; but a death of violence falls with a stunning force upon the nerves, and the fountain of pity stagnates and will not flow.

Though there was a general scattering of the persons who had come to see the duel, still a good many rode homeward with Murphy, who, with his second, Tom Durfy, beside him, headed the party, as they rode gaily toward the town, and laughed over the adventure of Andy and Dick.

“No one can tell how anything is to finish,” said Tom Durfy; “here we came out to have a duel, and, in the end, it turned out a hunt.”

“I am glad you were not in at *my* death, however,” said Murphy, who seemed particularly happy at not being killed.

“You lost no time in firing, Murtough,” said one of his friends.

“And small blame to me, Billy,” answered Murphy: “Egan is a capital shot, and how did I know but he might take it into his head to shoot me?—but, you see, he couldn't stand the joke he thought I played him.”

“Will you tell us what it was?” cried another of the party, pressing forward; “for we can't make it out exactly, though we've heard something of it—wasn't it leeches you sent to him, telling him he was a blood-sucking villain?”

A roar of laughter from Murtough followed this question. “Lord, how a story gets mangled and twisted!” said he, as soon as he could speak. “Leeches! what an absurdity! No, it was——”

“A bottle of castor oil, wasn't it, by way of a present of noveau?” said another of the party, hurrying to the front to put forward *his* version of the matter.

A second shout of laughter from Murphy greeted this third edition of the story. “If you will listen to me, I'll give you the genuine version,” said Murtough, “which is better, I promise you, than any which invention could supply. The fact is, Squire Egan is engaged against O'Grady, and applied to me to harass him in the parchment line, swearing he would blister him; and this phrase of blistering occurred so often, that when I sent him over a bit o' parchment, which he engaged to have served on my bold O'Grady, I wrote to him, ‘Dear Squire, I send you the blister;’ and that most ingenious of all blunderers, Handy Andy, being the bearer, and calling at M'Garry's shop, on his way home, picked up from the counter a *real* blister, which was folded up in an inclosure, something like the process, and left the law-stinger behind him.”

“That's great!” cried Doyle.

“Oh, but you have not heard the best of it yet,” added Murphy. “I am certain the bit of parchment was sent to O'Grady, for he was hunting M'Garry this morning through the town, with a cudgel of portentous dimensions—put that and that together.”

“No mistake!” cried Doyle; “and devil pity O'Grady for he's a blustering, swaggering, overbearing, ill-tempered——”

“Hillo, hillo, Bill!” interrupted Murphy, “you are too hard on the adjectives; besides, you'll spoil your appetite if you ruffle your temper, and that would fret me, for I intend you to dine with me to-day.”

“Faith, an' I'll do that same, Murtough, my boy, and glad to be asked, as the old maid said.”

“I'll tell you what it is,” said Murphy; “boys, you must all dine with me to-day, and drink long life to me, since I'm not killed.”

“There are seventeen of us,” said Durfy; “the little parlor won't hold us all.”

“But isn't there a big room at the inn, Tom?” returned Murphy, “and not better drink in Ireland than Mrs. Fay's. What do you say, lads—one and all—will you dine with me?”

“Will a duck swim?” chuckled out Jack Horan, an oily veteran, who seldom



opened his mouth but to put something into it, and spared his words as if they were of value; and to make them appear so, he spoke in apothegms.

"What say you, James Reddy?" said Murtough.

"Ready, sure enough, and willing too!" answered James, who was a small wit, and made the aforesaid play upon his name at least three hundred and sixty-five times every year.

"Oh, we'll all come," was uttered right and left.

"Good men and true," shouted Murphy; "won't we make the rafters shake, and turn the cellar inside out! Whoo! I'm in great heart to-day. But who is this powdering up the road? By the powers! 'tis the doctor, I think; 'tis—I know his bandy hat over the cloud of dust."

The individual, thus designated as the doctor, now emerged from the obscurity in which he had been enveloped, and was received with a loud shout by the whole cavalcade as he approached them. Both parties drew rein, and the doctor, lifting from his head the aforesaid bandy hat, which was slouched over one eye, with a sinister droop, made a low obeisance to Murphy and said, with a mock solemnity, "Your servant, sir—and so you're not killed?"

"No," said Murphy; "and you've lost a job, which I see you came to look for—but you're not to have the carving of me yet."

"Considering it's so near Michaelmas, I think you've had a great escape, signor," returned the doctor.

"Sure enough," said Murphy, laughing; "but you're late this time: so you must turn back, and content yourself with carving something more innocent than an attorney to-day—though at an attorney's cost. You must dine with me."

"Willingly, signor," said the doctor; but pray don't make use of the word 'cost.' I hate to hear it out of an attorney's mouth—or *bill*, I should say."

A laugh followed the doctor's pleasantry, but no smile appeared upon his countenance; for, though uttering quaint and often very good, but oftener very bitter, things, he never moved a muscle of his face, while others were shaking their sides at his sallies. He was, in more ways than one, a remarkable man. A

massive head, large and rather protruding eyes, lank hair, slouching ears, a short neck, and broad shoulders, rather inclined to stooping, a long body, and short legs, slightly bowed, constituted his outward man: and a lemon-colored complexion, which a residence of some years in the East Indies had produced, did not tend to increase his beauty. His mind displayed a superior intelligence, original views, contempt of received opinions, with a power of satire and ridicule, which rendered him a pleasing friend or a dangerous enemy, as the case might be; though, to say the truth, friend and foe were treated with nearly equal severity, if a joke or a sarcasm tempted the assault. His own profession hated him, for he unsparingly ridiculed all stale practice which his conviction led him to believe was inefficient, and he daringly introduced fresh, to the no small indignation of the more cut-and-dry portion of the faculty, for whose hate he returned contempt, of which he made no secret. From an extreme coarseness of manner, even those who believed in his skill were afraid to trust to his humor: and the dislike of his brother-practitioners to meet him, superadded to this, damaged his interest considerably, and prevented his being called in, until extreme danger frightened patients or their friends, into sending for Dr. Growling. His carelessness in dress, too, inspired disgust in the fair portion of the creation: and "snuffy" and "dirty," "savage" and "brute," were among the sweet words they applied to him.

Nevertheless, those who loved a joke more than they feared a hit, would run the risk of an occasional thrust of the doctor's stiletto, for the sake of enjoying the mangling he gave other people; and such rollicking fellows as Murphy, and Durfy, and Dawson, and squire Egan petted this social hedgehog.

The doctor now turned his horse's head, and joined the cavalcade to the town. "I have blown my Rosinante," said he: "I was in such a hurry to see the fun."

"Yes," said Murphy, "he smokes."

"And his master takes snuff," said the doctor, suiting the action to the word. "I suppose, signor, you were thinking a little while ago that the squire might serve an ejection on your vitality?"

"Or that in the trial between us I might get damages," said Murphy.

"There is a difference in such cases," said the doctor, "between a court of law and a court of honor: for in the former, the man is plaintiff before he gets his damages, while in the latter, it is after he gets his damages that he complains."

"I'm glad my term is not ended, however," said Murphy.

"If it had been," said the doctor, "I think you'd have had a long vacation in limbo."

"And suppose I had been hit," said Murphy, "you would have been late on the ground. You're a pretty friend!"

"It's my luck, sir," said the doctor: "I'm always late for a job. By the bye, I'll tell you an amusing fact of that musty piece of humanity, Miss Jenkins. Her niece was dangerously ill, and she had that licensed slaughterer, from Killanmaul, trying to tinker her up, till the poor girl was past all hope, and then she sends for me. She swore, sometime ago, I should never darken her doors; but when she began to apprehend that death was rather a darker gentleman than I, she tolerated my person. The old crocodile met me in the hall—by the bye, did you ever remark she's *like* a crocodile, only not with so pleasing an expression?—and wringing her hands she cried, 'Oh doctor, I'll be bound to you for ever!'—I hope not, thought I to myself. 'Save my Jemima, doctor, and there's nothing I won't do to prove my gratitude!' 'Is she long ill, ma'am,' said I. 'A fortnight, doctor.' 'I wish I had been called in sooner, ma'am,' says I—for, 'pon my conscience, Murphy, it is too ridiculous the way the people go on about me. I verily believe they think I can raise people out of their graves; and they call me in to repair the damages disease and the doctors have been making; and while the gentlemen in black silk stockings, with gold-headed canes, have been fobbing fees for three weeks, perhaps, they call in poor Jack Growling, who scorns Jack-a-dandyism, and *he* gets a solitary guinea for mending the bungling that cost something to the tune of twenty or thirty, perhaps. And when I have plucked them from the jaws of death—regularly cheated the sexton out of them—the best word they have for me is to call me a pig, or abuse my boots, or wonder that the doctor is not more particular about his linen—the fools! But to return to my

gentle crocodile. I was shown up stairs to the sick room, and there, sir, I saw the unfortunate girl, speechless, at the last gasp absolutely. The Killanmaul dandy had left her to die—absolutely given her up; and *then*, indeed, I'm sent for! Well, I was in a rage, and was rushing out of the house, when the crocodile waylaid me in the hall. "Oh, doctor, won't you do something for my Jemima?" "I can't, ma'am," says I; "but Mr. Fogerty can! Mr. Fogerty!" says she. "Yes, ma'am," says I. "You have mistaken my profession, Miss Jenkins—I'm a doctor, ma'am; but I suppose *you took me for an undertaker.*"

"Well, you hit her hard, doctor," said Murphy.

"Sir, you might as well hit a rhinoceros," returned the doctor.

"When shall we dine?" asked Jack Horan.

"As soon as Mrs. Fay can let us have the eatables," answered Murphy; "and by the bye, Jack, I leave the ordering of the dinner to you, for no man understands better how to do that same; besides, I want to leave my horse in my own stable, and I'll be up at the inn after you, in a brace of shakes."

The troop now approached the town. Those who lived there rode to their own stables, and returned to the party at Mrs. Fay's: while they who resided a distance dismounted at the door of the inn, which soon became a scene of bustle in all its departments from this large influx of guests; and the preparation for the dinner, exceeding in scale what Mrs. Fay was generally called upon to provide, except when the assizes, or races, or other such cause of commotion, demanded all the resources of her establishment, and more, if she had them. So the Dinnyes, and the Tims, and the Mickeys, were rubbing down horses, cleaning knives, or drawing forth extra tables from their dusty repose; and the Biddys, and Judys, and Nellys, were washing up plates, scouring pans, and brightening up extra candlesticks, or doing deeds of doom in the poultry-yard, where an audible commotion gave token of the premature deaths of sundry supernumerary chickens.

Murphy soon joined his guests, grinning from ear to ear, and rubbing his hands as he entered.

"Great news, boys," said he; "who do

you think was at my house, when I got home, but M'Garry with his head bandaged up, and his whole body, as he declares, bearing black and blue testimony to the merciless attack of the bold O'Grady, against whom he swears he'll bring an action for assault and battery. Now, boys, I thought it would be great fun to have him here to dinner—it's as good as a play to hear him describe the thrashing—so I asked him to come. He said he was not in a fit state to dine out; but I egged him on by saying that a sight of him in his present plight would excite sympathy for him, and stir up public feeling against O'Grady, and that all would tell in the action, as most likely some of the present company might be on the jury, and would be the better able to judge how far he was entitled to damages, from witnessing the severity of the injury he had received. So he's coming; and mind, you must all be deeply affected at his sufferings, and impressed with the *powerful* description he gives of the same."

"Very scientific, of course," said old Growling.

"Extensively so," returned Murphy; "he laid on the Latin *heavy*."

"Yes—the fool!" growled the doctor; he can't help sporting it even on me. I "went into his shop one day, and asked for some opium wine, and he could not resist calling it *vinum opii* as he handed it to me."

"We'll make him a martyr!" cried Durfy.

"We'll make him drunk!" said Jack Horan, "and that will be better. He brags that he never was what he calls 'inebriated' in his life; and it will be great fun to send him home on a door, with a note to his wife, who is proud of his propriety."

As they spoke M'Garry entered, his head freshly bound up, to look as genteel as possible amongst the gentlemen with whom he was to have the honor of dining. His wife had suggested a pink ribbon, but M'Garry, while acknowledging his wife's superior taste, said black would look more professional. The odd fellows to whom he had now committed himself, crowded round him, and, in the most exaggerated phrases, implied the high sense they entertained of his wrongs and O'Grady's aggression.

"Unprovoked attack!" cried one.

"Savage ruffian!" ejaculated another.

"What atrocity!" said the third.

"What dignified composure!" added the fourth in an audible whisper, meant for M'Garry's ear.

"Gentlemen!" said the apothecary, flurried at the extreme attention of which he became the object; "I beg you to assure you I am deeply—that is—this proof of—of—of symptoms—gentlemen—I mean sympathy, gentlemen—in short, I really —"

"The fact is," said Growling, "I see Mr. M'Garry is rather shaken in nerve—whether from loss of blood, or—"

"I have lost a quantity of blood, doctor," said M'Garry; "much vascular, to say nothing of the extravasated."

"Which I'll state in my case," said Murphy—

"Murphy, don't interrupt," said Growling, who, with a very grave face, recommenced: "Gentlemen, from the cause already stated, I see Mr. M'Garry is not prepared to answer the outpouring of feeling with which you have greeted him, and if I might be permitted—"

Every one shouted, "Certainly—certainly!"

"Then, as I am permitted, I will venture to respond for Mr. M'Garry, and address you as he *would* address you. In the words of Mr. M'Garry, I would say—Gentlemen—unaccustomed as I am"—Some smothered laughter followed this beginning; upon which the doctor, with a mock gravity, proceeded:

"Gentlemen, this interruption I consider to be an infringement on the liberty of the subject. I commence, therefore, in the words of my honorable and wounded friend; and our honorable and wounded feelings, and say, as my friend would say, or, to speak classically, M'Garry *loquitur*—"

The apothecary bowed his head to the bit of Latin, and the doctor continued:

"Gentlemen—unaccustomed to public thrashing, you can conceive what my feelings are at the present moment, in mind and body. [*Bravo!*] You behold an outrage! [*much confusion*] Shall an exaggerated savagery like this escape punishment, and 'the calm, sequestered vale' (as the poet calls it) of private life be ravaged with impunity? [*Bravo, bravo!*] Are the learned professions to

be trampled under foot by barbarian ignorance and brutality? No; I read in the indignant looks of my auditory their high-souled answers. Gentlemen, your sympathy is better than dyachylon to my wounds, and this is the proudest day of my life."

Thunders of applause followed the doctor's address, and every one shook M'Garry's hand, till his bruised bones ached again. Questions poured upon him from all sides as to the nature and quantity of his drubbing, to all of which M'Garry innocently answered in terms of exaggeration, spiced with scientific phrases. Muscles, tendons, bones, and sinews, were particularized with the precision of an anatomical demonstration; he swore he was pulverized and paralyzed, and all the other lies he could think of.

"A large stick you say?" said Murphy.

"Sir! I never saw such a stick—'twas like a weaver's beam!"

"I'll make a note of that," said Murphy. "A weaver's beam—'twill tell well with a jury."

"And beat you all over?" said Durfy.

"From shoulder to flank, sir, I am one mass of welts and weals; the abrasures are extensive, the bruises terrific, particularly in the lumbar regions."

"Where's that," asked Jack Horan.

"The lumbar region is what is commonly called the loins, sir."

"Not always," said the doctor. "It varies in different subjects: I have known some people whose *lumber* region lay in the head."

"You laugh, gentlemen," said M'Garry, with a mournful smile; "but you *know* the doctor—he *will* be jocular." He then continued to describe the various other regions of his other injuries, amidst the well-acted pity and indignation of the queer fellows who drew him out, until they were saturated, so far, with the fun of the subject. After which, Murphy, whose restless temperament could never let him be quiet for a moment, suggested that they should divert themselves before dinner with a badger-fight.

The fortune of the fight favoured the badger, who proved himself a trump; and Murphy appreciated his worth so highly that, when the battle was over, he would not quit the ground until he became his owner, at a high price to the horse-dealer. His next move was to *insist*

on Edward O'Conner dining with him; and Edward, after many excuses to avoid the party which, he foresaw, would be a drinking bout—of which he had a special horror, notwithstanding all his toleration—yielded to the entreaties of Murphy, and consented to be his guest, just as Tim the waiter ran up, streaming from every pore, to announce that the dinner was "ready to be sarved."

"Then sarve it sir," said Murphy, "and sarve it right."

Off cantered Tim, steaming and snorting like a locomotive engine, and the party followed to the inn, where a long procession of dish-bearers was ascending the stairs to the big room, as Murphy and his friends entered.

The dinner it is needless to describe. One dinner is the same as another in the most essential points, namely, to satisfy hunger, and slake consequent thirst; and whether beef and cabbage, and heavy wet are to conquer the dragon of appetite, or your stomach is to sustain the more elaborate attack fired from the *batterie de cuisine* of a finished *artiste*, and moistened with champagne, the difference is only of degree in the fashion of the thing and the tickling of the palate; hunger is as thoroughly satisfied with the one as with the other: and head-aches as well manufactured out of the beautiful bright, and taper glasses which bear the foam of France to the lip, as from the coarse, flat-bottomed tumblers of an inn, that reek with punch. At the dinner there was the same tender solicitude on the part of the carvers as to "Where would you like it?" and the same carelessness on the part of those whom they questioned, who declared they had no choice, "but if there *was* a little bit near the shank," &c., or "if there was a liver wing to *spare*." By the way, some carvers there are who push an aspirant's patience too far. I have seen some, who, after giving away both wings, and all the breast, two sidebones, and the short legs, meet the eager look of the fifth man on their left with a smile, and ask him, with an effrontery worthy of the Old Bailey, "Has he any choice?" and, at the same time toss a drum-stick on the destined plate, or boldly attempt to divert his melancholy with a merry thought. All this, and more, was there at Murtough Murphy's dinner, long memorable in the country

from a frolic that wound up the evening, which soon began to warm, after the cloth was removed, into that sort of a thing commonly known by the name of a jollification. But before the dinner was over, poor M'Garry was nearly pickled; Jack Horan having determined to make him drunk, arranged a system of attack on M'Garry's sobriety which bade defiance to his prudence to withstand. It was agreed that everyone should ask the apothecary to take wine; and he, poor innocent man! when gentlemen whom he had never had the honor to meet at dinner before, addressed him with a winning smile, and said, "Mr. M'Garry, will you do me the honor?" could not do less than fill his glass every time; so that, to use Jack Horan's own phrase, the apothecary was "sewed up" before he had any suspicion of the fact; and, unused to the indications of approaching vinous excitement, he supposed it was the delightful society made him so hilarious, and he began to launch forth after dinner in a manner quite at variance with the reserve he usually maintained in the presence of his superiors and talked largely. Now, M'Garry's principal failing was to make himself appear very learned in his profession; and every new discovery in chemistry, operation in surgery, or scientific experiment he heard of, he was prone to shove in head and shoulders, in his soberest moments; but now that he was half drunk, he launched forth on the subject of galvanism, having read of some recent wonderful effects produced on the body of a recent murderer who was hanged and given over to the College of Surgeons in Dublin. To impress the company still more with a sense of his learning, he addressed Growling on the subject, and the doctor played him off to advantage.

"Don't you think it very wonderful, doctor?" inquired M'Garry, speaking somewhat thickly.

"Very," answered the doctor dryly.

"They say, sir, the man—that is, the subject—when under the influence of the battery, absolutely twiddled his left foot, and raised his right arm."

"And raised it to some purpose, too," said the doctor: "for he raised a contusion on the Surgeon General's eye, having hit him over the same."

"Dear me!—I did not hear that."

"It is true, however," said the doctor,

"and that gives you an idea of the power of the galvanic influence, for you know the Surgeon-General is a powerful man and yet he could not hold him down."

"Wonderful!" hiccupped M'Garry.

"But that's nothing to what happened in London," continued the doctor. "They experimented there the other day with a battery of such power, that the man who was hanged, absolutely jumped up, seized a scalpel from the table, and making a rush on the assembled Faculty of London, cleared the theatre in less than no time; dashed into the hall; stabbed the porter who attempted to stop him, made a chevy down the south side of Leicester Square; and as he reached the corner, a woman who was carrying tracts published by the Society for the Suppression of Vice, shrieked at beholding a man in so startling a condition, and fainted; he with a presence of mind perfectly amiable whipped the cloak from her back, and threw it around him, and scudding through the tortuous alleys which abound in that neighborhood, made his way to the house where the learned Society of Noviomagians hold their convivial meetings, and, telling the landlord that he was invited there to dinner as a curiosity, he gained admittance, and, it is supposed, took his opportunity for escaping, for he has not since been heard of."

"Good Heaven!" gasped M'Garry; "and do you believe that, doctor?"

"Most firmly, sir! My belief is, that galvanism is, in fact the original principle of vitality."

"Should we not rejoice, doctor," cried M'Garry, "at this triumph of science?"

"I don't think you should," Mr. M'Garry, said the doctor, gravely; "for it would utterly destroy *your* branch of the profession; pharmacopologists, instead of compounding medicine, must compound with their creditors; they are utterly ruined. Mercury is no longer in the ascendant; all doctors have to do now is to carry a small battery about them, a sort of galvanic pocket-pistol, I may say, and restore the vital principle by its application."

"You are not serious, doctor?" said M'Garry becoming *very* serious, with that wise look so peculiar to drunken men.

"Never more serious in my life, sir."

"That would be dreadful!" said M'Garry,

"*Shocking* you mean," said the doctor.

"Leave off your confounded scientifics there," shouted Murphy from the head of the table, "and let us have a song."

"I can't sing, indeed, Mister Murphy," said M'Garry, who became more intoxicated every moment; for he continued to drink, having overstepped the boundary which custom had prescribed to him.

"I didn't ask you, man," said Murphy; "but my darling fellow, Ned here, will gladden our hearts and ears with a stave."

"Bravo!" was shouted around the table, trembling under the "thunders of applause" with which heavy hands made it ring again; and "Ned of the Hill!" "Ned of the Hill!" was vociferated with many a hearty cheer about the board that might indeed be called "festive."

"Well," said O'Connor, "since you call upon me in the name of 'Ned of the Hill,' I'll give you a song under that very title. Here's 'Ned of the Hill's' own shout;" and in a rich, manly voice he sang, with the fire of a bard, these lines:—

#### THE SHOUT OF NED OF THE HILL.

The hill! the hill! with its sparkling rill,  
And its dawning air so light and pure,  
Where the morning's eye scorns the mists that  
lie

On the drowsy valley and the moor.  
Here, with the eagle, I rise betimes;  
Here, with the eagle, my state I keep;  
The first we see of the morning sun,  
And his last as he sets o'er the deep;  
And here, while strife is rife below,  
Here from the tyrant I am free;  
Let shepherd slaves the valley praise,  
But the hill! the hill for me!

The baron below in his castle dwells,  
And his garden boasts the costly rose;  
But mine is the keep of the mountain steep,  
Where the matchless wild flower freely  
blows.

Let him fold his sheep, and his harvest reap—  
I look down from my mountain throne;  
And I choose and pick of the flock and the rick,  
And what is his I can make my own.  
Let the valley grow in its wealth below  
And the lord keep his high degree;  
But higher am I in my liberty—  
The hill! the hill for me!

O'Connor's song was greeted with what the music-publishers are pleased to designate on their title pages, "distinguished

applause;" and his "health and song" were filled to and drank with enthusiasm.

"Whose lines are those?" asked the doctor.

"I don't know," said O'Connor.

"That's as much as to say they are your own," said Growling. "Ned, don't be too modest—it is the worst fault a man can have who wants to get on in this world."

"The call is with you, Ned," shouted Murphy from the head of the table; "knock some one down for a song."

"Mr. Reddy, I hope, will favor us," said Edward, with a courteous inclination of his head toward the gentleman he named, who returned a very low bow, with many protestations that he would "do his best," &c.: "but after Mr. O'Connor, really"—and this was said with a certain self-complacent smile, indicative of his being on very good terms with himself. Now, James Reddy wrote rhymes—bless the mark!—and was tolerably well convinced that, except Tom Moore (if he *did* except even him), there was not a man in the British dominions his equal at a lyric. He sang, too, with a kill-me-quite air, as if no lady could resist his strains; and to "give effect," as he called it, he began every stanza as loud as he could, and finished it in a gentle murmur—tailed it off very taper, indeed; in short, it seemed as if a shout had been suddenly smitten with consumption, and died in a whisper. And this, his style, he never varied, whatever the nature or expression of the song might be, or the sense to be expressed; but as he very often sang his own, there were seldom any to consider. This rubbish he had set to music by the country music-master, who believed himself a better composer than Sir John Stevenson, to whom the prejudices of the world gave the palm; and he eagerly caught at the opportunity which the verses and vanity of Reddy afforded him, of stringing his crotchets and quavers of the same hank with the abortive fruits of Reddy's muse, and the wretched productions hung worthily together.

Reddy, with the proper quantity of "hems and haws," and rubbing down his upper lip and chin with his forefinger and thumb, cleared his throat, tossed his nose into the air, and said he was going to give them "a little *classic* thing."

"Just look at the puppy!" snarled out old Growling to his neighbor: "he's going to measure us out some yards of his own fustian, I'm sure—he looks so pleased."

Reddy gave his last "a-hem!" and sang what he called

THE LAMENT OF ARIADNE.

The graceful Greek, with gem-bright hair,  
Her garments rent, and rent the air;

"What a tearing rage she was in!" said old Growling in an undertone.

With sobs and sighs  
And tearful eyes,  
Like fountain fair of Helicon.

"Oh, thunder and lightning!" growled the doctor, who pulled a letter out of his pocket, and began to scribble on the blank portions of it with the stump of a blunt pencil, which he very audibly sucked, to enable him to make a mark.

For ah, her lover false was gone!  
The fickle brave  
And fickle wave,

"And pickled cabbage," said the doctor.

Combined to cheat the fickle fair  
O fickle! fickle! fickle!  
But the brave should be true.  
And the fair ones too—  
True, true  
As the ocean's blue!  
And Ariadne had not been,  
Deserted there, like beauty's queen,  
Oh, Ariadne!—adne!—adne!

"Beautiful!" said the doctor, with an approving nod at Reddy, who continued his song, while the doctor continued to write.

The sea-nymphs round the sea-girl shore  
Mocked the maiden's sighs  
And the ocean's savage roar  
Replies—  
Replies—replies—replies, replies, replies,  
(After the manner of "Tell me where is fancy bred.")

"Very original!" said the doctor.

With willow wand  
Upon the strand  
She wrote with trembling heart and hand,  
"The brave should ne'er  
Desert the fair."  
But the wave the moral washed away.  
Ah, well-a-day! well-a-day!  
A-day! a-day! a-day!

Reddy smiled and bowed, and thunders of applause followed; the doctor shouted "Splendid!" several times, and continued to write and take snuff voraciously, by which those who knew him, could comprehend he was bent on mischief.

"What a beautiful thing that is?" said one.

"Whose is it?" said another.

"A little thing of my own," answered Reddy with a smile.

"I thought so," said Murphy. "By Jove, James, you *are* a genius!"

"Nonsense!" smiled the poet; "just a little classic trifle—I think *them* little classic allusions is pleasing in general—Tommy Moore is very happy in his classic allusions, you may remark—not that I, of course, mean to institute a comparison between so humble an individual as myself and Tommy Moore, who has so well been called 'the poet of all circles, and the ideal of his own;' and if you will permit me in a kindred spirit—I hope I *may* say the kindred spirit of song—in that kindred spirit I propose his health—the health of Tommy Moore!"

"Don't say *Tommy*!" said the doctor, in an irascible tone; "call the man TOM, sir; with all my heart, TOM MOORE!"

The table took the word from Jack Growling, and "Tom Moore," with all the honors of "hip and hurrah!" rang round the walls of the village inn—and where is the village in Ireland *that* health has not been hailed with the fiery enthusiasm of the land whose lays he hath "wedded to immortal verse,"—the land which is proud of his birth, and holds his name in honor?

There is a magic in a great name, and in this instance that of Tom Moore turned the current from where it was setting, and instead of quizzing the nonsense of the fool who had excited their mirth, every one launched forth in praise of their native bard, and couplets from his favorite songs rang from lip to lip.

"Come, Ned of the Hill," said Murphy, "sing us one of *his* songs—I know you have them all as pat as your prayers."

"And says them oftener," said the doctor, who still continued scribbling over the letter.

Edward, at the urgent request of many, sang that most exquisite of the melodies, "And doth not a meeting like this make

amends!" and long rang the plaudits, and rapidly circulated the bottle at its conclusion.

"We'll be the 'Alps in the sunset,' my boys," said Murphy; "and here's the wine to enlighten us! But what are *you* about there, doctor?—is it a prescription you are writing?"

"No. Prescriptions are written in Latin, and this is a bit of Greek, I'm doing. Mr. Reddy has inspired me with a classic spirit, and if you will permit me, I'll volunteer a song, [*Bravo! bravo!*] and give you another version of the subject he has so beautifully treated—only mine is not so heart-breaking."

The doctor's proposition was received with cheers, and after he had gone through the mockery of clearing his throat, and pitching his voice after the usual manner of your would-be fine singers, he gave out, to the tune of a well-known rollicking Irish lilt, the following burlesque version of Reddy's song:—

#### LOVE AND LIQUOR—A GREEK ALLEGORY.

Oh, sure 'twould amaze yiz  
How one Misther Theseus  
Desarted a lovely young lady of owld,  
On a dissolute island,  
All lonely and silent,  
She sobbed herself sick as she sat in the cowl'd,  
Oh, you'd think she was kilt,  
As she roar'd, with the quilt  
Wrapp'd round her in haste as she jumped  
out of bed,  
And ran down to the coast,  
Where she looked like a ghost;  
Though 'twas *he* was departed—the vagabone  
fled:  
And she cried, "Well-a-day!  
Sure my heart it is gray;  
They're deceivers, them sojers, that goes on  
half pay."

Whilst abusing the villain,  
Came riding postilion  
A nate little boy on the back of a baste,  
Big enough, faith, to ate him,  
But he lather'd and bate him.  
And the baste to unsate him ne'er struggled  
the laste;  
And an illigant car  
He was dhrawing—by gar!  
It was finer by far than a Lord Mayor's state  
coach,  
And the chap that was in it  
He sang like a linnet,  
With a nate kag of whisky beside him to  
broach.

And he tipped now and then  
Just a matter o' ten  
Or twelve tumblers o' punch to his bold sar-  
ving-men.

They were dress'd in green livery  
But seem'd rather shivery,  
For 'twas only a trifle 'o leaves that they wore,  
But they caper'd away  
Like the sweeps on May-day  
And shouted and tipped the tumblers galors.  
A print of their masther  
Is often in plaster

O' Paris put over the door of a tap;  
A fine chubby fellow,  
Ripe, rosy, and mellow,  
Like a peach that is ready to drop in your  
lap.

Hurrah! for brave Bacchus,  
A bottle to crack us,  
He's a friend of the people, like bowld Caius  
Gracchus.

Now Bacchus perceiving  
The lady was grieving,  
He spoke to her civil, and tipp'd her a wink;  
And the more that she fretted.  
He soother'd and petted,  
And gave her a glass her own health just to  
dhrink:  
Her pulse it beat quicker,  
The trife o' liquor  
Enliven'd her sinking heart's cockles, I think:  
So the MORAL is plain,  
That if love gives you pain,  
*There's nothing can cure it like taking to dhrink!*

Unproarious were the "bravos" which followed the doctor's impromptu; the glasses overflowed, and were emptied to his health and song, as laughing faces nodded to him round the table. The doctor sat seriously rocking himself in his chair backward and forward, to meet the various duckings of the beaming faces about him; for every face beamed but one—and that was the unfortunate M'Garry's. He was most deplorably drunk, and began to hold on by the table. At last he contrived to shove back his chair and get on his legs; and making a sloping stagger towards the wall, contrived by its support to scramble his way to the door. There he balanced himself as well as he could by the handle of the lock, which chance, rather than design, enabled him to turn, and the door suddenly opening, poor M'Garry made a rush across the landing-place, and stumbling against an opposite door would have fallen, had he not supported himself by



the lock of that also, which, again yielding to his heavy tugs, opened, and the miserable wretch making another plunge forward, his shins came in contact with the rail of a very low bed, and into it he fell head foremost, totally unable to rise, and, after some heavy grunts, he sank into a profound sleep.

In this state he was discovered soon after by Murphy, whose inventive faculty for frolic instantly suggested how the apothecary's mishap might be made the foundation of a good practical joke. Murrough went down stairs, and procuring some blacking and red pickled cabbage by stealth, returned to the chamber where M'Garry now lay in a state of stupor, and dragging off his clothes, he made long daubs across his back with the purple juice of the pickle and Warren's paste, till poor M'Garry was as regularly striped as a tiger, from his shoulder to his flank. He then returned to the dinner-room, where the drinking bout had assumed a formidable character, and others, as well as the apothecary, began to feel the influence of their potations. Murphy confided to the doctor what he had done, and said that, when the men were drunk enough, he would contrive that M'Garry should be discovered, and then they would take their measures accordingly. It was not very long before his company were ripe enough for his designs, and then ringing the bell he demanded of the waiter, when he entered, what had become of Mr. M'Garry. The waiter, not having any knowledge on the subject, was desired to inquire, and, a search being instituted, M'Garry was discovered by Mrs. Fay in the state Murphy had left him in. On seeing him, she screamed, and ran into the dinner-room, wringing her hands, and shouting "Murder." A great commotion ensued, and a general rush to the bedroom took place, and exclamations of wonder and horror flew round the room, not only from the gentlemen of the dinner-party, but from the servants of the house, who crowded to the chamber on the first alarm, and helped not a little to increase the confusion.

"Oh! whoever see the like of it?" shouted Mrs. Fay. "He's kilt with the batin' he got! Oh! look at him—black and blue all over! Oh, the murder it is! Oh, I wouldn't be Squire Grady for all his fort'n."

"Gad, I believe he's killed sure enough," said Murphy.

"What a splendid action the widow will have!" said Jack Horan.

"You forget, man," said Murphy, "this is not a case for action of damages, but felony—hanging matter."

"Sure enough," said Jack.

"Doctor, will you feel his pulse?" said Murphy.

The doctor did as he was required, and assumed a very serious countenance. "Tis a bad business, sir—his wounds are mortifying already."

Upon this announcement there was a general retreat from the bed, round which they had been crowding too close for the carrying on of the joke; and Mrs. Fay ran for a shovel of hot cinders, and poured vinegar over them, to fumigate the room.

"A very proper precaution, Mrs. Fay," said the doctor, with imperturbable gravity.

"That villanous smoke is choking me," said Jack Horan.

"Better that, sir, than have a pestilence in the house," said Growling.

"I'll leave the place," said Jack Horan.

"And I too," said Doyle.

"And I," said Reddy; "'tis disgusting to a sensitive mind."

"Gentlemen!" said Murphy, shutting the door, "you must not quit the house I must have an inquest on the body."

"An inquest?" they all exclaimed.

"Yes—an inquest."

"But there's no coroner here," said Reddy.

"No matter for that," said Murphy.

"I, as the under-sheriff of the county, can preside at this inquiry. Gentlemen, take your places; bring in more light, Mrs. Fay. Stand round the bed, gentlemen."

"Not too close," said the doctor. "Mrs. Fay, bring more vinegar."

Mrs. Fay had additional candles and more vinegar introduced, and the drunken fellows were standing as straight as they could, each with a candle in his hand, round the still prostrate M'Garry.

Murphy then opened them with a speech and called in every one in the house to ask did they know anything about the matter: and it was not long before it was spread all over the town that Squire O'Grady had killed M'Garry, and that the coroner's inquest brought in a verdict of murder, and that the squire was going to be sent to jail.

This almost incredible humbug of Murphy's had gone on for nearly half an hour, when the cold arising from his want of clothes, and the riot about him, and the fumes of the vinegar, roused M'Garry, who turned on the bed and opened his eyes. There he saw a parcel of people standing around him, with candles in their hands and countenances of drunken wonder and horror.

He uttered a hollow groan and cried :

"Save us and keep us! where am I?"

"Retire, gentlemen," said the doctor, waving his hand authoritatively, "retire—all but the under-sheriff."

Murphy cleared the room and shut the door, while M'Garry still kept exclaiming, "Save us and keep us! where am I? What's this? O Lord!"

"You're dead!" said Murphy; "and the coroner's inquest has just sat on you!"

"Dead!" cried M'Garry, with a horrified stare.

"Dead," repeated the doctor solemnly.

"Are you not Doctor Growling?"

"You see the effect, Mr. Murphy," said the doctor, not noticing M'Garry's question—"you see the effect of the process."

"Wonderful!" said Murphy.

"Preserve us!" cried the bewildered apothecary. "How could I know you if I was dead, doctor? Oh, doctor dear, sure I'm not dead?"

"As a herring," said the doctor.

"Lord have mercy on me! Oh, Mr. Murphy, sure I'm not dead?"

"You're dead, sir," said Murphy; "the doctor has only galvanized you for a few moments."

"O Lord!" groaned M'Garry. "Doctor—indeed, doctor?"

"You are in a state of temporary animation," said the doctor.

"I do feel very odd, indeed," said the terrified man, putting his hands to his throbbing temples. "How long am I dead?"

"A week next Tuesday," said the doctor. "Galvanism has preserved you from decomposition."

M'Garry uttered a heavy groan, and looked up piteously at his two tormentors. Murphy, fearful the shock might drive him out of his mind, said, "Perhaps, doctor, you can preserve his life altogether; you have kept him alive so long?"

"I'll try," said Growling; "hand me that tumbler."

Murphy handed him a tumbler full of water, and the doctor gave it to M'Garry, and desired him to try and drink it. He put it to his lips and swallowed a little drop.

"Can you taste it?" asked the doctor.

"Isn't it water?" said M'Garry.

"You see how dull the nerves are yet," said Growling to Murphy; "that's aquafortis and assafetida, and he can't taste it. We must give him another touch of the battery. Hold him up, while I go into the next room and immerse the plates."

The doctor left the bedroom, and came back with a hot poker and some lemon-juice and water.

"Turn him gently round," said he to Murphy, "while I conduct the wires."

His order was obeyed; and giving M'Garry a touch of the hot poker, the apothecary roared like a bull.

"That did him good," said Growling.

"Now try: can you taste anything?" and he gave him the lemon juice and water.

"I taste a slight acid, doctor, dear," said M'Garry, hopefully.

"You see what that last touch did," said Growling, gravely; "but the palate is still feeble; that's nearly pure nitric."

"Oh, dear!" said M'Garry: "is it nitric?"

"You see his hearing is coming back, too," said the doctor to Murphy. "Try, can he put his legs under him?"

They raised the apothecary from the bed; and when he staggered and fell forward, he looked horrified. "Oh, dear! I can't walk. I'm afraid I am—I am no more!"

"Don't despair," said the doctor; "I pledge my professional reputation to save you now, since you can stand at all, and your senses partly restored. Let him lie down again; try, could he sleep—"

"Sleep!" said M'Garry, with horror; "perhaps never to awaken."

"I'll keep up the galvanic influence—don't be afraid: depend upon me—there, lie down. Can you shut your eyes? Yes, I see you can: don't open them so fast. Try, can you keep them shut? Don't open them till I tell you—wait till I count

two hundred and fifty. That's right—turn a little more round—keep your eyes fast; that's it. One—two—three—four—five—six—seven;” and so he went on, making a longer interval between every number, till the monotonous sound and the closed eye of the helplessly drunken man produced the effect desired by the doctor; and the heavy snoring of the apothecary soon bore witness that he slept.

When the doctor was satisfied that M'Garry was fast asleep, he and Murphy left the room, and locked the door. They were encountered on the lobby by several curious people, who wanted to know, “was the man dead?” The doctor shook his head very gravely, and said, “Not quite,” while Murphy, with a serious nod, said, “All over, I am afraid, Mrs. Fay;” for he perceived among the persons on the lobby a servant of O'Grady's, who chanced to be in the town, and was all wonder and fright at the news of his master having committed murder. Murphy and the doctor proceeded to the dinner-room, where they found the drunken men, wrangling about what verdict they should bring in, and a discursive dispute touching on “murder” and “manslaughter,” and “accidental death,” and “the visitation of God,” mingled with noisy toasts and flowing cups, until any sagacity the company ever possessed was sacrificed to the rosy god.

The lateness of the hour, and the state of the company, rendered riding home impossible to most of them, so Mrs. Fay was called upon to prepare beds. The inn did not afford a sufficiency of beds to accommodate every gentleman with a single one, so a toss-up was resorted to, to decide who should sleep double. The fortune of war cast the unfortunate James Reddy upon the doctor, who, though one of the few who were capable of self-protection, preferred remaining at the inn to riding home some miles. Now James Reddy, though very drunk indeed, had sense enough left to dislike the lot that fate had cast him. To sleep with such a slovenly man as the doctor, shocked James, who was a bit of a dandy. The doctor seemed perfectly contented with the arrangement; and as he bade Murphy “good-night,” a lurking devilment hung about his huge mouth. All the men staggered off, or were supported to their various beds but one, and he could not

stir from the floor, where he lay hugging the leg of the table. To every effort to disturb him he replied with an imploring grunt, to “let him alone,” and he hugged the leg of the table closer, exclaiming; “I won't leave you, Mrs. Fay!—my darling Mrs. Fay! rowl your arms around me, Mrs. Fay!”

“Ah, get up and go to bed, Mither Doyle,” said Tim. “Sure the mistress is not here at all.”

“I know she's not,” said Doyle. “Who says a word against her?”

“Sure you're talkin' to her yourself, sir.”

“Pooh, pooh, man!—you're drunk.”

“Ah, come to bed, Mither Doyle!” said Tim, in an imploring tone. “Och sure, my heart's broke with you.”

“Don't say your heart's broke, my landlady—my darling Mrs. Fay! the apple of my eye you are.”

“Nonsense, Mither Doyle.”

“True as the sun, moon, and stars, Apple of my eye, did I say?—I'd give the apples of my eyes to make sauce for the cockles of your heart. Mrs. Fay, darling, don't be coy. Ha! I have you fast!” and he gripped the table closer.

“Well, you *are* dhrunk, Mither Doyle,” said Tim.

“I hope my breath is not offensive from drink, Mrs. Fay,” said Doyle, in an amatory whisper to the leg of the table.

“Ah, get out o' that, Mither Doyle,” said Tim; accompanying the exclamation with a good shake, which somewhat roused the prostrate form.

“Who's there?”

“I want you to come to bed, sir; eh, don't be so foolish, Mither Doyle. Sure you don't think the mistress would be rowlin' on the flure there wid you, as dhrunk as a pig—”

“Dare not wound her fame! Who says a word of Mrs. Fay?”

“Arrah, you're talkin' there about her this half-hour.”

“False villain! Whisht, my darling,” said he to the leg of the table; “I'd never betray you. Hug me tight, Mrs. Fay!”

“Bad luck to the care I'll take any more about you,” said Tim; “sleep on the flure, if you like.” And Doyle was left to pass the night in the soft imaginary delights of Mrs. Fay's mahogany embraces.

How fared it with James Reddy? Alas!

poor James was doomed to a night of torment, the effects of which he remembered for many days after. In fact, had James been left to his choice, he would rather have slept with the house-dog than with the doctor; but he dreaded the consequences of letting old Jack perceive his antipathy; and visions of future chastisement from the doctor's satirical tongue awed him into submission to the present punishment. He sneaked into bed, therefore, and his deep potations ensured him immediate sleep, from which he awoke, however, in the middle of the night in torture, from the deep scratches inflicted upon him by every kick of old Growling. At last poor Reddy could stand it no longer, and the earliest hour of dawn revealed him to the doctor putting on his clothes, swearing like a trooper at one moment, and at the next apostrophizing the genius of gentility. "What it is to have to do with a person that is not a gentleman!" he exclaimed, as he pulled on one leg of his trousers.

"What is the matter with you?" asked old Jack from one bed.

"The matter is, sir, that I am going."

"Is it at this hour? Tut, man, don't be a fool. Get into bed again."

"Never, sir, with *you* at least. I have seldom slept two in a bed, Dr. Growling, for my gentlemanly habits forbid it; but when circumstances have obliged me, it has been with gentlemen—*gentlemen*, doctor," and he laid a stress on the word: "gentlemen, sir, who cut their toe-nails. Sir, I am a serious sufferer by your coarse habits; you have scratched me, sir, nearly to death. I am one gore of blood—"

"Tut, man! 'twas not my nails scratched you; it was only my spurs I put on going to bed, to keep you at a distance from me; you were so disgustingly drunk, my *gentleman*!—look there!" and he poked his leg out of bed, and there, sure enough, Reddy saw a spur buckled; and, dumb-founded at the evidence of the doctor's atrocity, he snatched up his clothes and rushed from the room, as from the den of a bear.

Murphy twisted a beneficial result to M'Garry out of the night's riotous frolic at his expense; for in the morning, taking advantage of the report of the inquest, which he knew must have reached Neck-or-Nothing Hall, he made a communication to O'Grady, so equivocally worded

that the Squire fell into the trap. The note ran as follows:

SIR—You must be aware that your act of yesterday has raised a strong feeling in the country against you, and that so flagrant a violation of the law cannot fail to be visited with terrible severity upon you; for, though your position in rank places you far above the condition of the unfortunate man on whom you wreaked your vengeance, you know, sir, that in the eye of the law you are equal, and the shield of justice protects the peasant as well as the prince. Under these circumstances, considering the *awful consequences* of your ungoverned rage (which, I doubt not, you now deplore) I would suggest to you, by a timely offer of compromise, in the shape of a handsome sum of money—say two hundred pounds—to lull the storm which must otherwise have burst on your devoted head, and save your name from dishonor. I anxiously wait your answer, as proceedings must instantly commence, and the law take its course, unless Mrs. M'Garry can be pacified.

"I have the honor to be, sir,

"Your most obedient Servant,

"MURTOUGH MURPHY.

*To Gustavus Granby O'Grady, Esq.,*

*"Neck-or-Nothing Hall."*

O'Grady was thoroughly frightened, and, strange as it may appear, did believe he could compromise for killing only a plebeian; and actually sent Murphy his note of hand for the sum demanded. Murtough posted off to M'Garry; he and his wife received him with shouts of indignation, and heaped reproaches on his head, for the trick he had played on the apothecary.

"Oh! Mister M'Garry—never look me in the face again!" said Mrs. M'Garry, who was ugly enough to make the request quite unnecessary; "to send my husband home to me a beast!"

"Striped like a tiger!" said M'Garry.

"Blacking and pickled cabbage, Mither Murphy!" said the wife. "Oh, fie, sir. —I did not think you could be so low."

"Galvanism!" said M'Garry, furiously; "My professional honor wounded!"

"Whisht, whisht, man!" said Murphy; "there's a finer plaister than any in your shop for the cure of a wounded honor. Look at that!" and he handed him the note for two hundred: "there's galvanism for you!"

"What is this?" said M'Garry, in amazement.

"The result of last night's inquest," said Murphy.

"You have got your damages without a trial; so pocket your money, and be thankful."

The two hundred pounds at once changed the aspect of affairs. M'Garry vowed eternal gratitude, with protestations that Murphy was the cleverest attorney alive, and ought to be Chief Justice. The wife was equally vociferous in her acknowledgments, until Murtough, who, when he entered the house, was near falling a sacrifice to the claws of the apothecary's wife, was obliged to rush from the premises to shun the more terrible consequences of her embraces.

### THE THIEF AND CORDELIER.

[Matthew Prior, poet and diplomatist, was born in 1664. His poems are light and vivacious, and the ease and fluency with which he tells a story adds greatly to its interest. He was Secretary to the English Embassy at the Hague and at the Treaty of Ryswick, and afterwards Under Secretary of State, and Commissioner at the Board of Trade. He died in 1721, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.]

Who has e'er been at Paris must needs know  
the *Grève*,

The fatal retreat of th' unfortunate brave,  
Where honour and justice most oddly contribute

To ease heroes' pains by a halter and gibbet.

There death breaks the shackles which force  
had put on,  
And the hangman completes what the judge  
but begun;  
There the Squire of the Pad and the night of  
the Post,  
Find their plans no more balk'd, and their  
hopes no more cross'd.

Great claims are there made, and great secrets  
are known,  
And the king, and the law, and the thief, has  
his own;

But my hearers cry out, 'What a duce doest  
thou all ?

Cut off thy reflections, and give us thy tale.'

'Twas there then, in civil respect to harsh  
laws,  
And for want of false witness to back a bad  
cause,  
A Norman, though late, was obliged to appear,  
And who to assist but a grave Cordelier ?

The Squire, whose good grace was to open the  
scene,

Seem'd not in great haste that the show should  
begin ;

Now fitted the halter, now traversed the cart,  
And often took leave, but was loath to depart.

'What frightens you thus, my good son ?' says  
the priest.

'You murder'd, are sorry, and have been  
confess'd.'

'O Father ! my sorrow will scarce save my  
bacon,  
For 'twas not that I murder'd, but that I was  
taken.'

'Pugh ! pr'ythee ne'er trouble thy head with  
such fancies ;

Rely on the aid you shall have from Saint  
Francis ;

If the money you promised be brought to the  
chest,

You have only to die ; let the Church do the  
rest.

'And what will folks say if they see you  
afraid ?

It reflects upon me, as I know not my trade :  
Courage, friend, for to-day is your period of  
sorrow,

And things will go better, believe me, to-  
morrow.'

'To-morrow !' our hero replied in a fright,

'He that's hang'd before noon, ought to think  
of to-night.'

'Tell your beads,' quoth the priest, 'and be  
fairly trussed up,

For you surely to-night shall in Paradise sup.'

'Alas !' quoth the Squire, 'howe'er sumptuous  
the treat,

Parbleu, I shall have little stomach to eat ;  
I should therefore esteem it great favour and

grace,  
Would you be so kind as to go in my place.'

'That I would,' quoth the Father, 'and  
thank you to boot,

But our actions you know with our duty  
must suit :

The feast I proposed to you I cannot taste,  
For this night, by our Order, is mark'd for a  
fast.'

Then turning about to the hangman, he said,  
'Despatch me, I pr'ythee, this troublesome

blade ;  
For thy cord and my cord both equally tie,

And we live by the gold for which other  
men die.'

MATTHEW PRIOR.

## THE CONJURER COZENED.

A SHIFTING knave about the towne,  
 Did challenge wondrous skill:  
 To tell men's fortunes and mishaps,  
 He had the stars at will,  
 What day was best to travaile on,  
 Which fit to chuse a wife;  
 If violent or naturall  
 A man should end his life;  
 Success of any suite in law,  
 Which partie's cause prevails;  
 When it is good to pick one's teeth,  
 And ill to pare his nailes.  
 So cunningly he plaid the knave,  
 That he deluded many,  
 With shifting, base, and cozening tricks;  
 For skill he had not any.

Amongst a crew of simple gulls,  
 That plide him to their cost,  
 A butcher comes and craves his help,  
 That had some cattle lost.  
 Ten groates he gave him for his fee,  
 And he to conjure goes,  
 With characters, and vocables,  
 And divers antique showes.  
 The butcher in a beastly feare,  
 Expected spirits still,  
 And wished himselfe within his shop,  
 Some sheepe or calfe to kill.  
 At length, out of an old blinde hole,  
 Behinde a painted cloth,  
 A deville comes with roaring voyce,  
 Seeming exceeding wroth,  
 With squibs and crackers round about  
 Wilde-fier he did send;  
 Which swaggering Ball, the butcher's dog,  
 So highly did offend,  
 That he upon the devill flies  
 And shakes his hornes so sore;  
 Even like an oxe, most terrible  
 He made hobgoblin roare.  
 The cunning man cries, "For God's love  
 help,

Unto your mastiffe call!"  
 "Fight dog, fight devill!" butcher said,  
 And claps his hands at Ball.  
 The dog most cruelly tore his flesh,  
 The devill went to wracke,  
 And looked like a tattered rogue,  
 With ne'er a rag on's backe.  
 "Give me my money back againe,  
 Thou slave," the butcher said,  
 Or I will see your devill's heart,  
 Before he can be laid;  
 He gets not back againe to hell,

VOL. III.—W. H.

Ere I my money have.  
 And I will have some interest too,  
 Besides mine own I gave.  
 Deliver first mine own ten groats,  
 And then a crowne to boote;  
 I smell your devil's knavery out,  
 He wants a cloven foote."

The conjurer, with all his heart,  
 The money back repaies,  
 And gives five shillings of his owne:  
 To whome the butcher saies,  
 "Farewell, most scurvy conjuror,  
 Thinke on my valiant deed,  
 Which has done more than English George,  
 That made the dragon bleed:  
 He and his horse, the story tells,  
 Did but a serpent slay;  
 I and my dog the devill spoild,  
 We two have got the day."

SAMUEL ROWLANDS.

## A CANDID CANDIDATE.

I HAVE pretty much made up my mind now to run for the Presidency. What the country wants is a candidate who cannot be injured by investigation of his past history, so that the enemies of the party will be unable to rake up against him things that nobody ever heard of before. If you know the most about a candidate, to begin with, every attempt to spring things on him will be checkmated. Now I am going to enter the field with an open record. I am going to own up in advance to all the wickedness I have done, and if any Congressional committee is disposed to prowl around my biography, in the hope of finding any dark and deadly deed which I have secreted, why let it prowl.

In the first place I admit that I did tree a rheumatic grandfather of mine in the winter of 1859. He was old and inexperienced in climbing trees, but with a heartless brutality that is characteristic of me, I ran him out the front door in his night shirt, at the point of a shotgun, and caused him to bowl up a maple tree, where he remained all night while I emptied shot into his legs. I did this because he snored. I will do it again if I ever have another grandfather who snores. I am as inhuman now as I ever

was in 1859. No rheumatic person shall snore in my house.

I candidly acknowledge that I ran away at the battle of Gettysburg. My friends have tried to smooth over this fact by asserting that I merely got behind a tree; that I did so for the purpose of imitating Washington, who went into the woods at Valley Forge to say his prayers. It is a miserable subterfuge. I cut in a straight line for the Tropic of Cancer, simply because I was scared. I wanted my country saved, but I preferred having somebody else save her. I entertain that preference yet. If the bubble reputation can be obtained only at the cannon's mouth I am willing to go there for it, providing the cannon is empty. If it is loaded, my immortal and inflexible purpose is to get suddenly over the fence and go home. My invariable practice in war has been to bring out of any given fight two-thirds more men than I took in. This seems to me to be Napoleonic in its grandeur.

The last time I ran for the Presidency there was some unpleasant talk about my implication in a transaction with the widow Pollock's ducks. The matter was hushed up; but I have no objection to admitting the truth respecting it. I have always had a favorite theory that roast ducks were conducive to hysterical symptoms, and as every instinct of my nature prompts me to protect the widow from the ravages of hysteria, I entered the coop in the garden and regretfully but firmly removed these ducks. The fact that she began a prosecution against me is not a matter of consequence. It is the fate of the philanthropist to be misunderstood. But duty is my guiding star, and if it leads me to ducks or destruction I shall follow it.

My financial views are of the most decided character, but they are not likely, perhaps, to increase my popularity with the advocates of inflation and contraction. I do not insist upon the special supremacy of rag money or hard money. The great fundamental principle of my life is to take any kind that I can get.

The rumor that I buried a dead aunt under one of my grape vines is founded upon fact. The vine needed fertilizing, my aunt had to be buried, and I dedicated her to this high purpose. Does that unfit me for the Presidency? The Consti-

tution of our country does not say so. No other citizen was ever considered unworthy of the office because he enriched his grape vines with his relations. Why should I be selected as the first victim of an absurd prejudice?

I admit, also, that I am not a friend of the poor man. I regard the poor man, in his present condition, as so much wasted raw material. Cut up and properly canned he might be made useful to fatten the natives of the Cannibal Islands, and to improve our export trade with that region; I shall recommend legislation upon the subject in my first message. My campaign cry will be: "Dessicate the poor working man! Stuff him into sausages!"

These are about the worst parts of my record. On them I come before the country. If my country don't want me I will go back again. But I recommend myself as a safe man—a man who starts from the basis of total depravity and proposes to be fiendish to the last.

MAX ADLER.

## ST. ANTHONY'S SERMON TO THE FISHES.

SAINT Anthony at church  
Was left in the lurch,  
So he went to the ditches  
And preached to the fishes.  
They wriggled their tails,  
In the sun glanced their scales.

The carps with their spawn,  
Are all thither drawn;  
Have opened their jaws,  
Eager for each clause.  
No sermon beside  
Had the carps so edified.

Sharp-snouted pikes,  
Who keep fighting like tikes,  
Now swam up harmonious  
To hear Saint Antonius.  
No sermon beside  
Had the pikes so edified.

And that very odd fish,  
Who loves fast-days, the cod-fish,—  
The stock-fish, I mean,—  
At the sermon was seen.  
No sermon beside  
Had the cods so edified.

Good eels and sturgeon,  
Which aldermen gorge on,  
Went out of their way  
To hear preaching that day.  
No sermon beside  
Had the eels so edified.

Crabs and turtles also,  
Who always move low,  
Make haste from the bottom  
As if the devil had got 'em.  
No sermon beside  
The crabs so edified.

Fish great and fish small,  
Lords, lackeys, and all,  
Each looked at the preacher  
Like a reasonable creature.  
At God's word,  
They Anthony heard.

The sermon now ended,  
Each turned and descended;  
The pikes went on stealing,  
The eels went on eeling.  
Much delighted were they,  
But preferred the old way.

The crabs are back-sliders,  
The stock-fish thick-siders,  
The carps are sharp-set,  
All the sermon forget.  
Much delighted were they,  
But preferred the old way.

ABRAHAM A SANCTA CLARA, 1642-1709.

### A BRIDE'S DREAM.

BRUNDY has been married two weeks, and has left his wife. Brundy is a little man, and his wife weighs two hundred and forty pounds, and was the relict of the late Peter Potts. About ten days after marriage Brundy was surprised, on awakening in the morning, to find his better half sitting up in bed, crying as if her heart would break. Astonished, he asked the cause of her sorrow, but receiving no reply he began to surmise that there must be some secret on her mind that she withheld from him, that was the cause of her anguish; so he remarked to Mrs. B. that as they were married she should tell him the cause of her grief, so, if possible, he could avert it, and after considerable coaxing he elicited the fol-

lowing from her: "Last night I dreamed I was single, and as I walked through a well-lighted street I came to a store where a sign in front advertised husbands for sale. Thinking it curious I entered, and ranged along the wall, on either side, were men with prices affixed to them. Such beautiful men; some for \$1,000, some for \$500, and so on to \$150. And as I had not that amount I could not purchase." Thinking to console her, B. placed his arm lovingly around her, and asked: "And did you see any men like me there?" "Oh, yes," she replied, drawing away from him, "lots like you; they were tied up in bunches, like asparagus, and sold for ten cents per bunch." Brundy got up, and went to ask his lawyer if he had sufficient ground for divorce.

### A LIVELY TIME.

IN Charles Lever's "O'Donoghue" there occurs a rich passage, illustrating the relations subsisting between an improving landlord and an untutored tenant. The agent presents the tenants to the worthy innovator, who inquires into the condition of the grumbling and dissatisfied recipients of his favors. At length on a tenant presenting himself whom the agent fails to recognize, the baronet turns to the figure before him, which, with face and head swollen out of all proportion, and showing distorted features and fiery eyes through the folds of a cotton handkerchief, awaits his address in sullen silence. "Who are you, my good man? What has happened to you?" "Faix, an' its well ye may ax; me own mother would n't know me this blessed morning; 'tis all your doin' entirely." "My doing?" replied the astonished baronet. "What can I have to do with the state you are in, my good man?" "Yes, it is your doin'," answered the proprietor of the swollen head; "'tis all your doin', and well ye may be proud of it. 'Twas thim blessed bees ye gev me. We brought the devils into the house last night, an' where did we put them but in the pig's corner. Well, after Katty and the childer and myself was a while in bid, the pig goes rootin' about the house, an' he was n't aisy till he



hooked his nose into the hive, and spilt the bees out about the flure; and thin whin I got out of bid to let out the pig, that was a-roarin' through the house, the bees settled down on me, and began stingin' me, an' I jumped into bid agin wid the whole of thim after me, into Katty an' the childer; an' thin, what with the bees a-buzzin' an' a-stinging us under the clothes, out we all jumped agin, an' the devil sich a night was ever spint in Ireland as we spint last night, what wid Katty an' the childer a-roarin' an' a-bawlin', an' the pig tarin' up an' down like mad, an' Katty wid the besom an' myself wid the fryin'-pan, flattenin' the bees agin the wall till mornin', an' thin the soight we wor in the mornin'—begor it's ashamed of yerself ye ought to be!"

#### CATCHING THE MORNING TRAIN.

I FIND that one of the most serious objections to living out of town lies in the difficulty experienced in catching the early morning train by which I must reach the city and my business. It is by no means a pleasant matter, under any circumstances, to have one's movements regulated by a time-table, and to be obliged to rise to breakfast and to leave home at a certain hour, no matter how strong the temptation to delay may be. But sometimes the horrible punctuality of the train is productive of absolute suffering. For instance: I look at my watch when I get out of bed and find that I have apparently plenty of time, so I dress leisurely, and sit down to the morning meal in a frame of mind which is calm and serene. Just as I crack my first egg I hear the down train from Wilmington. I start in alarm; and taking out my watch I compare it with the clock and find that it is eleven minutes slow, and that I have only five minutes left in which to get to the depot.

I endeavor to scoop the egg from the shell, but it burns my fingers, the skin is tough, and after struggling with it for a moment, it mashes into a hopeless mass. I drop it in disgust and seize a roll; while I scald my tongue with a quick mouthful of coffee. Then I place the roll in my mouth while my wife hands me my

satchel and tells me she thinks she hears the whistle. I plunge madly around looking for my umbrella, then I kiss the family good-by as well as I can with a mouth full of roll, and dash toward the door.

Just as I get to the gate I find that I have forgotten my duster and the bundle my wife wanted me to take up to the city to her aunt. Charging back, I snatch them up and tear down the gravel-walk in a frenzy. I do not like to run through the village: it is undignified and it attracts attention; but I walk furiously. I go faster and faster as I get away from the main street. When half the distance is accomplished, I actually do hear the whistle; there can be no doubt about it this time. I long to run, but I know that if I do I will excite that abominable speckled dog sitting by the sidewalk a little distance ahead of me. Then I really see the train coming around the curve close by the depot, and I feel that I *must* make better time; and I do. The dog immediately manifests an interest in my movements. He tears down the street after me, and is speedily joined by five or six other dogs, which frolic about my legs and bark furiously. Sundry small boys as I go plunging past, contribute to the excitement by whistling with their fingers, and the men who are at work upon the new meeting-house stop to look at me and exchange jocular remarks with each other. I do feel ridiculous; but I must catch that train at all hazards.

I become desperate when I have to slacken my pace until two or three women who are standing upon the sidewalk, discussing the infamous price of butter, scatter to let me pass. I arrive within a few yards of the station with my duster flying in the wind, with my coat tails in a horizontal position, and with the speckled dog nipping my heels, just as the train begins to move. I put on extra pressure, resolving to get the train or perish, and I reach it just as the last car is going by. I seize the hand-rail; I am jerked violently around, but finally, after a desperate effort, I get upon the step with my knees, and am hauled in by the brakeman, hot, dusty and mad, with my trousers torn across the knees, my legs bruised and three ribs of my umbrella broken.

Just as I reach a comfortable seat in

the car, the train stops, and then backs up on the siding, where it remains for half an hour while the engineer repairs a dislocated valve. The anger which burns in my bosom as I reflect upon what now is proved to have been the folly of that race is increased as I look out of the window and observe the speckled dog engaged with his companions in an altercation over a bone. A man who permits his dog to roam about the streets nipping the legs of every one who happens to go at a more rapid gait than a walk, is unfit for association with civilized beings. He ought to be placed on a desert island in mid-ocean, and be compelled to stay there.

MAX ADLER.

### THE BABY'S DEBUT.

[From the *Rejected Addresses* of Horace and James Smith. It is an imitation, and an extremely successful one, of Wordsworth's most simple style, and Lord Jeffrey's criticism upon it is very accurate: 'The author does not,' Jeffrey wrote in the *Edinburgh Review*, 'in this instance, attempt to copy any of the higher attributes of Mr. Wordsworth's poetry; but has succeeded perfectly in the imitation of his mawkish affectations of childish simplicity and nursery stammering.']

'Thy lisping prattle and thy mincing gait,  
All thy false mimic fooleries I hate;  
For thou art Folly's counterfeit, and she  
Who is right foolish hath the better plea;  
Nature's true Idiot I prefer to thee.'

CUMBERLAND.

[Spoken in the character of Nancy Lake, a girl eight years of age, who is drawn upon the stage in a child's chaise by Samuel Hughes, her uncle's porter.]

My brother Jack was nine in May,  
And I was eight on New-Year's day;  
So in Kate Wilson's shop  
Papa (he's my papa and Jack's)  
Bought me, last week, a doll of wax,  
And brother Jack a top.

Jack's in the pouts, and this it is,—  
He thinks mine came to more than his;  
So to my drawer he goes,  
Takes out the doll, and, oh, my stars!  
He pokes her head between the bars,  
And melts off half her nose!

Quite cross, a bit of string I beg,  
And tie it to his peg-top's peg,  
And bang, with might and main,  
Its head against the parlour-door:  
Off flies the head, and hits the floor,  
And breaks a window-pane.

This made him cry with rage and spite:  
Well, let him cry, it serves him right.

A pretty thing, forsooth!  
If he's to melt, all scalding hot,  
Half my doll's nose, and I am not  
To draw his peg-top's tooth!

Aunt Hannah heard the window break,  
And cried, 'Oh naughty Nancy Lake,  
Thus to distress your aunt:  
No Drury-Lane for you to-day!'—  
And while papa said, 'Pooh, she may!'—  
Mamma said, 'No, she sha'n't!'

Well, after many a sad reproach,  
They get into a hackney coach,  
And trotted down the street.  
I saw them go: one horse was blind,  
The tails of both hung down behind,  
Their shoes were on their feet.

The chaise in which poor brother Bill  
Used to be drawn to Pentonville,  
Stood in the lumber-room:  
I wiped the dust from off the top,  
While Molly mopp'd it with a mop,  
And brush'd it with a broom.

My uncle's porter, Samuel Hughes,  
Came in at six to black the shoes  
(I always talk to Sam):  
So what does he, but takes, and drags  
Me in the chaise along the flags,  
And leaves me where I am.

My father's walls are made of brick,  
But not so tall, and not so thick  
As these; and, goodness me!  
My father's beams are made of wood,  
But never, never half so good  
As those that now I see.

What a large floor! 'tis like a town!  
The carpet, when they lay it down,  
Won't hide it, I'll be bound;  
And there's a row of lamps!—my eye!  
How they do blaze! I wonder why  
They keep them on the ground.

At first I caught hold of the wing,  
And kept away; but Mr. Thing-  
um bob, the prompter man,  
Gave with his hand my chaise a shove,  
And said, 'Go on, my pretty love;  
Speak to 'em, little Nan.

'You've only got to curtsy, whisper,  
hold your chin up, laugh, and lisp,  
And then you're sure to take:  
I've known the day when brats, not quite  
Thirteen, got fifty pounds a night;  
Then why not Nancy Lake?'

But while I'm speaking, where's papa?  
 And where's my aunt? and where's mamma?  
 Where's Jack? Oh, there they sit!  
 They smile, they nod; I'll go my ways,  
 And order round poor Billy's chaise,  
 To join them in the pit.

And now, good gentlefolks, I go  
 To join mamma, and see the show;  
 So, bidding you adieu,  
 I curtsy, like a pretty miss,  
 And if you'll blow to me a kiss,  
 I'll blow a kiss to you.

[Blows a kiss, and exits.]

### AT THE MENAGERIE.

I like the armadillo, I respect the kangaroo,  
 I'm nuts upon the monkey, and adore the  
 cockatoo;  
 I believe there's latent talent in the wombat  
 and the stoat,  
 And I think the hippopotamus entitled to a  
 vote.

I know not why or wherefore, but, however  
 it may be  
 The beaver (*Castor fiber*) has a nameless charm  
 for me;  
 I've met with true politeness from the lynx,  
 and 'pon my soul,  
 I cannot speak too highly of the common  
 Yankee mole.

I love to watch the creatures, and to learn  
 their little games;  
 I call them from my fancy all the prettiest pet  
 names:  
 There's the camel, Humpty-dumpty; Neck-or-  
 Nothing, the giraffe;  
 Jolly Gnash, the old hyena, with his idiotic  
 laugh.

I mark the restless motions of the more fero-  
 cious lots,—  
 How the tigers shift their places, and the leo-  
 pards change their spots;  
 I visit, too, the burly bear, and give my wonted  
 dole  
 (N. B. The polar bear is *not* the bear that  
 climbs the pole.)

Then let us be to every beast a patron and a  
 friend;  
 Each tells his tale, each has his aim, as sure as  
 he's his end.  
 A lesson's to be learned from them, and man  
 himself may steal  
 Some new light from the tapir, some impression  
 from the seal.

### EPIGRAMS.

A MODERN writer, speaking of the old  
 monarchy of France, just before the Rev-  
 olution, defined it as "a despotism lim-  
 ited by epigrams." If there were found  
 force and virtue enough in epigrams to  
 limit such a despotism as that, we may  
 well spend a half hour in investigating  
 the nature and the varieties of the Epi-  
 gram.

Like so many others of our good things,  
 we owe the word "Epigram" and the  
 idea for which it stands to the Greeks,—  
 the most ingenious, the most subtle, and  
 the most cultivated of all the nations of  
 antiquity. Our dictionary-makers, with  
 absurd narrowness, define the epigram to  
 be "a short poem, treating only of one  
 thing, and ending with some lively, inge-  
 nious and natural thought." But by this  
 definition, half the epigrams which have  
 acquired popular currency must be ex-  
 cluded from the category of epigrams, be-  
 cause they are not in verse. This defini-  
 tion manifestly is as unfair as it is narrow.  
 Let our lexicographers stick to their  
 province and report the true usage and  
 significance of terms, defining and not  
 confining the meaning.

An epigram, then, is a pithy or point-  
 ed saying, either in prose or verse, so ex-  
 pressed as to amuse or to impress the  
 mind. Less didactic than the proverb,  
 less sententious than the aphorism, the  
 epigram enlivens while it instructs us.  
 To make the perfect epigram, wit and  
 sense should be evenly and harmonious-  
 ly blended. But as Alexander Smith  
 sought, and sought in vain for "a poem  
 round and perfect as a star," so the per-  
 fect epigram is far to seek and hard to  
 find.

The French, who have the credit of be-  
 ing the liveliest and the most volatile na-  
 tion in the world, have more epigrams  
 than any other. But the great majority of  
 those we find in the French *Ana* and  
*Memoirs* are local and personal, while  
 nearly all of them lose their flavor in be-  
 ing transplanted to our English tongue.  
 Some few sayings, like Fouché's "It was  
 worse than a crime, it was a blunder;" or  
 "After me the deluge" of Louis XV.;  
 or Voltaire's "God is on the side of the  
 heaviest battalions," (a saying, by the

way, attributed to Napoleon, but really as old as Tacitus—*Deos fortioribus adesse*") are familiar in the mouths of multitudes. Not so common is this of Talleyrand, and his friend Montrond: "Do you know," said Talleyrand, one day, "why I esteem M. Montrond? It is because he has so few prejudices." This being repeated to Montrond himself, "Do you know," he replied, "why I love M. de Talleyrand? Because he has none at all." Another epigram ascribed to Talleyrand is this of the Bourbons, or French Emigrants: "They have learned nothing, and they have forgotten nothing."

A circle of savants one day discussing the vexed question of the antiquity of the globe, Voltaire reserved his opinion: but presently launched at them this *bon mot*: "For my part, gentlemen, I believe the world is like an old coquette, who conceals her age."

Many epigrams have been aimed at books and reading, as this:

Heaps of knowledge load our shelves,  
Men know all things but themselves.

Or this from *Punch*:

Great Bulwer's works fell on Miss Bas-  
bleu's head,  
And in a moment, lo! the maid was dead!  
A jury sat and found the verdict plain,—  
She died of milk and water on the brain.

A very poor writer who was perpetually fishing for compliments, was gravely assured by Charles Lamb that his works would be admired when Shakspeare and Milton were forgotten,—*but not till then*. And it was said of a certain dignitary who always wore a look of profound wisdom, but printed a shallow book, that "if he had not published himself for a fool, he might have passed for a philosopher."

As too much eating does not make a man healthy, so it is very certain that too much reading will not make him wise. "If I had read as many books as other men," said Hobbes of Malmesbury, "I should have been as ignorant as they."

But does it never occur to those who are always quoting with approval, Pope's well-worn line—

A little knowledge is a dangerous thing,

that less knowledge must therefore be still more dangerous?

When the poet Burns turned over the richly dressed books in the library of a lordly ignoramus, who had suffered the moths to feast upon what he never touched, he wrote on the fly leaf of a moth-eaten volume this stinging comment:

Through and through the inspired leaves,  
Ye maggots take your windings:  
But oh! respect his lordship's taste  
And spare his gilded bindings.

Here is an epigram on a wretched psalm singer, who dealt out Sternhold and Hopkins with a strong nasal accompaniment, much to the disgust of a hearer who revenged himself by writing the following on the pew door:

Sternhold and Hopkins had great qualms;  
And they translated David's psalms,  
To make the heart full glad.  
If it had been poor David's fate  
To hear you sing and them translate,  
It would have driven him mad.

We are often told of some wonderful man who has forgotten more than most other men ever knew, but here is a saying more paradoxical still and yet a veritable truth: "There is no man knows so much as some men are ignorant of." This sounds like a metaphysical conundrum and has proved a choke-pear to some small wits. But it is plain that some men are ignorant of almost all that can be known, and of all that can not be: and as no man lives who can pretend to know even the half of what is knowable, of course there is no one who knows as much as some men are ignorant of.

Pope has hit off the empty-headedness of many would-be wits in the following epigram:

You beat your pate and fancy wit will  
come;  
Knock as you please, there's nobody at  
home.

Here is another fair hit at the race of intellectual fools:

Jack, eating rotten cheese, did say,  
"Like Samson, I my thousands slay;"

"I vow," quoth Roger, "so you do,  
And with the self-same weapon, too."

Coleridge wrote the following on a bad singer:

Swans sing before they die; 't were no bad thing  
Would certain singers die before they sing.

Here is an epigram upon the paucity of wise men in the world:

The world of fools has such a store,  
That he who would not see an ass  
Must bide at home, and bolt his door,  
And break his looking-glass.

And here is Pope's rejoinder to one of the heroes of the Dunciad, who charged that all poets are fools:

Sir, I admit your general rule,  
That every poet is a fool:  
But you yourself may serve to show it  
That every fool is not a poet.

#### A MERRY THOUGHT.

They cannot be complete in aught  
Who are not humorously prone;  
A man without a merry thought  
Can hardly have a funny bone.

Epigram on a poor poem:

His work now done, he'll publish it no doubt,  
For sure it is that murder will come out.

Here is an epigram founded on a well-known passage in Macbeth:

Shakspeare has said in his immortal way,  
That when the brains were out, the man  
would die;  
I do not like to say he tells a lie,  
But I saw Nincompoop alive to-day.

Perhaps the larger number of epigrams which find favor, have grown out of the difference of the sexes, and the relations between them. Inexhaustible themes as they are for the moralist, the philosopher, and the reformer, the conditions of social and domestic life furnish yet more fruitful ground for the satirist to work upon.

Here is an epigram aimed at the femi-

nine sex, *en masse*, through no less a person than old father Adam:

He laid him down and slept,—and from his side  
A woman in her magic beauty rose;  
Dazzled and charmed, he called that woman bride,  
And his first sleep became his last repose.

The poet Saxe thus gently satirizes the wilfulness of women:

Men dying make their wills—but wives  
Escape a work so sad:  
Why should they make what all their lives  
The gentle dames have had?

Here is a warning against interference in family broils:

When man and wife at odds fall out,  
Let Syntax be your tutor:  
'Twixt masculine and feminine,  
What should one be but neuter?

The follies and vanities of women, the utter frivolity of the lives of many, and the arts of dress and decoration which in all ages have been so assiduously and sometimes overweeningly cultivated, have given point to many a biting epigram at the expense of the weaker specimens of the sex. Pope well depicts the emptiness of the woman of fashion of his own time in these lines:

Virtue she finds too painful an endeavor,  
Content to dwell in decencies forever.

Here is a short hit at flirting:

"Sir, can you flirt a fan?"  
Once asked a coquette pert;  
"I never tried," replied the man,  
"But I can fan a flirt."

From the following epigram of the last century it would appear that modern fashions of wearing everybody's hair but one's own are by no means new:

The golden hair that Julia wears  
Is her's—who would have thought it?  
She swears 'tis her's, and true she swears,  
*For I know where she bought it!*

Many jokes have been perpetrated

about the first temptation, and the share  
of woman in the fall of man: Thus—

When Beelzebub first to make mischief  
began,  
He the woman attacked, and she gulled the  
poor man; .  
This Moses asserts, and from hence would  
infer  
That *woman* rules man, and the *devil* rules  
*her*.

Which a woman has well enough answered by the following:

'T is said that we caused man to grieve;  
The jest is somewhat stale:  
The devil it was who tempted Eve,  
And is not he a male?

Dean Swift was guilty of the following good thing:

Said Celia to a reverend Dean,  
"What reason can be given,  
Since marriage is a holy thing,  
That they have none in heaven?"

"They have," said he, "no women there."  
She quick returns the jest,  
"Women there are, but I'm afraid,  
They cannot find a priest!"

"As instruments sound sweetest when  
they be touched softest: so women are  
the best when they be used mildest;"  
for which bit of quaint philosophy we  
are beholden to Clement of Alexandria.

The question of woman's suffrage is  
not without its epigrams, as witness this:

Should women sit in Congress halls,  
A thing unprecedented,  
A great part of the nation then  
Would be Miss-represented.

Which of course would be very sad indeed.

Here is a hint for ladies who are late risers:

Myrtilla, rising with the dawn,  
Steals roses from the blushing morn;  
But when Myrtilla sleeps till ten,  
Aurora steals them back again.

And here is one on the philosophy of kissing, by John G. Saxe:

When Sarah Jane, the moral miss,  
Declares 't is very wrong to kiss,  
I'll bet a shilling I see through it;

The damsel, fairly understood,  
Feels just as any Christian should,—  
She'd rather *suffer* wrong than *do it*!

A woman of gallantry, becoming old,  
and dangerously ill, sent for her confessor,  
who came and said to her, "Madam, it  
is now time for you to forget your past  
life, and to think upon loving God alone."  
"Alas!" replied she, "at my age, how can  
I think of any new amours."

Professional epigrams abound, and the  
clergy, the bar, and the medical profes-  
sion furnish perpetual quarries for the  
savers of sharp things.

When Brougham, Lord Chancellor of  
England, was in the zenith of his many-  
sided career, writing books for the Society  
for diffusion of useful knowledge, presiding  
over Social Science conventions, harangu-  
ing Parliament, contributing to the Ency-  
clopædia and the Edinburgh Review, and  
attending to law cases by the dozen, a witty  
barrister said of him one day—"What a  
splendid fellow Brougham would be, if  
he only knew a little law!"

The poet, Saxe, thus relieves the dry-  
ness of law cases:

My wonder is really boundless,  
That among the queer cases we try,  
A land-case should often be groundless,  
And a water-case always be dry!

Two lawyers pleading on different sides  
of a case, defined the land in dispute be-  
tween their respective clients, by a map,  
which they exhibited to the judge with  
"my Lord, we lie on this side;"—and  
"my Lord, we lie on this side" where-  
upon his Honor broke out with—"What,  
what, if you lie on both sides I can be-  
lieve neither of you."

During the trial of Thelwall for high  
treason, he wrote the following note, and  
handed it to Lord Erskine, his counsel:  
"I am determined to plead my cause my-  
self." Mr. Erskine wrote under it—"If  
you do, you'll be hanged:" to which  
Thelwall instantly returned the reply,  
"I'll be hanged, then, if I do."

A certain lawyer's definition of a *prima facie* case characterized it as "a case  
which is very good in front, but very bad  
in the rear."

"A lawyer," said Lord Brougham, in  
a facetious mood, "is a learned gentle-  
man who rescues your estate from your  
enemies, and-keeps it himself."

"I never was ruined but twice," said Voltaire, "once when I lost a law-suit, and once when I gained one."

The gravity of their profession has not exempted the clergy from being prominent shafts for satire. Here is an epigram which suits with the Lenten season:

To the church I once went,  
But I grieved and I sorrowed,  
For the season was *Lent*,  
And the sermon was borrowed.

A serious loss on a railway train is thus sententiously reported:

Clergyman: "I've lost my portmanteau.  
Traveller: "I pity your grief.  
Clergyman:—"All my sermons are in it.  
Traveller:—"I pity the thief."

Here is an epigram rather harder upon the bar than the cloth:

Parsons and lawyers both you'll find  
By mourning suits are known,  
One for the sins of all mankind,  
The other for their own.

Daniel Defoe has the following in his "True Born Englishman:—"

Wherever God erects a house of prayer  
The devil always builds a chapel there,  
And 'twill be found upon examination,  
The latter has the largest congregation.

It is related of Dean Swift, that he was awakened one very rainy night by a couple of Irish peasants, who wanted to be married. Throwing up his window sash the ready Dean thus performed the ceremony, the candidates for matrimony standing up and holding each other's hands:

Under this window in stormy weather  
I join this man and woman together;  
Let none but him who made the thunder  
E'er put this man and woman asunder.

The dulness of sermons has served to point many an epigram. A certain preacher holding forth in a very sleepy manner on the text "Watch and pray, lest ye enter into temptation," one of his auditors wrote:

'Twixt the preacher and text,  
How shall we determine?

"Watch and pray," says the text,  
"Go to sleep," says the sermon.

A certain Irish writer in describing a change of religious creed on the part of an eminent person, observed that "he had abandoned the errors of the church of Rome, and embraced those of the Church of England."

Of a severely proper man, it was wittily observed, "He is so dreadfully good, it makes one quite wicked to think of it."

Voltaire's definition of metaphysics ran thus: "When he that hears doesn't know what he that speaks means, and when he that speaks doesn't know what he means himself—that is metaphysics."

Here is a rhymed story upon absolution:

It blew a hard storm and in utmost confusion  
The sailors all hurried to get absolution;  
Which done, and the weight of the sins they confessed  
Was transferred, as they thought, from themselves to the priest;  
To lighten the ship and conclude their devotion,  
They tossed the poor parson souse into the ocean.

About doctrine and belief the poets have been busy as well as the theologians. Here is a volume of divinity in a couplet:

Our God requireth the wholeheart or none;  
And yet he will accept a broken one.

John Godfrey Saxe on an ill-read lawyer.

An idle attorney besought a brother  
For something to read—some novel or other  
That was really fresh and new.  
"Take Chitty!" replied his legal friend,  
"There isn't a book that I could lend  
Would prove more 'novel' to you."

And the learned Swift has the following confession of faith, in an epigram translated by him from the French:

Who can believe with common sense  
A bacon slice gives God offence?  
Or how a herring hath a charm  
Almighty vengeance to disarm?  
Wrapt up in majesty divine—  
Does he regard on what we dine?

Erasmus, the great philosopher and theologian, being taken to task for feeding more generously in Lent than the *soupe maigre*, in favor with Churchmen, wittily replied to the reproof—"Ah! may it please your Grace, I have a Catholic soul, but unhappily a Protestant stomach."

The same great writer had a long dispute with Sir Thomas More, the virtuous chancellor of England, upon the doctrine of the real presence of Christ's body in the Eucharist. At the end of the debate Erasmus borrowed More's horse, and did not return the animal for a day or two. Becoming impatient, More sent to Erasmus requesting his return, to which the latter rejoined in Latin verse as follows:

Quod mihi dixisti  
De corpore Christi,  
Crede quod edas et edis;  
Sic tibi rescibo  
De tuo palfrido  
Crede quod habeas et habes."

Which has been translated:

Of the body in the bread  
Tho' not seen, what you said—  
*Believe* you receive, you receive it;  
Of your nag I maintain,  
If you ne'er see't again,  
*Believe* that you have and you have it.

An English essayist tells us of the whole body of theologians, that "they do not aim so much to discover truth as to defend opinions." The bigots of Queen Elizabeth's day got a severe rap in one of Beaumont and Fletcher's plays: "You that would sell no man mustard to his beef on the Sabbath, and yet sold hypocrisy all your life-time."

A firm believer in the doctrine of the total depravity of human nature summed up his creed sententiously in these five words: "Sir, Mankind is a damned rascal."

James Garth Wilkinson says of the Rationalists, that "they have arrived at nothing, as punctually as if nothing had been their aim."

A certain class of modern reformers have been hit off as "those fussy individuals who consider themselves personally responsible for the obliquity of the earth's axis."

It was Sydney Smith who said of Dr. Whewell, the learned philosopher of

Cambridge, that "omniscience was his forte, and science his foible."

The poet Shelley, who had a horror of bigots and utilitarians fully equal to their detestation of him, used to say that he "would rather be damned with Plato and Lord Bacon, than go to heaven with Malthus and Dr. Paley."

Byron tells us of the once fashionable test of truth which consisted in roasting the unbelievers:

Christians have burned each other, quite  
persuaded  
That all the apostles would have done as  
they did.

#### SWIFT'S LAST EPIGRAM.

During his mental disorder and while he was taking exercise, the building of a magazine for arms was pointed out to him, on which he wrote:—

Behold a proof of Irish sense!  
Here Irish wit is seen;  
When nothing's left that's worth defence,  
They build a magazine!

The medical profession have always come in for a liberal share of epigrammatic censure, and it is but fair to them to say that no class of men bear it more good-humoredly or retort it more wittily.

The village physician of an extensive parish having paid the debt of nature, discussions arose as to a suitable inscription for his epitaph. A wag present solved the doubt by dryly recommending that the deceased doctor be interred in the centre of the churchyard, and that Sir Christopher Wren's well-known epitaph be placed over his remains:

Si monumentum quaeris, circumspice."  
(If you ask where is his monument, look around you.)

Here is an epigram on the terrors of doctors, from the Greek of Nicarchus:

No, blame not the Doctor, no physic he  
gave me,  
He ne'er felt my pulse, never reached my  
bedside;  
But as I lay sick, my friends, anxious to  
save me,  
In my hearing just mentioned his name  
—and I died.



Here is another:

A doctor lately was a captain made:  
It was a change of title, not of trade.

On a farce written by one Dr. Hill,  
who was a poor physician and a bad  
writer:

For physic and farces  
His equal there scarce is;  
His farces are physic,  
His physic a farce is.

It was Voltaire who said of physicians,  
that "they are men who put drugs of  
which they know nothing, into bodies of  
which they know less."

The best witticism against hydropathy  
was uttered by Charles Lamb, who said  
that the cold water cure had never been  
tried on a large scale but once, namely,  
in the deluge, and that "*killed more than  
it cured.*"

Another enemy to cold water declared  
that there was but one place in the Bible  
where any person was represented as call-  
ing for water, to wit: Dives, and *he want-  
ed only a drop.*

Many are the epigrams upon drinking  
customs. Here is one of the best from  
the English poet Aldrich:

If on my theme I rightly think,  
There are five reasons why men drink;  
Good wine, a friend, because I'm dry,  
Or lest I should be by and by,  
Or any other reason why.

Prior has left us this little story of a  
bibulous gentleman who had "shot the  
gulf," as Montaigne has it, and found  
himself waking up near the farther shore  
of the river Styx:

When Bibo thought fit from the world to  
retreat,  
As full of champagne as an egg's full of  
meat,  
He waked in the boat; and to Charon he  
said,  
He would be rowed back, for he was not  
yet dead;  
"Trim the boat and sit quiet," stern Charon  
replied.  
"You may have forgot you were drunk when  
you died."

Here is a feeling lament by a John Bull

over the heavy miseries of too much port  
and plum-pudding:

The French have taste in all they do,  
Which we are quite without;  
For Nature, which to them gave *gout*,  
To us gave only *gout*.

Of all epitaphs which are epigrams,  
this one by the earl of Rochester on  
Charles II. is perhaps the best:

Here lies our sovereign lord the king,  
Whose word no man relies on;  
Who never said a foolish thing,  
And never did a wise one.

On long-winded epitaphs:

Friend! in your epitaph I'm grieved  
So very much is said:  
One half will never be believed,  
The other never read.

Col. R——, who was famous for his ex-  
cellent fireworks, was highly commending  
to a certain lady the epitaph of Purcell,  
the eminent musician, in Westminster  
Abbey:—"He is gone to that place where  
only his own harmony can be exceeded."  
"Lord! Colonel," said the lady, "the  
same epitaph would serve admirably for  
you, by altering one word only—"He is  
gone to that place where only his own  
fire-works can be exceeded."

Epigrams which are aimed at personal  
foibles or characteristics form a very large  
class. Here is a good one, on a whimsi-  
cal person:

In all thy humors, whether grave or mel-  
low,  
Thou'rt such a touchy, testy, pleasant fel-  
low,  
Hast so much wit and mirth and spleen  
about thee,  
There is no living with thee, or without  
thee.

Some one having charged that a cer-  
tain M. P. had no heart, the poet Rogers  
wrote this sharp retort:—

They say he has no heart, but I deny it;  
He has a heart, *and gets his speeches by it.*

Here is one on a worthless character:

Robert complained much one day  
That Frank had ta'en his character away;  
"I take your character," says Frank, "why,  
zounds,

I would not have it for ten thousand pounds."

Here is one on a bad paymaster:

His last great debt is paid—poor Tom's  
no more;  
Last debt! Tom never paid a debt before!

Here is how Pat and the Yankee strove  
for the last word:

A Pat, an old joker, and a Yankee, more  
sly,  
Once riding together, a gallows passed by;  
Said the Yankee to Pat, "If I don't make  
too free,  
Give the gallows his due, and pray, where  
would *you* be?"  
"Why honey," says Pat, "faith, that's easily  
known,—  
I'd be riding to town by meself, all alone!"

The poet Campbell, on being asked for  
"something original" for a young lady's  
album, wrote this:

An original something, dear maid, you  
would win me  
To write, but how shall I begin?  
For I fear I have nothing original in me,  
Excepting original sin.

Walter Savage Landor's epigram on the  
four Georges has at least as much truth  
as poetry in it:

George the First was reckoned vile,  
Viler George the Second,  
And what mortal ever heard  
Any good of George the Third?  
When from earth the Fourth descended,  
God be praised, the Georges ended!

On a notorious liar:

Honest Harry's alive! how d'ye know it?  
says Ned:  
O! I'm perfectly sure—for Dick said he  
was dead.

Sir John Harrington wrote this:

Treason doth never prosper; what's the  
reason?  
For if it prosper, none dare call it treason.

This is spiced with Irish ready wit:

Says his landlord to Thomas, "Your rent  
I must *raise*,  
I'm so plaguily pinched for the pelf"—  
"Raise my rent!" replies Thomas, "your  
honor's main good,  
For I never can raise it myself!"

On the weather:

In England if two are conversing together,  
The subject begins with the state of the  
weather;  
And ever the same, both with young and  
with old,  
'T is either too hot, or else it's too cold:  
'T is either too wet, or either too dry:  
The glass is too low, or else it's too high.  
But if all had their wishes once jumbled  
together,  
The devil himself could not live in such  
weather.

And here is one on killing time:

Old Time kills us all,  
Rich, poor, great and small,  
And 't is therefore we rack our invention,  
Throughout all our days,  
In finding out ways  
To kill *him* by way of prevention!

The world described:

'T is a very good world that we live in,  
To lend and to spend and to give in:  
But to borrow, or beg, or to get a man's  
own,  
It is the worst world that ever was known.

On the power of the lobby:

Midas, they say, possessed the art, of old,  
Of turning whatsoe'er he touched to gold;  
This modern statesmen can reverse with  
ease,  
Touch them with gold, they'll turn to what  
you please.

When Mr. Pitt, the first English minis-  
ter who brought in the income tax, and  
filled the kingdom with paper money,  
went off the stage, this epigram was  
launched at the departed statesman:

Of Augustus and Rome  
The poets still warble,  
How he found it of brick  
And left it of marble:  
So of Pitt and of England,  
We may say without vapor,

That he found it of gold  
And he left it of paper.

At a dinner given by a nobleman, Lalande was placed between Madame de Stael and Madame Recamier. "How lucky I am!" exclaimed Lalande; "here I am seated between *wit* and *beauty*." "And without possessing either one or the other," exclaimed Madame de Stael.

On Pope's Essay on Man:

The famed essays on man in this agree,  
That so things are, and therefore so should be.  
The proof inverted would be stronger far,  
So they should be, and therefore so they are.

Here is Harrington's epigram on fortune:

Fortune, men say, doth give too much to many;  
But yet she never gave enough to any.

This was written on the notorious Italian satirist, Peter Aretin:

Here Aretin interred doth lie,  
Whose satire lashed both high and low:  
His God alone he spared, and why?  
His God, he said, he did not know.

The poet Rogers, who was a conservative, once said, "If I was compelled to make a choice, I should not hesitate to prefer despotism to anarchy." To which Horne Tooke, the radical, replied, "Then you would do as our ancestors did at the Reformation. They rejected purgatory and kept hell."

When Lord Erskine heard that somebody had died worth two hundred thousand pounds, he replied, "Well, that's a very pretty sum to begin the next world with."

The definition of an ambassador as given by Sir Henry Wotton, was shrewdly epigrammatic: "A foreign minister," said he, "is an honest man sent to lie abroad for the good of his country."

It was Wallenstein who said that "the whole art of war consists in not running away."

A bit of sound philosophy is summed up in this optimistic epigram: "When we have not what we love, we must love what we have."

When Cowper writes in "The Task; "

"Defend me, therefore, common sense, say I,  
From reveries so airy, from the toil  
Of dropping buckets into empty wells,  
And growing old in drawing nothing up,"

it is fair to presume that he aimed at that class of pretended poets, whom Carlyle has somewhere described as "Sailing on the cloud-rack, and spinning sea-sand."

Saxe's epigram on family quarrels:

"A fool," said Jeannette, "is a creature I hate."

"But hating," quoth John, "is immoral; Besides, my dear girl, it's a terrible fate To be found in a family quarrel!"

And the whole race of hypochondriacs and borrowers of trouble are effectually disposed of in this epigram, rendered from the French, by Mr. Emerson:

Some of your hurts you have cured,  
And the sharpest you still have survived,  
But what torments of grief you endured  
From evils which never arrived!

## PUNS, WARRANTED GENUINE.

When Governor Marcy was Secretary of State at Washington, a person, whose duty it was to receive callers on the Secretary and introduce them, in the discharge of his duties one day, could not find the Secretary in his office. After looking in vain for him, he rushed frantically up to a person who he supposed would be able to inform him, and, striking an attitude, exclaimed: "That Marcy I to others show, that Marcy show to me!" The counterpart suggests a very happy application of the quotation, made by Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe. Some years ago, while passing up the Mersey on a voyage to Liverpool, looking overboard, she observed the muddy character of the river, and remarked to a friend standing at her side: "The quality of Mersey is not strained."

AN Irish judge had a habit of begging pardon on every occasion. At the close of the assize, as he was about to leave the bench, the officer of the court reminded him that he had not passed sentence of death on one of the criminals, as he had intended. "Dear me!" said his lordship; "I really beg his pardon,—bring him in."

## SCARING A CONNECTICUT FARMER.

M. D. LONDON—"ELI PERKINS."

THE Hon. Charles Backus, of the San Francisco minstrels, was once censured by the Speaker of the California Legislature for making fun of his brother members. This broke poor Charley's heart, and he joined a minstrel company, so's to be where no one would grumble when he indulged in a little pleasantry.

The other day, Mr. Backus rode up through Stamford, Conn., with Mr. Lem Read, the bosom friend of the lamented minstrel, Dan Bryant. As the train stopped before the Stamford station for water, Mr. Backus saw a good old red-faced Connecticut farmer sitting in the station reading the Brooklyn scandal.

"Do you want to see me get a good joke on that old duffer, Lem?" asked Mr. Backus, pointing to the old farmer.

"Yes," said Lem; "le's see you."

"Well, you wait till jes' before the train starts, Lem, and I'll show you fun—fun till you can't rest. Jes' you wait," said Charley, laughing and pounding the palm of his left hand with his ponderous right.

"All right, I'll wait," said Lem.

When the train came to a full stop, Mr. Backus jumped off, telling his friend Lem to save his seat, "for," said he, "as soon as the bell rings I want to bound back on the train."

Then Mr. Backus rushed up to the innocent farmer, snatched the paper from his hands, stamped on it with a tragic stamp, and shaking his clenched fist in the poor man's face, exclaimed,

"O, you old rascal! I've found you 't last, you miserable old scapegrace—now I'm goin' to lick the life out of you—you contemptible old scoundrel, you—you!"

Ding-a-ding! ding-a-ding! ding-a-ding! went the bell, drowning Charley's voice, and the train began moving out.

"Yes, I'll lick you," said Charley. "I'll get an ox whip and——"

And then he jumped back from the astonished farmer and got on the last car of the train moving out.

The old farmer was astonished. He

stood up bewildered. His knees quaked and his German silver glasses fell on the floor. Then gathering himself together, he picked up his newspaper and glasses and started for the train.

"Whar's the man who wanted to lick me?" he shouted. "Whar's the man who called me a scoundrel? Whar's——"

"Here he is," said Charley from the rear platform, as he held his thumb derisively to his nose amid the laughter of the passengers. "Here I am, sir—I'm your Roman—take me——"

Just then the bell went ding-a-ding again, and what do you think? Why, the train backed! It backed poor Charley right into the hands of the infuriated farmer, who took off his coat and went for that poor fun-loving minstrel.

"You want to lick me, do you?" said the farmer, jumping on the platform, while Charley ran through the car. "You miserable dandy! You want to——"

And then he chased that poor minstrel through the cars with his cane in the air, while his big fist came down on his back like a triphammer. "You've found me, have you? Yes, I guess you have!" said the old farmer, as Charley left his hat and one coat-sleeve in his infuriated grasp. "Evidently you have."

Mr. Backus said, as he washed off the blood, and went in to interview a tailor in New Haven two hours afterwards,

"I guess the next time I want to make Lem Read laugh I won't try to scare a Connecticut farmer."

## TOUCHING SOLICITUDE.

AN Irishman, being recently on trial for some offence, pleaded "not guilty," and the jury being in the box, the district attorney proceeded to call Mr. Furkisson as a witness. With the utmost innocence Patrick turned his face to the judge and said, "Do I understand, yer honor, that Mr. Furkisson is to be a witness forenenst me?" The judge said, dryly, "It seems so." "Well, thin, yer honor, I plade guilty sure, if yer honor please, not because I am guilty, for I'm as innocent as yer honor's suckin' babe, but jist on account of savin' Misther Furkisson's sowl."

## SECURING A TENOR.

THE *Cornhill Magazine* tell this story: "A French impresario was taking out to New Orleans an opera company, which by special agreement was only to include one tenor. Foreigners are usually bad sailors, and the first few days all the members of the company were seasick, one of the effects of which malady is that it weakens the voice so much, that people are frequently hoarse for several days after their recovery. Accordingly, as soon as the singers could crawl on deck, they commenced to try their voices, and among them the tenor, who always anxious to occupy a distinguished position, went on the bridge of the steamer for the purpose. What was his surprise on hearing an echo of his own—voice,—another tenor. His amazement became disgust when he heard the third tenor running up the scale, a fourth, a fifth. He looked forward, and saw two men, eyeing him and each other with intense hatred; he looked aft, and saw two others similarly occupied. The five tenors simultaneously made a rush below to the manager's cabin, and demanded whether he had not expressly stipulated to each of them that he was to be his only tenor. "I know, I know," replied the manager; "and I will keep my word. You see, none of you have been to New Orleans before or you would understand. When we arrive the yellow fever is sure to be raging, and as you are fresh from Europe two of you will probably be carried off before, you land, and two more during the rehearsal. One will probably survive; he will be my first and only tenor."

## ANCESTRAL WISDOM.

In Pennsylvania, not many years ago, dwelt the descendants of Peter Van Schreubendyke, who had cleared his own farm, guarded it carefully from the attacks of Indians, and willed it to his son Jacob. Situated in the interior and far from any settlement, the farm was transmitted in regular order from father to son, and at last became the property of Heinrich Van Schreubendyke, a good-natured,

stolid Teuton, whose son Johannes, a bright and lively youth of sixteen years, was told to saddle the horse and ride to the mill with the grist, and hurry back. The grist was on such occasions placed in one end of the bag and a large stone in the other end to balance it. Johannes having thrown the sack across the horse's back, had got the grist evenly divided, and had no need of the stone to balance it. He ran to his father and cried:

"Oh, father, come and see me; we don't need the stone any more."

The old gentleman calmly surveyed the scene, and with a severely reproachful look said:

"Johannes, your fadder, your grand-fadder, and your great-grandfadder, all went to de mill with de stone in one end of de bag, und de grist in de odder. Unt now you, a mere poy, sets yourself up to know more as dey do. Yust put de stone in de pag, and never more let me see such smartness like dat."

## A POOR HUSBAND.

A lady went to a Dutch corner grocery the other day, for some trifling thing. The goods wanted were on the very top shelf. The woman placed a box on a chair, and climbed up to the shelf at the evident risk of her limbs. Her husband sat up by the stove, playing with a small dog. Lady said, "Why don't you make your husband reach it?" A look of infinite contempt came into her face as she replied, "My husband! I got awfully sucked in mit dat man. He knows nothing but to play mit a dog."

## JOHNSON'S VIEW.

Boswell once asked Johnson if there were no possible circumstances in which suicide would be justifiable. "No," was the reply. "Well," says Boswell, "Suppose a man has been guilty of fraud he was certain would be found out." "Why then," says Johnson, "in that case let him go to some country where he is not known, and not to the devil, where he is known."





J. M. GOFFIN SC.

*George Seymour*

AS THE ADMIRAL IN PINATORE

1811







## SIR JOSEPH'S SONG—FROM H. M. SHIP "PINAFORE."

[WILLIAM SCHWENCK GILBERT, B. A., was born Nov. 18, 1836, at 17 Southampton Street, Strand, London, and educated at Great Ealing School. He took the degree of B. A. at the University of London, was called to the bar of the Inner Temple in Nov. 1864.

His "Bob Ballads," originally published in *Fun*, have been wonderfully popular. His most recent works are:—"On Ball," a comedy in three acts, "Le Reveillon," (*Criterion*, Feb. 1877) and the "Ne'er do Weel," (*Olympic*, Feb. 25, 1878). In 1879 appeared his comic opera *H. M. Ship Pinafore*, (music by Arthur Sullivan). The "Bob Ballads"—which will speak of its parentage.]

When I was a lad I served a term  
As office boy to an attorney's firm.  
I cleaned the windows and I swept the floor,  
And I polished up the handle of the big front door.

As office boy I made such a mark,  
That they gave me the post of junior clerk,  
I served the writs with a smile so bland,  
And I copied all the letters in a big round hand.

I polished up the handle so care-ful-lee  
That now I am the rul-er of the Queen's Na-  
vee.  
I copied all the let-ters in a hand so free,  
And now I am the rul-er of the Queen's Na-  
vee.

In serving writs I made such a name  
That an articled clerk I soon became;  
I wore clean collars and a bran new suit  
For the pass examination at the Institute.  
And that pass examination did so well for  
me,  
That now I am the rul-er of the Queen's  
Na-vee.

CHORUS.—And that pass examination, &c.

Of legal knowledge I acquired such a grip,  
That they took me into the partnership,  
And that junior partnership I ween  
Was the only ship that I ever had seen.  
But that kind of ship so suited me,  
That now I am the rul-er of the Queen's  
Na-vee.

CHORUS.—But that kind, &c.

I grew so rich, that I was sent  
By a pocket borough into Parliament;  
VOL. III.—W. H.

I always voted at my party's call,  
And I never thought of thinking for myself  
at all.

I thought so little they rewarded me,  
By making me the ruler of the Queen's Na-  
vee.

CHORUS.—He thought so little, &c.

Now landsmen all, whoever you may be,  
If you want to rise to the top of the tree.  
If your soul isn't fettered to an office stool,  
Be careful to be guided by this golden rule,—  
Stick close to your desks and never go to  
sea,  
And you all may be rul-ers of the Queen's  
Na-vee.

CHORUS.—Stick close, &c.

## THE BAB BALLADS.

## CAPTAIN REECE.

Or all the ships upon the blue,  
No ship contained a better crew  
Than that of worthy Captain Reece,  
Commanding of "The Mantelpiece."

He was adored by all his men,  
For worthy Captain Reece, R. N.,  
Did all that lay within him to  
Promote the comfort of his crew.

If ever they were dull or sad,  
Their captain danced to them like mad,  
Or told, to make the time pass by,  
Droll legends of his infancy.

A feather bed had every man,  
Warm slippers and hot-water can,  
Brown windsor from the captain's store,  
A valet, too, to every four.

Did they with thirst in summer burn,  
Lo, seltzogenes at every turn,  
And on all very sultry days  
Cream ices handed round on trays.

Then currant wine and ginger pops  
Stood handily on all the "tops;"  
And also, with amusement rife,  
A "Zoetrope, or Wheel of Life."

New volumes came across the sea  
From Mr. Mudie's libraree;  
*The Times* and *Saturday Review*  
Beguiled the leisure of the crew.

Kind-hearted Captain Reece, R. N.,  
Was quite devoted to his men;

In point of fact, good Captain Reece  
Beatified "The Mantelpiece."

One summer eve, at half-past ten,  
He said (addressing all his men):  
"Come, tell me, please, what I can do  
To please and gratify my crew.

"By any reasonable plan  
I'll make you happy if I can;  
My own convenience count as *nil*:  
It is my duty, and I will."

Then up and answered William Lee  
(The kindly captain's coxswain he,  
A nervous, shy, low-spoken man),  
He cleared his throat and thus began:

"You have a daughter, Captain Reece,  
Ten female cousins and a niece,  
A ma, if what I'm told is true,  
Six sisters, and an aunt or two.

"Now, somehow, sir, it seems to me,  
More friendly-like we all should be,  
If you united of 'em to  
Unmarried members of the crew.

"If you'd ameliorate our life,  
Let each select for them a wife;  
And as for nervous me, old pal,  
Give me your own enchanting gal!"

Good Captain Reece, that worthy man.  
Debated on his coxswain's plan:  
"I quite agree," he said, "O Bill;  
It is my duty, and I will.

"My daughter, that enchanting gurl,  
Has just been promised to an earl,  
And all my other familiee  
To peers of various degree.

"But what are dukes and viscounts to  
The happiness of all my crew?  
The word I give you I'll fulfill;  
It is my duty, and I will.

"As you desire it shall befall,  
I'll settle thousands on you all,  
And I shall be, despite my hoard,  
The only bachelor on board."

The boatswain of "The Mantelpiece,"  
He blushed and spoke to Captain Reece:  
"I beg your honor's leave," he said;  
"If you would wish to go and wed,

"I have a widowed mother who  
Would be the very thing for you—  
She long has loved you from afar:  
She washes for you, Captain R."

The captain saw the dame that day—  
Addressed her in his playful way—  
"And did it want a wedding ring?  
It was a tempting ickle sing!"

"Well, well, the chaplain I will seek,  
We'll all be married this day week  
At yonder church upon the hill;  
It is my duty, and I will!"

The sisters, cousins, aunts, and nieces,  
And widowed ma of Captain Reece,  
Attended there as they were bid:  
It was their duty, and they did.

#### FERDINANDO AND ELVIRA; OR, THE GENTLE PIEMAN.

##### PART I.

At a pleasant evening party I had taken down  
to supper  
One whom I will call Elvira, and we talked  
of love and Tupper.

Mr. Tupper and the Poets, very lightly with  
them dealing,  
For I've always been distinguished for a  
strong poetic feeling.

Then we let off paper crackers, each of which  
contained a motto,  
And she listened while I read them, till her  
mother told her not to.

Then she whispered: "To the ball-room we  
had better, dear, be walking;  
If we stop down here much longer, really  
people will be talking."

There were noblemen in coronets, and mili-  
tary cousins,  
There were captains by the hundred, there  
were baronets by dozens.

Yet she heeded not their offers, but dismissed  
them with a blessing,  
Then she let down all her back hair, which  
had taken long in dressing.

Then she had convulsive sobbings in her  
agitated throttle,  
Then she wiped her pretty eyes and smelt  
her pretty smelling-bottle.

So I whispered: "Dear Elvira, say—what  
can the matter be with you?  
Does anything you've eaten, darling Popsy,  
disagree with you?"

But spite of all I said, her sobs grew more  
and more distressing,  
And she tore her pretty back hair, which had  
taken long in dressing.

Then she gazed upon the carpet, at the ceil-  
ing, then above me,  
And she whispered: "Ferdinando, do you  
really, *really* love me?"

"Love you?" said I, then I sighed, and then  
I gazed upon her sweetly—  
For I think I do this sort of thing particularly  
neatly.

"Send me to the Arctic regions, or illimitable  
azure,  
On a scientific goose-chase, with my Coxwell  
or my Glashier!"

"Tell whither I may hie me—tell me, dear  
one, that I may know—  
Is it up the highest Andes; down a horrible  
volcano?"

But she said: "It isn't polar bears, or hot  
volcanic grottoes:  
Only find out who it is that writes those  
lovely cracker mottoes!"

## PART II.

"Tell me, Henry Wadsworth, Alfred Poet  
Close, or Mr. Tupper,  
Do you write the bonbon mottoes my Elvira  
pulls at supper?"

But Henry Wadsworth smiled, and said he  
had not had that honor;  
And Alfred, too, disclaimed the words that  
told so much upon her.

"Mister Martin Tupper, Poet Close, I beg of  
you inform us."  
But my question seemed to throw them both  
into a rage enormous.

Mr. Close expressed a wish that he could  
only get anigh to me;  
And Mr. Martin Tupper sent the following  
reply to me:

"A fool is bent upon a twig, but wise men  
dread a bandit."  
Which I know was very clever; but I didn't  
understand it.

Seven weary years I wandered—Patagonia,  
China, Norway,  
Till at last I sank exhausted at a pastry-cook  
his doorway.

There were fuchsias and geraniums, and  
daffodils and myrtle,  
So I entered, and I ordered half a basin of  
mock turtle.

He was plump and he was chubby, he was  
smooth and he was rosy,  
And his little wife was pretty and particu-  
larly cozy.

And he chirped and sang, and skipped about,  
and laughed with laughter hearty—  
He was wonderfully active for so very stout a  
party.

And I said: "O gentle pieman, why so very,  
very merry?  
Is it purity of conscience, or your one-and-  
seven sherry?"

But he answered: "I'm so happy—no pro-  
fession could be dearer—  
"If I am not humming 'Tra! la! la!' I'm  
singing 'Tirer, lirer!'"

"First I go and make the patties, and the  
puddings, and the jellies,  
Then I make a sugar bird-cage, which upon a  
table swell is;

"Then I polish all the silver, which a supper-  
table lacquers;  
Then I write the pretty mottoes which you  
find inside the crackers."

"Found at last!" I madly shouted. "Gentle  
pieman, you astound me!"  
Then I waved the turtle soup enthusiastically  
round me.

And I shouted and I danced until he'd quite  
a crowd around him—  
And I rushed away exclaiming: "I have  
found him! I have found him!"

And I heard the gentle pieman in the road  
behind me trilling,  
"'Tira, lira!' stop him! stop him! 'Tra! la!  
la!' the soup's a shilling!"

But until I reached Elvira's home, I never,  
never waited,  
And Elvira to her Ferdinand's irrevocably  
mated!

## THE YARN OF THE "NANCY BELL."

'Twas on the shores that round our coast  
From Deal to Ramsgate span,  
That I found alone on a piece of stone  
An elderly naval man.

His hair was weedy, his beard was long,  
And weedy and long was he,  
And I heard this wight on the shore recite,  
In a singular minor key :

"Oh, I am a cook and a captain bold,  
And the mate of the 'Nancy' brig,  
And a bo'sun tight, and the midshipmite,  
And the crew of the captain's gig."

And he shook his fists and he tore his hair,  
Till I really felt afraid,  
For I couldn't help thinking the man had  
been drinking,  
And so I simply said :

"Oh, elderly man, it's little I know  
Of the duties of men of the sea,  
And I'll eat my hand if I understand  
However you can be

"At once a cook, and a captain bold,  
And the mate of the 'Nancy' brig,  
And a bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,  
And the crew of the captain's gig."

Then he gave a hitch to his trousers, which  
Is a trick all seamen larn,  
And having got rid of a thumping quid,  
He spun this painful yarn :

"'Twas in the good ship 'Nancy Bell'  
That we sailed to the Indian Sea,  
And there on a reef we came to grief,  
Which has often occurred to me.

"And pretty nigh all the crew was drowned  
(There was seventy-seven o' soul),  
And only ten of the 'Nancy's' men  
Said 'Here!' to the muster-roll.

"There was me and the cook and the captain  
bold,  
And the mate of the 'Nancy' brig,  
And a bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,  
And the crew of the captain's gig.

"For a month we'd neither wittles nor  
drink,  
Till a-hungry we did feel,  
So we draw'd a lot, and, accordin' shot  
The captain for our meal.

"The next lot fell to the 'Nancy's' mate  
And a delicate dish he made:  
Then our appetite with the midshipmite  
We seven survivors stayed.

"And then we murdered the bo'sun tight,  
And he much resembled pig;

Then we wittled free, did the cook and me,  
On the crew of the captain's gig.

"Then only the cook and me was left,  
And the delicate question 'Which  
Of us two goes to the kettle?' arose  
And we argued it out as sich.

"For I loved that cook as a brother, I did,  
And the cook he worshipped me;  
But we'd both be blowed if we'd either be  
stowed  
In the other chap's hold, you see.

"'I'll be eat if you dines off me,' says Tom;  
'Yes, that,' says I, 'you'll be—  
'I'm boiled if I die, my friend,' quoth I;  
And 'Exactly so,' quoth he.

"Says he: 'Dear James, to murder me  
Were a foolish thing to do,  
For don't you see that you can't cook *me*,  
While I can—and will—cook *you*!

"So he boils the water, and takes the salt  
And the pepper in portions true  
(Which he never forgot), and some chopped  
shalot,  
And some sage and parsley too.

"'Come here,' says he, with a proper pride  
Which his smiling features tell,  
'Twill soothing be if I let you see  
How extremely nice you'll smell.'

"And he stirred it round and round and  
round,  
And he sniffed at the foaming froth;  
When I ups with his heels, and smothers  
his squeals  
In the scum of the boiling broth.

"And I eat that cook in a week or less,  
And—as I eating be  
The last of his chops, why, I almost drops,  
For a wessel in sight I see!

\* \* \* \* \*

"And I never larf, and I never smile,  
And I never lark nor play,  
But sit and croak, and a single joke  
I have—which is to say:

"Oh, I am a cook and a captain bold,  
And the mate of the 'Nancy' brig,  
And a bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,  
And the crew of the captain's gig!"

## THE BISHOP OF RUM-TO-FOO.

FROM east and south the holy clan  
Of bishops gathered to a man;  
To Synod, called Pan-Anglican,  
In flocking crowds they came.  
Among them was a bishop, who  
Had lately been appointed to  
The balmy isle of Rum-ti-Foo,  
And Peter was his name.

His people—twenty-three in sum—  
They played the eloquent tum-tum,  
And lived on scalps served up in rum—  
The only sauce they knew.  
When first good Bishop Peter came  
(For Peter was that bishop's name).  
To humor them he did the same  
As they of Rum-ti-Foo.

His flock, I've often heard him tell,  
(His name was Peter) loved him well,  
And, summoned by the sound of bell,  
In crowds together came.  
"Oh, massa, why you go away?  
Oh, Massa Peter, please to stay."  
(They called him Peter, people say,  
Because it was his name.)

He told them all good boys to be,  
And sailed away across the sea,  
At London Bridge that bishop he  
Arrived one Tuesday night:  
And as that night he homeward strode  
To his Pan-Anglican abode,  
He passed along the Borough road,  
And saw a gruesome sight.

He saw a crowd assembled round  
A person dancing on the ground,  
Who straight began to leap and bound  
With all his might and main.  
To see that dancing man he stopped,  
Who twirled and wriggled, skipped and  
hopped,  
Then down incontinently dropped,  
And then sprang up again.

The bishop chuckled at the sight.  
"This style of dancing would delight  
A simple Rum-ti-Foozleite.  
I'll learn it if I can,  
To please the tribe when I get back."  
He begged the man to teach his knack,  
"Right Reverend Sir, in half a crack!"  
Replied that dancing man,

The dancing man he worked away,  
And taught the bishop every day—  
The dancer skipped like any fay—  
Good Peter did the same.

The bishop buckled to his task,  
With *battements* and *pas de basque*.  
(I'll tell you, if you care to ask,  
That Peter was his name.)

"Come, walk like this," the dancer said,  
"Stick out your toes—stick in your head,  
Stalk on with quick, galvanic tread—  
Your fingers thus extend;  
The attitude's considered quaint."  
The weary bishop, feeling faint,  
Replied, "I do not say it ain't,  
But 'Time!' my Christian friend!"

"We now proceed to something new—  
Dance as the Paynes and Lauris do,  
Like this—one, two—one, two—one, two."  
The bishop, never proud,  
But in an overwhelming heat  
(His name was Peter, I repeat,  
Performed the Payne and Lauri feat)  
And puffed his thanks aloud.

Another game the dancer planned—  
"Just take your ankle in your hand,  
And try, my lord, if you can stand—  
Your body stiff and stark.  
If, when revisiting your see,  
You learnt to hop on shore—like me—  
The novelty would striking be,  
And must attract remark."

"No," said the worthy bishop, "no:  
That is a length to which, I trow,  
Colonial bishops cannot go.  
You may express surprise  
At finding bishops deal in pride—  
But if that trick I ever tried,  
I should appear undignified  
In Rum-ti-Foozle's eyes.

"The islanders of Rum-ti-Foo  
Are well-conducted persons, who  
Approve a joke as much as you,  
And laugh at it as such;  
But if they saw their bishop land,  
His leg supported in his hand,  
The joke they wouldn't understand—  
'Twould pain them very much!"

## THE PRECOCIOUS BABY.

## A VERY TRUE TALE.

(To be sung to the Air of the "Whistling Oyster")

AN elderly person—a prophet by trade—  
With his quips and tips  
On withered old lips,  
He married a young and a beautiful maid;  
The cunning old blade!  
Though rather decayed,  
He married a beautiful, beautiful maid.

She was only eighteen, and as fair as could be,  
 With her tempting smiles  
 And maidenly wiles,  
 And he was a trifle past seventy-three.  
 Now what she could see  
 Is a puzzle to me  
 In a prophet of seventy—seventy-three.

Of all their acquaintances bidden (or bad)  
 With their loud high jinks  
 And underbred winks.  
 None thought they'd a family have—but they  
 had;

A dear little lad  
 Who drove 'em half mad,  
 For he turned out a horribly fast little cad.

For when he was born he astonished all by,  
 With their "Law, dear me!"  
 "Did ever you see?"

He'd a pipe in his mouth and a glass in his eye,  
 A hat all awry—  
 An octagon tie—  
 And a miniature—miniature glass in his eye.

He grumbled at wearing a frock and a cap,  
 With his "Oh, dear, oh!"  
 And his "Hang it, 'oo know!"  
 And he turned up his nose at his excellent  
 pap—

"My friends, it's a tap  
 Dat is not worf a rap."  
 (Now this was remarkably excellent pap.)

He'd chuck his nurse under the chin, and  
 he'd say,  
 With his "Fal, lal, lal!"—  
 "'Oo doosed fine gal!"

This shocking precocity drove 'em away:  
 "A month from to-day  
 Is as long as I'll stay—

Then I'd wish, if you please, for to toddle  
 away."

His father, a simple old gentleman, he  
 With nursery rhyme  
 And "Once on a time,"  
 Would tell him the story of "Little Bo-P,"  
 "So pretty was she,  
 So pretty and wee,  
 As pretty, as pretty, as pretty could be."

But the babe, with a dig that would startle  
 an ox,  
 With his "C'ek! Oh, my!—  
 Go along wiz 'oo, fie!"  
 Would exclaim: "I'm afraid 'oo a soaking  
 old fox."

Now a father it shocks,  
 And it whitens his locks  
 When his little babe calls him a shocking old  
 fox.

The name of his father he'd couple and pair  
 (With his ill-bred laugh,  
 And insolent chaff.)  
 With those of the nursery heroines rare—  
 Virginia the fair,  
 Or Good Goldenhair,  
 Till the nuisance was more than a prophet  
 could bear.

"There's Jill and White Cat" (said the bold  
 little brat  
 With his loud "Ha, ha!")  
 "'Oo aly ickle pa!  
 Wiz 'oo Beauty, Bo-Peep, and 'oo Mrs. Jack  
 Sprat?  
 I've noticed 'oo pat  
 My pretty White Cat—  
 I sink dear mamma ought to know about  
 dat!"

He early determined to marry and wive,  
 For better or worse  
 With his elderly nurse—  
 Which the poor little boy didn't live to con-  
 trive:  
 His health didn't thrive—  
 No longer alive,  
 He died an enfeebled old dotard at five!

#### MORAL.

Now, elderly men of the bachelor crew,  
 With wrinkled hose  
 And spectacled nose,  
 Don't marry at all—you may take it as true  
 If ever you do  
 The step you will rue,  
 For your babies will be elderly—elderly too.

#### BAINES CAREW, GENTLEMAN.

Of all the good attorneys who  
 Have placed their names upon the roll,  
 But few could equal Baines Carew  
 For tender-heartedness and soul.

Whene'er he heard a tale of woe  
 From client A or client B,  
 His grief would overcome him so  
 He'd scarce have strength to take his fee.

It laid him up for many days,  
 When duty led him to distract,  
 And serving writs, although it pays,  
 Gave him excruciating pain.

He made out costs, distrained for rent,  
 Foreclosed and sued, with moistened  
 eye—

No bill of costs could represent  
 The value of such sympathy.

No charges can approximate  
The worth of sympathy with woe :—  
Although I think I ought to state  
He did his best to make them so.

Of all the many clients who  
Had mustered round his legal flag,  
No single client of the crew  
Was half so dear as Captain Bagg.

Now, Captain Bagg had bowed him to  
A heavy matrimonial yoke—  
His wifery had of faults a few—  
She never could resist a joke.

Her chaff at first he meekly bore,  
Till unendurable it grew.  
"To stop this persecution sore  
I will consult my friend Carew.

"And when Carew's advice I've got,  
Divorce *a mensa* I shall try."  
(A legal separation—not  
A *vinculo conjugii*.)

"Oh, Baines Carew, my woe I've kept  
A secret hitherto, you know ;"  
(And Baines Carew, Esquire, he wept  
To hear that Bagg had any woe.)

"My case, indeed, is passing sad.  
My wife—whom I considered true—  
With brutal conduct drives me mad."  
"I am appalled," said Baines Carew.

"What! sound the matrimonial knell  
Of worthy people such as these!  
Why was I an attorney? Well—  
Go on to the *savitia*, please."

"Domestic bliss has proved my bane—  
A harder case you never heard,  
My wife (in other matters sane)  
Pretends that I'm a Dicky bird!

"She makes me sing, 'To-whit, too-wee!'  
And stand upon a rounded stick,  
And always introduces me  
To every one as 'Pretty Dick!'"

"Oh, dear," said weeping Baines Carew,  
"This is the direst case I know."

"I'm grieved," said Bagg, "at paining you—  
To Cobb and Poltherthwaite I'll go—

"To Cobb's cold, calculating ear,  
My gruesome sorrows I'll impart"—

"No; stop," said Baines, "I'll dry my tear,  
And steel my sympathetic heart."

"She makes me perch upon a tree,  
Rewarding me with 'Sweetie—nice!'

And threatens to exhibit me  
With four or five performing mice."

"Restrain my tears I wish I could."  
(Said Baines), "I don't know what to  
do."

Said Captain Bagg: "You're very good."  
"Oh, not at all," said Baines Carew.

"She makes me fire a gun," said Bagg:  
"And at a preconcerted word,  
Climb up a ladder with a flag,  
Like any street performing bird.

"She places sugar in my way—  
In public places calls me 'Sweet!'  
She gives me groundsel every day,  
And hard canary-seed to eat."

"Oh, woe! oh, sad, oh, dire to tell!"  
(Said Baines). "Be good enough to stop."  
And senseless on the floor he fell,  
With unpremeditated flop.

Said Captain Bagg: "Well, really I  
Am grieved to think it pains you so.  
I thank you for your sympathy;  
But, hang it!—come—I say, you know!"

But Baines lay flat upon the floor,  
Convulsed with sympathetic sob—  
The captain toddled off next door,  
And gave the case to Mr. Cobb.

#### BOB POLTER.

BOB POLTER was a navy, and  
His hands were coarse, and dirty too,  
His homely face was rough and tanned,  
His time of life was thirty-two,

He lived among a working clan,  
(A wife he hadn't got at all,)  
A decent, steady, sober man—  
No saint, however—not at all.

He smoked, but in a modest way,  
Because he thought he needed it;  
He drank a pot of beer a day,  
And sometimes he exceeded it.

At times he'd pass with other men  
A loud convivial night or two,  
With, very likely, now and then,  
On Saturdays, a fight or two.

But still he was a sober soul,  
A labor-never-shirking man,  
Who paid his way—upon the whole  
A decent English working man.



One day, when at the Nelson's Head  
 (For which he may be blamed of you),  
 A holy man appeared and said:  
 "Oh, Robert, I'm ashamed of you."

He laid his hand on Robert's beer  
 Before he could drink up any,  
 And on the floor, with sigh and tear,  
 He poured the pot of "thruppenny."

"Oh, Robert, at this very bar  
 A truth you'll be discovering,  
 A good and evil genius are  
 Around your noddle hovering.

"They both are here to bid you shun  
 The other one's society,  
 For Total Abstinence is one,  
 The other, Inebriety."

He waved his hand—a vapor came—  
 A wizard Polter reckoned him;  
 A boggy rose and called his name,  
 And with his finger beckoned him.

The monster's salient points to sum—  
 His heavy breath was portery:  
 His glowing nose suggested rum,  
 His eyes were gin-and-wortery.

His dress was torn—for dregs of ale  
 And slops of gin had rusted it;  
 His pimpled face was wan and pale,  
 Where filth had not encrusted it.

"Come Polter," said the fiend, "begin,  
 And keep the bowl a-flowing on—  
 A working man needs pints of gin  
 To keep his clockwork going on."

Bob shuddered: "Ah, you've made a miss  
 If you take me for one of you:  
 You filthy beast, get out of this—  
 Bob Polter don't want none of you."

The demon gave a drunken shriek,  
 And crept away in stealthiness,  
 And lo! instead, a person sleek,  
 Who seemed to burst with healthiness.

"In me, as your adviser hints,  
 Of Abstinence you've got a type—  
 Of Mr. Tweedie's pretty prints  
 I am the happy prototype.

"If you abjure the social toast,  
 And pipes and such frivolities,  
 You possibly some day may boast  
 My prepossessing qualities!"

Bob rubbed his eyes and made 'em blink:  
 "You almost make me tremble, you!  
 If I abjure fermented drink,  
 Shall I, indeed, resemble you?"

"And will my whiskers curl so tight?  
 My cheeks grow smug and muttoney?  
 My face become so red and white?  
 My coat so blue and buttoney?"

"Will trousers, such as yours, array  
 Extremities inferior?  
 Will chubbiness assert its sway  
 All over my exterior?"

"In this, my unenlightened state,  
 To work in heavy boots I comes;  
 Will pumps henceforward decorate  
 My tiddle toddle tootsicums?"

"And shall I get so plump and fresh,  
 And look no longer seedily?  
 My skin will henceforth fit my flesh  
 So tightly and so Tweedie-ly!"

The phantom said: "You'll have all this,  
 You'll know no kind of huffiness,  
 Your life will be one chubby bliss,  
 One long unruffled puffiness!"

"Be off!" said irritated Bob.  
 "Why come you here to bother one?  
 You pharisaical old snob,  
 You're wuss almost than t'other one!"

"I takes my pipe—I takes my pot,  
 And drunk I'm never seen to be;  
 I'm no teetotaller or sot,  
 And as I am I mean to be!"

ELLEN MCJONES ABERDEEN.

MACPHAIRSON CLONGLOCKETTY ANGUS Mc-  
 CLAN  
 Was the son of an elderly laboring man;  
 You've guessed him a Scotchman, shrewd  
 reader, at sight,  
 And p'raps altogether, shrewd reader, you're  
 right.

From the bonnie blue Forth to the lovely  
 Dee side,  
 Round by Dingwal and Wrath to the mouth  
 of the Clyde,  
 There wasn't a child or a woman or man  
 Who could pipe with Clonglocketty Angus  
 McClan.

No other could wake such detestable groans,  
With reed and with chaunter—with bag  
and with drones :  
All day and all night he delighted the  
chiefs  
With sniggering pibrochs and jiggety reels.

He'd clamber a mountain and squat on the  
ground,  
And the neighboring maidens would gather  
around  
To list to the pipes and gaze on his een,  
Especially Ellen McJones Aberdeen.

All loved their McClan, save a Sassenach  
brute,  
Who came to the Highlands to fish and to  
shoot ;  
He dressed himself up in a Highlander way,  
Tho' his name it was Pattison Corby Tor-  
bay.

Torbay had incurred a good deal of expense,  
To make him a Scotchman in every sense ;  
But this is a matter, you'll readily own,  
That isn't a question of tailors alone.

A Sassenach chief may be bonily built,  
He may purchase a sporran, a bonnet, and  
kilt ;  
Stick a skean in his hose—wear an acre of  
stripes—  
But he cannot assume an affection for pipes.

Clonglocketty's pipings all night and all day  
Quite frenzied poor Pattison Corby Torbay ;  
The girls were amused at his singular spleen,  
Especially Ellen McJones Aberdeen.

" Macphairson Clonglocketty Angus, my lad,  
With pibrochs and reels you are driving me  
mad,  
If you really must play on that cursed af-  
fair,  
My goodness ! play something resembling  
an air."

Boiled over the blood of Macphairson Mc-  
Clan—  
The Clan of Clonglocketty arose as one man ;  
For all were enraged at the insult, I ween—  
Especially Ellen McJones Aberdeen.

" Let's show," said McClan, " to this Sas-  
sach loon  
That the bagpipes can play him a regular  
tune.  
Let's see," said McClan, as he thoughtfully  
sat,  
" ' In My Cottage ' is easy—I'll practice at  
that."

He blew at his " Cottage," and blew with a  
will,  
For a year, seven months, and a fortnight,  
until  
(You'll hardly believe it) McClan, I declare,  
Elicited something resembling an air.

It was wild—it was fitful—as wild as the  
breeze—  
It wandered about into several keys ;  
It was jerky, spasmodic, and harsh, I'm  
aware ;  
But still it distinctly suggested an air.

The Sassenach screamed, and the Sassenach  
danced ;  
He shrieked in his agony—bellowed and  
pranced ;  
And the maidens who gathered rejoiced at  
the scene—  
Especially Ellen McJones Aberdeen.

" Hech gather, hech gather, hech gather  
around ;  
And fill a' ye lugs wi' the exquisite sound,  
An' air fra the bagpipes—beat that if ye  
can !  
Hurrah for Clonglocketty Angus McClan ! "

The fame of his piping spread over the land ;  
Respectable widows proposed for his hand,  
And maidens came flocking to sit on the  
green—  
Especially Ellen McJones Aberdeen.

One morning the fidgety Sassenach swore  
He'd stand it no longer—he drew his clay-  
more,  
And (this was, I think, in extremely bad  
taste)  
Divided Clonglocketty close to the waist.

Oh ! loud were the wailings for Angus Mc-  
Clan,  
Oh ! deep was the grief for that excellent  
man,  
The maids stood aghast at that horrible  
scene—  
Especially Ellen McJones Aberdeen.

It sorrowed poor Pattison Corby Torbay  
To find them " take on " in this serious  
way ;  
He pitied the poor little fluttering birds,  
And solaced their souls with the following  
words :

" Oh, maidens," said Pattison, touching his  
hat,  
" Don't blubber, my dears, for a fellow like  
that ;

Observe, I'm a very superior man,  
A much better fellow than Angus McClan."

They smiled when he winked and addressed  
them as "dears,"  
And they all of them vowed, as they dried  
up their tears,  
A pleasanter gentleman never was seen—  
Especially Ellen McJones Aberdeen.

#### GENTLE ALICE BROWN.

It was a robber's daughter, and her name  
was Alice Brown,  
Her father was the terror of a small Italian  
town;  
Her mother was a foolish, weak, but ami-  
able old thing;  
But it isn't of her parents that I'm going  
for to sing.

As Alice was a-sitting at her window-sill  
one day,  
A beautiful young gentleman he chanced to  
pass that way;  
She cast her eyes upon, and he looked so  
good and true,  
That she thought: "I could be happy with  
a gentleman like you!"

And every morning passed her house that  
cream of gentlemen,  
She knew she might expect him at a quar-  
ter unto ten;  
A sorter in the Custom-house, it was his  
daily road  
(The Custom-house was fifteen minutes' walk  
from her abode).

But Alice was a pious girl, who knew it  
wasn't wise  
To look at strange young sorters with ex-  
pressive purple eyes;  
So she sought the village priest to whom  
her family confessed,  
The priest by whom their little sins were  
carefully assessed.

\* \* \* \* \*

"A pleasant-looking gentleman, with pretty  
purple eyes,  
I've noticed at my window, as I've sat a-  
catching flies;  
He passes by it every day as certain as can  
be—  
I blush to say I've winked at him, and he has  
winked at me!"

"For shame!" said Father Paul, "my erring  
daughter! On my word

This is the most distressing news that I have  
ever heard.

Why, naughty girl, your excellent papa has  
pledged your hand  
To a promising young robber, the lieutenant  
of his band!

"This dreadful piece of news will pain your  
worthy parent so!  
They are the most remunerative customers I  
know;  
For many many years they've kept starvation  
from my doors:  
I never knew so criminal a family as yours!

"The common country folk in this insipid  
neighborhood  
Have nothing to confess, they're so ridicu-  
lously good;  
And if you marry any one respectable at  
all,  
Why, you'll reform, and what will then be-  
come of Father Paul?"

The worthy priest, he up and drew his cowl  
upon his crown,  
And started off in haste to tell the news to  
Robber Brown—  
To tell him how his daughter, who was now  
for marriage fit,  
Had winked upon a sorter, who reciprocated it.

Good Robber Brown he muffled up his anger  
pretty well:  
He said: "I have a notion, and that notion I  
will tell;  
I will nab this gay young sorter, terrify him  
into fits,  
And get my gentle wife to chop him into  
little bits.

"I've studied human nature, and I know a  
thing or two:  
Though a girl may fondly love a living gent,  
as many do—  
A feeling of disgust upon her senses there  
will fall  
When she looks upon his body chopped par-  
ticularly small."

He traced that gallant sorter to a still su-  
burban square;  
He watched his opportunity, and seized him  
unaware;  
He took a life-preserver and hit him on the  
head,  
And Mrs. Brown dissected him before she  
went to bed.

And pretty little Alice grew more settled in  
her mind,  
She never more was guilty of a weakness of  
the kind,  
Until at length good Robber Brown bestowed  
her pretty hand  
On the promising young robber, the lieutenant  
of his band.

## TO THE TERRESTRIAL GLOBE.

BY A MISERABLE WRETCH.

Roll on, thou ball, roll on !  
Through pathless realms of space  
Roll on !  
What though I'm in a sorry case ?  
What though I cannot meet my bills ?  
What though I suffer toothache's ills ?  
What though I swallow countless pills ?  
Never you mind !  
Roll on !

Roll on, thou ball, roll on !  
Through seas of inky air  
Roll on !  
It's true I've got no shirt to wear ;  
It's true my butcher's bill is due ;  
It's true my prospects all look blue—  
But don't let that unsettle you !  
Never you mind !  
Roll on !

[It rolls on.]

## THE BUM BOAT WOMAN'S STORY.

I'm old, my dears, and shriveled with age, and  
work, and grief,  
My eyes are gone, and my teeth have been  
drawn by Time, the Thief !  
For terrible sights I've seen, and dangers  
great I've run—  
I'm nearly seventy now, and my work is al-  
most done !

Ah ! I've been young in my time, and I've  
played the deuce with men !  
I'm speaking of ten years past—I was barely  
sixty then :  
My cheeks were mellow and soft, and my  
eyes were large and sweet,  
Poll Pineapple's eyes were the standing toast  
of the Royal Fleet !

A bumboat woman was I, and I faithfully  
served the ships  
With apples, and cakes, and fowls and beer,  
and half-penny dips,

And beef for the generous mess, where the  
officers dine at nights,  
And fine fresh peppermint drops for the rol-  
licking midshipmites.

Of all the kind commanders who anchored  
in Portsmouth Bay,  
By far the sweetest of all was kind Lieuten-  
ant Belaye.  
Lieutenant Belaye commanded the gunboat  
" Hot Cross Bun,"  
She was seven and thirty feet in length, and  
she carried a gun.

With a laudable view of enhancing his coun-  
try's naval pride,  
When people inquired her size, Lieutenant  
Belaye replied :  
" Oh, my ship, my ship is the first of the Hun-  
dred and Seventy-ones !"  
Which meant her tonnage, but people im-  
agined it meant her guns.

Whenever I went on board he would beckon  
me down below,  
" Come down, Little Buttercup, come" (for  
he loved to call me so),  
And he'd tell of the fights at sea in which  
he'd taken a part,  
And so Lieutenant Belaye won poor Poll  
Pineapple's heart !

But at length his orders came, and he said  
one day, said he,  
" I'm ordered to sail with the ' Hot Cross Bun '  
to the German Sea,"  
And the Portsmouth maidens wept when  
they learnt the evil day,  
For every Portsmouth maid loved good Lieu-  
tenant Belaye.

And I went to a back, back street, with plenty  
of cheap, cheap shops,  
And I bought an oil-skin hat and a second-  
hand suit of slops,  
And I went to Lieutenant Belaye (and he  
never suspected me !)  
And I entered myself as a chap as wanted to  
go to sea.

We sailed that afternoon at the mystic hour  
of one—  
Remarkably nice young men were the crew  
of the " Hot Cross Bun."  
I'm sorry to say that I've heard that sailors  
sometimes swear,  
But I never yet heard a " Bun" say anything  
wrong, I declare.

When Jack Tars meet, they meet with a  
" Messmate, ho ! What cheer ?"

But here, on the "Hot Cross Bun," it was  
 "How do you do, my dear?"  
 When Jack Tars growl, I believe they growl  
 With a big, big d——;  
 But the strongest oath of the "Hot Cross  
 Buns" was a mild "Dear me!"

Yet, though they were all well-bred, you  
 could scarcely call them sick;  
 Whenever a sea was on, they were all ex-  
 tremely sick;  
 And whenever the weather was calm, and  
 the wind was light and fair,  
 They spent more time than a sailor should on  
 his back, back hair.

They certainly shivered and shook when  
 ordered aloft to run,  
 And they screamed when Lieutenant Belaye  
 discharged his only gun.  
 And as he was proud of his gun—such pride  
 is hardly wrong—  
 The lieutenant was blazing away at intervals  
 all day long.

They all agreed very well, though at times  
 you heard it said  
 That Bill had a way of his own of making  
 his lips look red—  
 That Joe looked quite his age—or somebody  
 might declare  
 That Barnacle's long pig-tail was never his  
 own, own hair.

Belaye would admit that his men were of no  
 great use to him,  
 "But then," he would say, "there is little to  
 do on a gunboat trim.  
 I can hand, and reef, and steer, and fire my  
 big gun, too—  
 And it is such a treat to sail with a gentle,  
 well-bred crew."

I saw him every day. How the happy mo-  
 ments sped!  
 Reef topsails! Make all taut! There's dirty  
 weather ahead!  
 (I do not mean that tempests threaten the  
 "Hot Cross Bun";  
 In *that* case, I don't know whatever we *should*  
 have done!)

After a fortnight's cruise, we put into port  
 one day.  
 And off on leave for a week went kind Lieut-  
 enant Belaye,  
 And after a long, long week had passed (and  
 it seemed like a life),  
 Lieutenant Belaye returned to his ship with  
 a fair young wife!

He up, and he says, says he: "Oh, crew of  
 the 'Hot Cross Bun,'  
 Here is the wife of my heart, for the Church  
 has made us one!"  
 And as he uttered the word, the crew went  
 out of their wits,  
 And all fell down in so many separate faint-  
 ing-fits.

And then their hair came down, or off, as the  
 case might be,  
 And lo! the rest of the crew were simple  
 girls, like me,  
 Who all had fled from their homes in a sail-  
 or's blue array,  
 To follow the shifting fate of kind Lieutenant  
 Belaye.

\* \* \* \* \*

It's strange to think that *I* should ever have  
 loved young men,  
 But I'm speaking of ten years past—I was  
 barely sixty then,  
 And now my cheeks are furrowed with grief  
 and age, I trow!  
 And poor Poll Pineapple's eyes have lost their  
 lustre now!

#### THE CAPTAIN AND THE MERMAIDS.

I sing a legend of the sea,  
 So hard-a-port upon your lee!  
 A ship on starboard tack!  
 She's bound upon a private cruise—  
 (This is the kind of spice I use  
 To give a salt-sea smack).

Behold, on every afternoon  
 (Save in a gale or strong monsoon)  
 Great Captain Capel Cleggs  
 (Great morally, though rather short)  
 Sat at an open weather-port  
 And aired his shapely legs.

And Mermaids hung around in flocks,  
 On cable chains, and distant rocks,  
 To gaze upon those limbs;  
 For legs like those, of flesh and bone,  
 Are things "not generally known"  
 To any Merman Timbs.

But Mermen didn't seem to care  
 Much time (as far as I'm aware)  
 With Cleggs' legs to spend;  
 Though Mermaids swam around all day  
 And gazed, exclaiming, "*That's* the way  
 A gentleman should end!"

"A pair of legs with well-cut knees,  
 And calves and ankles such as these

Which we in rapture hail,  
Are far more eloquent it's clear  
(When clothed in silk and kerseymere),  
Than any nasty tail."

And Cleggs—a worthy, kind old boy—  
Rejoiced to add to others' joy,  
And, when the day was dry,  
Because it pleased the lookers-on,  
He sat from morn till night—though con-  
stitutionally shy.

At first the Mermen laughed, "Pooh!  
pooh!"  
But finally they jealous grew,  
And sounded loud recalls;  
But vainly. So these fishy males  
Declared they too would clothe their tails,  
In silken hose and smalls.

They set to work—these water-men,  
And made their nether robes—but when  
They drew with dainty touch  
The kerseymere upon their tails,  
They found it scraped against their scales,  
And hurt them very much.

The silk, besides, with which they chose  
To deck their tails by way of hose  
(They never thought of shoon),  
For such a use was much too thin—  
It tore against the caudal fin,  
And "went in ladders" soon.

So they designed another plan:  
They sent their most seductive man  
This note to him to show—  
"Our Monarch sends to Captain Cleggs  
His humble compliments, and begs  
He'll join him down below.

"We've pleasant homes below the sea—  
Besides, if Captain Cleggs should be  
(As our advices say)  
A judge of Mermaids, he will find  
Our lady-fish of every kind  
Inspection will repay."

Good Capel sent a kind reply,  
For Capel thought he could descry  
An admirable plan  
To study all their ways and laws—  
(But not their lady-fish, because  
He was a married man).

The Merman sank—the captain too  
Jumped overboard, and dropped from view  
Like stone from catapult;  
And when he reached the Merman's lair,  
He certainly was welcomed there,  
But, ah! with what result?

They didn't let him learn their law,  
Or make a note of what he saw,  
Or interesting mem.:  
The lady-fish he couldn't find,  
But that, of course, he didn't mind—  
He didn't come for them.

For though, when Captain Capel sank,  
The Mermen drawn in double rank  
Gave him a hearty hail,  
Yet when secure of Captain Cleggs,  
They cut off both his lovely legs,  
And gave him *such* a tail!

When Captain Cleggs returned aboard  
His blithesome crew convulsive roar'd  
To see him altered so.  
The Admiralty did insist  
That he upon the Half-pay List  
Immediately should go.

In vain declared the poor old salt:  
"It's my misfortune—not my fault,"  
With tear and trembling lip—  
In vain poor Capel begged and begged.  
"A man must be completely legged  
Who rules a British ship."

So spake the stern First Lord aloud—  
He was a wag, though very proud,  
And much rejoiced to say,  
"You're only half a captain now—  
And so, my worthy friend, I vow  
You'll only get half-pay!"

#### ANNIE PROTHEROE.

##### A LEGEND OF STRATFORD-LE-BOW.

Oh! listen to the tale of little Annie Proth-  
eroe.

She kept a small postoffice in the neighbor-  
hood of Bow;

She loved a skilled mechanic, who was fa-  
mous in his day—

A gentle executioner whose name was Gilbert  
Clay.

I think I hear you say: "A dreadful subject  
for your rhymes!"

O reader; do not shrink—he didn't live in  
modern times!

He lived so long ago (the sketch will show it  
at a glance)

That all his actions glitter with the lime-  
light of romance.

In busy times he laboured at his gentle craft  
all day—

"No doubt you mean his Cal-craft," you amus-  
ingly will say—

But, no—he didn't operate with common bits  
of string,  
He was a public headsman, which is quite  
another thing.

And when his work was over, they would  
ramble o'er the lea,  
And sit beneath the frondage of an elderberry  
tree,  
And Annie's simple prattle entertained him  
on his walk,  
For public executions formed the subject of  
her talk.

And sometimes he'd explain to her, which  
charmed her very much,  
How famous operators vary very much in  
touch,  
And then, perhaps, he'd show how he himself  
performed the trick,  
And illustrate his meaning with a poppy and  
a stick.

Or, if it rained, the little maid would stop at  
home, and look  
At his favorable notices, all pasted in a book,  
And then her cheek would flush—her swim-  
ming eyes would dance with joy  
In a glow of admiration at the prowess of her  
boy.

One summer eve, at supper-time, the gentle  
Gilbert said  
(As he helped his pretty Annie to a slice of  
collared head):  
"This reminds me I must settle on the next  
ensuing day  
The hash of that unmitigated villain, Peter  
Gray."

He saw his Annie tremble and he saw his  
Annie start,  
Her changing color trumpeted the flutter at  
her heart:  
Young Gilbert's manly bosom rose and sank  
with jealous fear,  
And he said: "Oh, gentle Annie, what's the  
meaning of this here?"

And Annie answered, blushing in an inter-  
esting way,  
"You think, no doubt, I'm sighing for that  
felon, Peter Gray:  
That I was his young woman is unques-  
tionably true,  
But not since I began a-keeping company  
with you."

Then Gilbert, who was irritable, rose and  
loudly swore  
He'd know the reason why if she refused to  
tell him more;

And she answered (all the woman in her  
flashing from her eyes):  
"You mustn't ask no questions, and you  
won't be told no lies!

"Few lovers have the privilege enjoyed, my  
dear, by you,  
Of chopping off a rival's head and quartering  
him too!  
Of vengeance, dear, to-morrow you will  
surely take your fill!"  
And Gilbert ground his molars as he answer-  
ed her: "I will!"

Young Gilbert rose from table with a stern,  
determined look,  
And, frowning, took an inexpensive hatchet  
from its hook;  
And Annie watched his movements with an  
interested air—  
For the morrow—for the morrow he was  
going to prepare!

He chipped it with a hammer and he chopped  
it with a bill,  
He poured sulphuric acid on the edge of it,  
until  
This terrible Avenger of the Majesty of Law  
Was far less like a hatchet than a dissipated  
saw.

And Annie said: "Oh, Gilbert, dear, I do  
not understand  
Why ever you are injuring that hatchet in  
your hand?"  
He said: "It is intended for to lacerate and  
flay  
The neck of that unmitigated villain, Peter  
Gray!"

"Now, Gilbert," Annie answered, "wicked  
headsman, just beware—  
I won't have Peter tortured with that horri-  
ble affair;  
If you appear with that, you may depend  
you'll rue the day."  
But Gilbert said: "Oh, shall I?" which was  
just his nasty way.

He saw a look of anger from her eyes dis-  
tinctly dart,  
For Annie was a woman, and had pity in her  
heart!  
She wished him a good-evening—he answered  
with a glare;  
She only said: "Remember, for your Annie  
will be there!"

\* \* \* \* \*

The morrow Gilbert boldly on the scaffold  
took his stand,  
With a vizor on his face and with a hatchet  
in his hand,

And all the people noticed that the engine of  
the law  
Was far less like a hatchet than a dissipated  
saw.

The felon very coolly loosed his collar and  
his stock,  
And placed his wicked head upon the handy  
little block.

The hatchet was uplifted for to settle Peter  
Gray,

When Gilbert plainly heard a woman's voice  
exclaiming, "Stay!"

'Twas Annie, gentle Annie, as you'll easily  
believe.

"Oh, Gilbert, you must spare him, for I bring  
him a reprieve;

It came from our Home Secretary many  
weeks ago,

And passed through that post-office which I  
used to keep at Bow.

"I loved you, loved you madly, and you  
know it, Gilbert Clay,

And as I'd quite surrendered all idea of  
Peter Gray,

I quietly suppressed it, as you'll clearly un-  
derstand,

For I thought it might be awkward if he came  
and claimed my hand.

"In anger at my secret (which I could not  
tell before),

To lacerate poor Peter Gray vindictively you  
swore;

I told you if you used that blunted axe you'd  
rue the day,

And so you will, young Gilbert, for I'll marry  
Peter Gray!" [And so she did.

#### AN UNFORTUNATE LIKENESS.

I've painted Shakespeare all my life—

"An infant" (even then at play)"!

"A boy," with stage-ambition rife,  
Then "Married to Ann Hathaway."

"The bard's first ticket night" (or "ben,")

His "First appearance on the stage,"

His "Call before the curtain"—then

"Rejoicings when he came of age."

The bard play-writing in his room,

The bard a humble lawyer's clerk,

The bard a lawyer<sup>1</sup>—parson<sup>2</sup>—groom<sup>3</sup>—

The bard deer-stealing after dark.

<sup>1</sup> "Go with me to a Notary—seal me there  
Your single bond."

—*Merchant of Venice*, Act I., sc. 3.

<sup>2</sup> "And there shall she, at Friar Lawrence' cell,  
Be shrived and married."

—*Romeo and Juliet*, Act II., sc. 4.

<sup>3</sup> "And give their fasting horses provender."

—*Henry the Fifth*, Act IV., sc. 2.

The bard a tradesman<sup>1</sup>—and a Jew<sup>2</sup>—

The bard a botanist<sup>3</sup>—a beak<sup>4</sup>—

The bard a skilled musician<sup>5</sup> too—

A sheriff<sup>6</sup> and a surgeon<sup>7</sup> eke!

Yet critics say (a friendly stock)

That, though it's evident I try,

Yet even I can barely mock

The glimmer of his wondrous eye.

One morning as a work I framed,

There passed a person, walking hard:

"My gracious goodness," I exclaimed,

'How very like my dear old bard!

"Oh, what a model he would make!"

I rushed outside—impulsive me!—

"Forgive the liberty I take,

But you're so very"—"stop!" said he.

"You needn't waste your breath or time—

I know what you are going to say—

That you're an artist, and that I'm

Remarkably like Shakespeare. Eh?

"You wish that I would sit to you?"

I clasped him madly round the waist,

And breathlessly replied: "I do!"

"All right," said he, "but please make  
haste."

I led him by his hallowed sleeve,

And worked away at him apace,

I painted him till dewy eve—

There never was a nobler face!

"Oh, sir," I said, "a fortune grand

Is yours, by dint of merest chance—

To sport his brow at second-hand,

To wear his cast-off countenance!

<sup>1</sup> "Let us, like merchants, show our foulest wares."  
—*Troilus and Cressida*, Act I., sc. 3.

<sup>2</sup> "Then must the Jew be merciful."  
—*Merchant of Venice*, Act IV., sc. 1.

<sup>3</sup> "The spring, the summer,  
The chilling autumn, angry winter, change  
Their wonted liveries."  
—*Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act IV., sc. 1.

<sup>4</sup> "In the county of Glo'ster, justice of the peace and  
coram."  
—*Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act I., sc. 2.

<sup>5</sup> "What lusty trumpet thus doth summon us?"  
—*King John*, Act V., sc. 2.

<sup>6</sup> "And I'll provide his executioner."  
—*Henry the Sixth* (Second Part), Act III., sc. 1.

<sup>7</sup> "The lioness had torn some flesh away,  
Which all this while had bled."  
—*As You Like It*, Act IV., sc. 3.



"To rub *his* eyes whene'er they ache—  
To wear *his* baldness ere you're old—  
To clean *his* teeth when you awake—  
To blow *his* nose when you've a cold."

His eyeballs glistened in his eyes—  
I sat and watched, and smoked my pipe:  
"Bravo!" I said, "I recognize  
The frenzy of your prototype!"

His scanty hair he wildly tore:  
"That's right," said I, "it shows your  
breed."  
He danced—he stamped—he wildly swore—  
"Bless me, that's very fine indeed!"

"Sir," said the grand Shakesperian boy  
(Continuing to blaze away),  
"You think my face a source of joy;  
That shows you know not what you say."

"Forgive these yells and cellar-flaps:  
I'm always thrown in some such state:  
When on his face well-meaning chaps  
This wretched man congratulate."

"For, oh! this face—this pointed chin—  
This nose—this brow—these eyeballs, too  
Have always been the origin  
Of all the woes I ever knew!"

"If to the play my way I find,  
To see a grand Shakespearian piece,  
I have no rest, no ease of mind  
Until the author's puppets cease."

"Men nudge each other, thus, and say:  
'This certainly is Shakespeare's son;  
And merry wags (of course in play)  
Cry 'Author!' when the piece is done."

"In church the people stare at me,  
Their soul the sermon never binds;  
I catch them looking round to see,  
And thoughts of Shakespeare fill their  
minds."

"And sculptors, fraught with cunning wile,  
Who find it difficult to crown  
A bust with Brown's insipid smile,  
Or Tompkins's unmannered frown,

"Yet boldly make my face their own,  
When (oh, presumption!) they require  
To animate a paving-stone  
With Shakespeare's intellectual fire."

"At parties where young ladies gaze  
And I attempt to speak my joy,  
'Hush, pray,' some lovely creature says  
'The fond illusion don't destroy!'"

"Whene'er I speak, my soul is wrung  
With these or some such whisperings:  
'Tis pity that a Shakespeare's tongue  
Should say such un-Shakespearian  
things!"

"I should not thus be criticised  
Had I a face of common wont:  
Don't envy me—now, be advised!"  
And, now I think of it, I don't!

#### THE REVEREND SIMON MAGUS.

A rich advowson, highly prized,  
For private sale was advertised;  
And many a parson made a bid;  
The Reverend Simon Magus did.

He sought the agent's: "Agent, I  
Have come prepared at once to buy  
(If your demand is not too big)  
The Cure of Otium-cum-Digge."

"Ah!" said the agent, "there's a berth—  
The snugest vicarage on earth;  
No sort of duty (so I hear),  
And fifteen hundred pounds a year."

"If on the price we should agree,  
The living soon will vacant be;  
The good incumbent's ninety-five,  
And cannot very long survive."

See—here's his photograph—you see,  
He's in his dotage." "Ah, dear me!  
Poor soul!" said Simon. "His decease  
Would be a merciful release!"

The agent laughed—the agent blinked—  
The agent blew his nose and winked—  
And poked the parson's ribs in play—  
It was that agent's vulgar way.

The Reverend Simon frowned: "I grieve  
This light demeanor to perceive;  
It's scarcely *comme il faut*, I think:  
Now—pray oblige me—do not wink."

"Don't dig my waistcoat into holes—  
Your mission is to sell the souls  
Of human sheep and human kids  
To that divine who highest bids."

"Do well in this, and on your head  
Unnumbered honors will be shed."  
The agent said: "Well, truth to tell,  
I have been doing very well."

"You should," said Simon, "at your age;  
But now about the parsonage."

How many rooms does it contain ?  
Show me the photograph again.

"A poor apostle's humble house  
Must not be too luxurious :  
No stately halls with oaken floor—  
It should be decent and no more.

"No billiard-rooms—no stately trees—  
No croquet-grounds or pineries."  
"Ah!" sighed the agent, "Very true :  
This property won't do for you."

"All these about the house you'll find,"—  
"Well," said the parson, "never mind ;  
I'll manage to submit to these  
Luxurious superfluities.

"A clergyman who does not shirk  
The various calls of Christian work,  
Will have no leisure to employ  
These 'common forms' of worldly joy.

"To preach three times on Sabbath days—  
To wean the lost from wicked ways—  
The sick to soothe—the sane to wed—  
The poor to feed with meat and bread :

"These are the various wholesome ways  
In which I'll spend my nights and days ;  
My zeal will have no time to cool  
At croquet, archery or pool."

The agent said : "From what I hear,  
This living will not suit, I fear—  
There are no poor, no sick at all ;  
For services there is no call."

The reverend gent looked grave : "Dear  
me!  
Then there is no 'society' ?—  
I mean, of course, no sinners there  
Whose souls will be my special care ?"

The cunning agent shook his head  
"No, none—except"—(the agent said)—  
"The Duke of A., the Earl of B.,  
The Marquis C., and Viscount D.

"But you will not be quite alone,  
For though they've chaplains of their own,  
Of course this noble well-bred clan  
Receive the parish clergyman."

"Oh, silence, sir!" said Simon M.,  
"Dukes—earls! What should I care for  
them?  
These worldly ranks I scorn and flout!"  
"Of course," the agent said, "no doubt!"

"Yet I might show these men of birth  
The hollowness of rank on earth."

VOL. III.—W. H.

The agent answered, "Very true—  
But I should not, if I were you."

"Who sells this rich advowson, pray?"  
The agent winked—it was his way—  
"His name is Hart; 'twixt me and you,  
He is, I'm grieved to say, a Jew!"

"A Jew?" said Simon, "happy find!  
I purchase this advowson, mind.  
My life shall be devoted to  
Converting that unhappy Jew!"

#### ETIQUETTE.

THE "Ballyshannon" foundered off the coast  
of Cariboo.

And down in fathoms many went the captain  
and the crew ;  
Down went the owners—greedy men whom  
hope of gain allured :  
Oh, dry the starting tear, for they were  
heavily insured.

Besides the captain and the mate, the owners  
and the crew,  
The passengers were also drowned excepting  
only two :  
Young Peter Gray, who tasted teas for Baker,  
Croop and Co.,  
And Somers, who from Eastern shores im-  
ported indigo.

These passengers, by reason of their clinging  
to a mast,  
Upon a desert island were eventually cast.  
They hunted for their meals, as Alexander  
Selkirk used,  
But they couldn't chat together—they had  
not been introduced.

For Peter Gray, and Somers too, though cer-  
tainly in trade,  
Were properly particular about the friends  
they made ;  
And somehow thus they settled it without a  
word of mouth—  
That Gray should take the northern half,  
while Somers took the south.

On Peter's portion oysters grew—a delicacy  
rare,  
But oysters were a delicacy Peter couldn't  
bear.  
On Somers' side was turtle, on the shingle  
lying thick,  
Which Somers couldn't eat, because it always  
made him sick.

Gray gnashed his teeth with envy as he saw  
 a mighty store  
 Of turtle unmolested on his fellow-creatures'  
 shore.  
 The oysters at his feet aside impatiently he  
 shoved,  
 For turtle and his mother were the only  
 things he loved.

And Somers sighed in sorrow as he settled in  
 the south,  
 For the thought of Peter's oysters brought  
 the water to his mouth.  
 He longed to lay him down upon the shelly  
 bed, and stuff:  
 He had often eaten oysters, but had never had  
 enough.

How they wished an introduction to each  
 other they had had  
 When on board the "Ballyshannon!" And  
 it drove them nearly mad  
 To think how very friendly with each other  
 they might get,  
 If it wasn't for the arbitrary rule of eti-  
 quette!

One day, when out a hunting for the *mus*  
*ridiculus*,  
 Gray overheard his fellow-man soliloquizing  
 thus:  
 "I wonder how the playmates of my youth  
 are getting on,  
 McConnell, S. B. Walters, Paddy Biles, and  
 Robinson?"

These simple words made Peter as delighted  
 as could be,  
 Old chummies at the Charterhouse were  
 Robinson and he!  
 He walked straight up to Somers, then he  
 turned extremely red,  
 Hesitated, hummed and hawed a bit, then  
 cleared his throat, and said:

I beg your pardon—pray forgive me if I seem  
 too bold,  
 But you have breathed a name I knew famil-  
 iarly of old.  
 You spoke aloud of Robinson—I happened to  
 be by.  
 You know him?" "Yes, extremely well."  
 "Allow me, so do I."

It was enough: they felt they could more  
 pleasantly get on,  
 For (ah, the magic of the fact!) they each  
 knew Robinson!  
 And Mr. Somers' turtle was at Peter's service  
 quite,  
 And Mr. Somers punished Peter's oyster-beds  
 all night.

They soon became like brothers from com-  
 munity of wrongs:  
 They wrote each other little odes and sang  
 each other songs;  
 They told each other anecdotes disparaging  
 their wives;  
 On several occasions, too, they saved each  
 other's lives.

They felt quite melancholy when they parted  
 for the night,  
 And got up in the morning soon as ever it  
 was light;  
 Each other's pleasant company they reckoned  
 so upon,  
 And all because it happened that they both  
 knew Robinson!

They lived for many years on that inhos-  
 pitable shore,  
 And day by day they learned to love each  
 other more and more.  
 At last, to their astonishment, on getting up  
 one day,  
 They saw a frigate anchored in the offing of  
 the bay.

To Peter an idea occurred. "Suppose we  
 cross the main?  
 So good an opportunity may not be found  
 again."  
 And Somers thought a minute, then ejacu-  
 lated, "Done!  
 I wonder how my business in the city's get-  
 ting on?"

"But stay," said Mr. Peter: "when in Eng-  
 land as you know,  
 I earned a living tasting teas for Baker,  
 Croop and Co.,  
 I may be superseded—my employers think  
 me dead!"  
 "Then come with me," said Somers, "and  
 taste indigo instead."

But all their plans were scattered in a mo-  
 ment when they found  
 The vessel was a convict ship from Portland,  
 outward bound:  
 When a boat came off to fetch them, though  
 they felt it very kind,  
 To go on board they firmly but respectfully  
 declined.

As both the happy settlers roared with laugh-  
 ter at the joke,  
 They recognized a gentlemanly fellow pulling  
 stroke:  
 'Twas Robinson—a convict, in an unbecoming  
 frock!  
 Condemned to seven years for misappropri-  
 ating stock!

They laughed no more, for Somers thought  
 he had been rather rash  
 In knowing one whose friend had misappropriated cash;  
 And Peter thought a foolish tack he must  
 have gone upon  
 In making the acquaintance of a friend of  
 Robinson.

At first they didn't quarrel very openly, I've  
 heard;  
 They nodded when they met, and now and  
 then exchanged a word;  
 The word grew rare, and rarer still the nod-  
 ding of the head,  
 And when they meet each other now, they  
 out each other dead.

To allocate the island they agreed by word  
 of mouth,  
 And Peter takes the north again, and Somers  
 takes the south;  
 And Peter has the oysters, which he hates, in  
 layers thick,  
 And Somers has the turtle—turtle always  
 makes him sick.

#### GENERAL JOHN.

THE bravest names for fire and flames,  
 And all that mortal durst,  
 Were General John and Private James,  
 Of the Sixty-seventy-first.

General John was a soldier tried,  
 A chief of warlike dons;  
 A haughty stride and a withering pride  
 Were Major-General John's.

A sneer would play on his martial phiz,  
 Superior birth to show;  
 "Pish!" was a favorite word of his,  
 And he often said "Ho! ho!"

Full-Private James described might be,  
 As a man of a mournful mind;  
 No characteristic trait had he  
 Of any distinctive kind.

From the ranks, one day, cried Private  
 James:  
 "Oh! Major-General John,  
 I've doubts of our respective names,  
 My mournful mind upon.

"A glimmering thought occurs to me  
 (Its source I can't unearth),  
 But I've a kind of notion we  
 Were cruelly changed at birth.

"I've a strange idea, each other's names  
 That we have each got on.  
 Such things have been," said Private  
 James.  
 "They have!" sneered General John.

"My General John, I swear upon  
 My oath I think 'tis so——"  
 "Pish!" proudly sneered his General John,  
 And he also said, "Ho! ho!"

"My General John! my General John!  
 My General John!" quoth he,  
 "This aristocratical sneer upon  
 Your face I blush to see!"

"No truly great or generous cove  
 Deserving of them names  
 Would sneer at a fixed idea that's drove  
 In the mind of a Private James!"

Said General John, "Upon your claims  
 No need your breath to waste;  
 If this is a joke, Full-Private James,  
 It's a joke of doubtful taste.

"But being a man of doubtless worth,  
 If you feel certain quite  
 That we were probably changed at birth,  
 I'll venture to say you're right."

So General John as Private James  
 Fell in, parade upon;  
 And Private James, by change of names,  
 Was Major-General John.

#### JOHN AND FREDDY.

JOHN courted lovely Mary Ann,  
 So likewise did his brother Freddy,  
 Fred was a very soft young man,  
 While John, though quick, was most un-  
 steady.

Young Fred had grace all men above,  
 But John was very much the strongest.  
 "Oh, dance," said she, "to win my love—  
 I'll marry him who dances longest."

John tries the maiden's taste to strike  
 With gay, grotesque, outrageous dresses,  
 And dances comically, like  
 Clodoche and Co., at the Princess's.

But Freddy tries another style,  
 He knows some graceful steps and does  
 'em—  
 A breathing Poem—Woman's smile—  
 A man all poesy and buzzem.

Now Freddy's operatic *pas*—  
 Now Johnny's hornpipe seems entrapping;  
 Now Freddy's graceful *entrechats*—  
 Now Johnny's skillful "cellar-flapping."

For many hours, for many days,  
 For many weeks performed each brother.  
 For each was active in his ways,  
 And neither would give in to t'other.

After a month of this, they say  
 (The maid was getting bored and moody)  
 A wandering curate passed that way  
 And talked a lot of goody-goody.

"Oh my," said he, with solemn frown,  
 "I tremble for each dancing *frater*,  
 Like unregenerated clown,  
 And harlequin at some thee-ayter."

He showed that men, in dancing, do  
 Both impiously and absurdly,  
 And proved his proposition true,  
 With Firstly, Secondly, and Thirdly.

For months both John and Freddy danced,  
 The curate's protests little heeding;  
 For months the curate's words enhanced  
 The sinfulness of their proceeding.

At length they bowed to Nature's rule—  
 Their steps grew feeble and unsteady,  
 Till Freddy fainted on a stool,  
 And Johnny on the top of Freddy.

"Decide!" quoth they, "let him be named  
 Who henceforth as his wife may rank you."  
 "I've changed my views," the maiden said,  
 "I only marry curates, thank you."

Says Freddy, "Here is goings on!  
 To bust myself with rage I'm ready;  
 'I'll be a curate," whispers John—  
 "And I," exclaimed poetic Freddy.

But while they read for it, these chaps,  
 The curate booked the maiden bonny—  
 And when she's buried him, perhaps,  
 She'll marry Frederick or Johnny.

#### LORENZO DE LARDY.

DALILAH DE DARDY adored  
 An officer, late of the Guards,  
 Lorenzo de Lardy, a Lord—  
 A personal friend of the bards.

Dalilah de Dardy was fat,  
 Dalilah de Dardy was old  
 (No doubt in the world about that),  
 But Dalilah de Dardy had gold.

Lorenzo de Lardy was tall,  
 The flower of maidenly pets,  
 Young ladies would love at his call,  
 But Lorenzo de Lardy had debts.

His money-position was queer,  
 And one of his favorite freaks  
 Was to hide himself three times a year  
 In Paris, for several weeks.

Many days didn't pass him before  
 He fanned himself into a flame,  
 For a beautiful "Damsel Compteroire,"  
 And this was her singular name:

Alice Eulalie Coraline  
 Euphrosine Colombina Thérèse  
 Juliette Stephanie Celestine  
 Charlotte Russe de la Sauce Mayonnaise.

She booked all the orders and tin,  
 Accoutred in showy fal-lal,  
 At a two-fifty restaurant, in  
 The glittering Palais Royal.

He'd gaze in her orbit of blue,  
 Her hand he would tenderly squeeze,  
 But the words of her tongue that he  
 knew  
 Were limited strictly to these:

"Coraline Celestine Eulalie,  
 Houp là! Je vous aime, oui, mossou,  
 Combien donnez moi aujourd'hui  
 Bonjour, mademoiselle, parlez voo."

Mademoiselle de la Sauce Mayonnaise  
 Was a witty and beautiful miss,  
 Extremely correct in her ways,  
 But her English consisted of this:

"Oh my! pretty man, if you please,  
 Blom boodin, biftek, currie lamb,  
 Bouldogues, two franc half, quite ze  
 cheese,  
 Rosbif, me speak Angleesh godam."

He'd gaze in her eyes all the day,  
 Admiring their sparkle and dance,  
 And list while she rattled away  
 In the musical accents of France.

A waiter, for seasons before,  
Had basked in her beautiful gaze,  
And burnt to dismember Milor,  
*He loved De la Sauce Mayonnaise.*

He said to her: "Mechante Therese,  
Avec desespoir tu m'accables,  
Pense tu, De la Sauce Mayonnaise,  
Ses intentions sont honorables.

"Flirtex toujours, ma belle, si tu osez—  
Je me vengerai ainsi, ma chère,  
*Je le dirai de quoi on compose*  
*Vol au vent à la Financière!*"

Lord Lardy knew nothing of this—  
The waiter's devotion ignored,  
But he gazed on the beautiful miss,  
And he never seemed weary or bored.

The waiter would screw up his nerve,  
His fingers he'd snap and he'd dance—  
And Lord Lardy would smile and observe:

"How strange are the customs of  
France!"

Well, after delaying a space,  
His tradesmen no longer would wait;  
Returning to England apace,  
He yielded himself to his fate.

Lord Lardy espoused, with a groan,  
Miss Dardy's developing charms.  
And agreed to tag on to his own,  
Her name and her newly found arms.

The waiter he knelt at the toes  
Of an ugly and thin *coryphée*,  
Who danced in the hindermost rows  
At the Théâtre des Variétés.

Mademoiselle de la Sauce Mayonnaise  
Didn't yield to a gnawing despair,  
But married a soldier, and plays  
As a pretty and pert Vivandière.

#### THE THREE KINGS OF CHICKERABOO.

THERE were three niggers of Chickeraboo—  
Pacifico, Bang-bang, Propchop—who  
Exclaimed, one terrible sultry day:  
"Oh, let's be kings in a humble way."

The first was a highly-accomplished "bones,"  
The next elicited banjo tones,  
The third was a quiet, retiring chap,  
Who danced an excellent break down "flap."

"We niggers," said they, "have formed a  
plan

By which, whenever we like, we can  
Extemporize islands near the beach  
And then we'll collar an island each.

"Three casks, from somebody else's stores,  
Shall rep-per-esent our island shores,  
Their sides the ocean wide shall lave,  
Their heads just topping the briny wave.

"Great Britain's navy scours the sea,  
And everywhere her ships they be,  
She'll recognize our rank, perhaps,  
When she discovers we're Royal Chaps.

"If to her skirts you want to cling,  
It's quite sufficient that you're a king;  
She does not push inquiry far  
To learn what sort of king you are."

A ship of several thousand tons,  
And mounting seventy-something guns,  
Ploughed every year the ocean blue,  
Discovering kings and countries new.

The brave Rear-Admiral Bailey Pip,  
Commanding that superior ship,  
Perceived one day, his glasses through,  
The kings that came from Chickeraboo.

"Dear eyes!" said Admiral Pip, "I see  
Three flourishing islands on our lee.  
And, bless me! most extror'nary thing!  
On every island stands a king!"

"Come, lower the admiral's gig," he cried,  
"And over the dancing waves I'll glide;  
That low obeisance I may do  
To those three kings of Chickeraboo!"

The admiral pulled to the islands three;  
The kings saluted him *graciouslee*.  
The admiral, pleased at his welcome warm,  
Pulled out a printed Alliance form.

"Your majesty, sign me this, I pray—  
I come in a friendly kind of way—  
I come, if you please, with the best intents,  
And Queen Victoria's compliments."

The kings were pleased as they well could be:  
The most retiring of all the three,  
In a "cellar-flap" to his joy gave vent  
With a banjo-bones accompaniment.

The great Rear-Admiral Bailey Pip  
Embarked on board his jolly big ship,  
Blue Peter flew from his lofty fore,  
And off he sailed to his native shore

Admiral Pip directly went  
To the lord at the head of the government,  
Who made him, by a stroke of a quill,  
Baron de Pippe, of Pippetonneville.

The college of heralds permission yield  
That he should quarter upon his shield  
Three islands, *vert*, on a field of blue,  
With the pregnant motto "Chickeraboo."

Ambassadors, yes, and attachés, too,  
Are going to sail for Chickeraboo.  
And, see, on the good ship's crowded deck,  
A bishop, who's going out there on spec.

And let us all hope that blissful things  
May come of alliance with darkey kings.  
Oh, may we never, whatever we do,  
Declare a war with Chickeraboo!

#### HAUNTED.

HAUNTED? Ay, in a social way  
By a body of ghosts in dread array;  
But no conventional spectres they—  
Appalling, grim, and tricky:  
I quail at mine as I'd never quail  
At a fine traditional spectre pale,  
With a turnip head and a ghostly wail,  
And a splash of blood on the dickey!

Mine are horrible, social ghosts—  
Speeches, and women, and guests, and hosts,  
Weddings, and morning calls, and toasts,  
In every bad variety:  
Ghosts who hover about the grave  
Of all that's manly, free, and brave:  
You'll find their names on the architrave  
Of that charnel-house Society.

Black Monday—black as its school-room ink—  
With its dismal boys that snivel and think  
Of its nauseous messes to eat and drink,  
And its frozen tank to wash in.  
That was the first that brought me grief,  
And made me weep till I sought relief,  
In an emblematical handkerchief,  
• To choke such baby bosh in.

First and worst in the grim array—  
Ghosts of ghosts that have gone their way,  
Which I wouldn't revive for a single day  
For all the wealth of Plutus—  
Are the horrible ghosts that school-days  
scared:  
If the classical ghost that Brutus dared  
Was the ghost of his "Caesar" unprepared,  
I'm sure I pity Brutus.

I pass to critical seventeen;  
The ghost of that terrible wedding scene,  
When an elderly colonel stole my queen,  
And woke my dream of Heaven.

No schoolgirl decked in her nurse-room curls  
Was my gushing innocent Queen of Pearls;  
If she wasn't a girl of a thousand girls,  
She was one of forty-seven!

I see the ghost of my first cigar,  
Of the thence-arising family jar—  
Of my maiden brief (I was at the bar  
And I called the judge "Your wush-  
up!")  
Of reckless days and reckless nights,  
With wrenched-off knockers, extinguished  
lights,  
Unholy songs and tipsy fights,  
Which I strove in vain to hush up.

Ghosts of fraudulent joint-stock banks,  
Ghosts of "copy, declined with thanks,"  
Of novels returned in endless ranks,  
And thousands more, I suffer.  
The only line to fitly grace  
My humble tomb, when I've run my race,  
Is, "Reader, this is the resting-place  
Of an unsuccessful duffer."

I've fought them all, these ghosts of mine,  
But the weapons I've used are sighs and  
brine,  
And now that I'm nearly forty-nine,  
Old age is my chiefest bogey;  
For my hair is thinning away at the crown,  
And the silver fights with the worn-out  
brown;  
And a general verdict sets me down  
As an irreclaimable fogey.

#### THE MARTINET.

Some time ago, in simple verse  
I sang the story true  
Of Captain Reece, the "Mantelpiece,"  
And all her happy crew.

I showed how any captain may  
Attach his men to him,  
If he but heeds their smallest needs,  
And studies every whim.

Now mark how, by Draconic rule  
And *hauteur* ill-advised,  
The noblest crew upon the blue  
May be demoralized.

When his ungrateful country placed  
Kind keece upon half-pay,  
Without much claim Sir Berkely came,  
And took command one day.

Sir Berkely was a martinet,  
A stern unyielding soul,  
Who ruled his ship by dint of whip  
And horrible black-hole.

A sailor who was overcome  
From having freely dined,  
And chanced to reel when at the wheel  
He instantly confined!

And tars who, when an action raged,  
Appeared alarmed or scared,  
And those below who wished to go,  
He very seldom spared.

E'en he who smote his officer  
For punishment was booked,  
And mutinies upon the seas  
He rarely overlooked.

In short, the happy "Mantelpiece,"  
Where all had gone so well,  
Beneath that fool Sir Berkely's rule  
Became a floating hell.

When first Sir Berkely came aboard  
He read a speech to all,  
And told them how he'd made a vow  
To act on duty's call.

Then William Lee, he up and said  
(The captain's coxswain he),  
"We've heard the speech your honor's  
made,  
And werry pleased we be.

"We won't pretend, my lad, as how  
We're glad to lose our Reece;  
Urbane, polite, he suited quite  
The saucy "Mantelpiece."

"But if your honor gives your mind  
To study all our ways,  
With dance and song we'll jog along  
As in those happy days.

"I like your honor's looks, and feel  
You're worthy of your sword.  
Your hand, my lad—I'm doosid glad  
To welcome you aboard!"

Sir Berkely looked amazed, as though  
He didn't understand.

"Don't shake your head," good William  
said,  
"It is an honest hand.

"It's grasped a better hand than yourn—  
Come, gov'nor, I insist!"  
The captain stared—the coxswain  
glared—  
The hand became a fist!

"Down, upstart!" said the hardy salt;  
But Berkely dodged his aim,  
And made him go in chains below:  
The seamen murmured "Shame!"

He stopped all songs at 12 p. m.,  
Stopped hornpipes when at sea,  
And swore his cot (or bunk) should not  
Be used by aught than he.

He never joined their daily mess,  
Nor asked them to his own,  
But chaffed in gay and social way  
The officers alone.

His first lieutenant, Peter, was  
As useless as could be,  
A helpless stick, and always sick  
When there was any sea.

This first lieutenant proved to be  
His foster-sister May,  
Who went to sea for love of he  
In masculine array.

And when he learnt the curious fact  
Did he emotion show,  
Or dry her tears or end her fears  
By marrying of her? No!

Or did he even try to soothe  
This maiden in her teens?  
Oh, no—instead he made her wed  
The sergeant of marines!

Of course such Spartan discipline  
Would make an angel fret;  
They drew a lot, and William shot  
This fearful martinet.

The Admiralty saw how ill  
They'd treated Captain Reece.  
He was restored once more aboard  
The saucy "Mantelpiece."

END OF THE BAB BALLADS.



## THE IRISH SCHOOLMASTER.

"Come here, my boy, hould up your head,  
And look like a jintlemàn, Sir;  
Just tell me who King David was—  
Now tell me if you can, Sir."  
"King David was a mighty man,  
And he was king of Spain, sir;  
His eldest daughter 'Jessie' was  
The 'flower of Dunblane,' sir."

"You're right, my boy; hould up your head,  
And look like a jintlemàn, Sir;  
Sir Isaac Newton—who was he?  
Now tell me if you can, Sir."  
"Sir Isaac Newton was the boy  
That climbed the apple-tree, Sir;  
He then fell down and broke his crown,  
And lost his gravity, Sir."

"You're right, my boy; hould up your head,  
And look like a jintlemàn, Sir;  
Jist tell me who ould Marmion was—  
Now tell me if you can, Sir."  
"Ould Marmion was a soldier bold,  
But he went all to pot, Sir;  
He was hanged upon the gallows tree,  
For killing Sir Walter Scott, Sir!"

"You're right, my boy, hould up your head,  
And look like a jintlemàn, Sir.  
Jist tell me who Sir Rob Roy was;  
Now tell me if you can, Sir."  
"Sir Rob Roy was a tailor to  
The King of the Cannibal Islands;  
He spoiled a pair of breeches, and  
Was banished to the Highlands."

"You're right, my boy; hould up your head,  
And look like a jintlemàn, Sir.  
Then Bonaparte—who was he?  
Now tell me if you can, Sir."  
"Old Bonaparte was King of France  
Before the Revolution;  
But he was kilt at Waterloo,  
Which ruined his constitution."

"You're right, my boy, hould up your head,  
And look like a jintlemàn, Sir.  
Jist tell me who King Jonah was;  
Now tell me if you can, Sir."  
"King Jonah was the strangest man  
That ever wore a crown, Sir;  
For though the whale did swallow him,  
It couldn't keep him down, Sir."

"You're right, my boy; hould up your head;  
And look like a jintlemàn, Sir.  
Just tell me who that Moses was,

Now tell me if you can, Sir."  
"Shure Moses was the Christian name  
Of good King Pharaoh's daughter;  
She was a milkmaid and she took  
A profit from the water."

"You're right my boy; hould up your head,  
And look like a jintlemàn, Sir,  
Jist tell me now where Dublin is;  
Now tell me if you can, Sir."  
"Och, Dublin is a town in Cork  
And built on the equator;  
Its close to Mount Vesuvius,  
And watered by the 'crathur.'"

"You're right, my boy; hould up your head,  
And look like a jintlemàn, Sir;  
Jist tell me now where London is;  
Now tell me if you can, Sir."  
"Och, London is a town in Spain';  
'Twas lost in the earthquake, Sir;  
The cockneys murther English there  
Whenever they do spake, sir."

"You're right, my boy; hould up your head,  
Ye're now a jintlemàn, Sir;  
For in history and geography  
I've taught you all I can, Sir.  
And if any one should ask you now,  
Where you got all your knowledge,  
Jist tell them 'twas from Paddy Blake,  
Of Bally Blarney College."

JAMES A. SIDNEY.

## YE CARPETTE KNYGHTE.

I have a horse—a right good horse—  
Ne doe I envie those  
Who scoure ye plaine in headie course,  
Tyll soddaine on theyre nose  
They lyghte wyth unexpected force—  
It ys a horse of clothes.

I have a saddle—"Sayest thou soe?  
With styrrupes, Knyghte to boote?"  
I sayde not that—I answered "Noe"—  
It lacketh such, I woot—  
It ys a mutton-saddel, loe!  
Parte of ye fleecie brute.

I have a bytte—a ryghte good bytte—  
As schall bee scene in tyme.  
Ye jawe of horse yt wyll not fyte—  
Yts use is more sublime.  
Fayre Syr, how deemest thou of yt?  
Yt ys—thys bytte of rhyme.

LEWIS CARROLL.

IXION IN HEAVEN.

[BENJAMIN DISRAELI, Earl of Beaconsfield, 1806—1881, born in London, son of Isaac Disraeli, a noted man of letters and author of the "Curiosities of Literature" and many other volumes of essays, biography, and criticism. Benjamin studied law, which he disliked, wrote for the Tory newspapers, and at the age of 22 published his first novel, "Vivian Grey." This vivid and brilliant fiction gave him a reputation, and was followed by "The Young Duke," "Contarini Fleming," "Henrietta Temple," "Tancred," "Coningsby" and other novels of unequal merit. In 1837, political ambition led him to stand for Parliament, where he took his seat at the age of 32. His maiden speech was notable for extravagant rhetoric and gesture, which excited the derision of the always critical House of Commons to such a degree that Disraeli stopped short and declared, "I shall sit down now, but the time will come when you will hear me." About 12 years later he became one of the foremost of Parliamentary orators, and in 1852 the Earl of Derby offered him the post of Chancellor of the Exchequer. This was relinquished the next year on the fall of the Derby ministry, and Disraeli became the leader of the Opposition, displaying great talents as a debater. He became Chancellor again in 1858, and in 1866. In 1868 he rose to be Premier, which office was resigned the same year, the Liberals again coming to power. In 1870, Disraeli published his curious novel "Lothair," which has his characteristic merits and defects, and made quite a sensation by its venomous caricature of the late Mr. Thackeray. "Ixion in Heaven," one of his earliest productions, has been pronounced by many good judges one of the best pieces of Humor in the English language.]

ADVERTISEMENT.—"Ixion, King of Thessaly, famous for its horses, married Dia, daughter of Deloneus, who, in consequence of his son-in-law's nonfulfillment of his engagements, stole away some of the monarch's steeds. Ixion concealed his resentment under the mask of friendship. He invited his father-in-law to a feast at Larissa, the capital of his kingdom; and when Deloneus arrived according to his appointment, he threw him in a pit which he had previously filled with burning coals. This treachery so irritated the neighboring princes, that all of them refused to perform the usual ceremony, by which a man was then purified of murder, and Ixion was shunned and despised by all mankind. Jupiter had compassion upon him, carried him to heaven, and introduced him to the Father of the Gods. Such a favor, which ought to have awakened gratitude in Ixion, only served to inflame his bad passions; he became enamored of Juno, and attempted to seduce her. Juno was willing to gratify the passion of Ixion, though, according to others," &c.—*Classical Dictionary*, art. "Ixion."

PART I.

I.

THE thunder groaned, the wind howled, the rain fell in hissing torrents, impenetrable darkness covered the earth.

A blue and forky flash darted a momentary light over the landscape. A Doric temple rose in the center of a small and verdant plain, surrounded on all sides by green and hanging woods.

"Jove is my only friend," exclaimed a wanderer, as he muffled himself up in his mantle; "and were it not for the porch of his temple, this night, methinks, would complete the work of my loving wife and my dutiful subjects."

The thunder died away, the wind sank into silence, the rain ceased, and the parting clouds exhibited the glittering crescent of the young moon. A sonorous and majestic voice sounded from the skies:—

"Who art thou that hast no other friend than Jove?"

"One whom all mankind unite in calling a wretch."

"Art thou a philosopher?"

"If philosophy be endurance. But for the rest, I was some time a king, and am now a scatterling."

"How do they call thee?"

"Ixion of Thessaly."

"Ixion of Thessaly! I thought he was a happy man. I heard that he was just married."

"Father of Gods and men! for I deem thee such, Thessaly is not Olympus. Conjugal felicity is only the portion of the Immortals!"

"Hem! What! was Dia jealous, which is common; or false, which is commoner; or both, which is commonest?"

"It may be neither. We quarreled about nothing. Where there is little sympathy, or too much, the splitting of a straw is plot enough for a domestic tragedy. I was careless, her friends stigmatized me as callous; she cold, her friends styled her magnanimous. Public opinion was all on her side, merely because I did not choose that the world should interfere between me and my wife. Dia took the world's advice upon every point, and the world decided that she always acted rightly. However, life is life, either in a palace or a cave. I am glad you ordered it to leave off thundering."

"A cool dog this. And Dia left thee?"

"No; I left her."

"What, craven?"

"Not exactly. The truth is——'tis a long story. I was over head and ears in debt."

"Ah! that accounts for everything. Nothing so harassing as a want of money! But what lucky fellows you Mortals are with your *post-obits*! We Immortals are deprived of this resource. I was obliged to get up a rebellion against my father, because he kept me so short, and could not die."

"You could have married for money. I did."

"I had no opportunity, there was so little female society in those days. When I came out, there were no heiresses except the Parææ, confirmed old maids; and no very rich dowager, except my grandmother, old Terra."

"Just the thing; the older the better. However, I married Dia, the daughter of Deioneus, with a prodigious portion; but after the ceremony the old gentleman would not fulfill his part of the contract without my giving up my stud. Can you conceive anything more unreasonable? I smothered my resentment at the time; for the truth is, my tradesmen all renewed my credit on the strength of the match, and so we went on very well for a year; but at last they began to smell a rat, and grew importunate. I entreated Dia to interfere; but she was a paragon of daughters, and always took the side of her father. If she had only been dutiful to her husband, she would have been a perfect woman. At last I invited Deioneus to the Larissa races, with the intention of conciliating him. The unprincipled old man bought the horse that I had backed, and by which I intended to have redeemed my fortunes, and withdrew it. My book was ruined. I dissembled my rage. I dug a pit in our garden, and filled it with burning coals. As my father-in-law and myself were taking a stroll after dinner, the worthy Deioneus fell in, merely by accident. Dia proclaimed me the murderer of her father, and, as a satisfaction to her wounded feelings, earnestly requested her subjects to decapitate her husband. She certainly was the best of daughters. There was no withstanding public opinion, an infuriated

rabble, and a magnanimous wife at the same time. They surrounded my palace; I cut my way through the greasy capped multitude, sword in hand, and gained a neighboring Court, where I solicited my brother princes to purify me from the supposed murder. If I had only murdered a subject, they would have supported me against the people; but Deioneus being a crowned head, like themselves, they declared they would not countenance so immoral a being as his son-in-law. And so, at length, after much wandering, and shunned by all my species, I am here, Jove, in much higher society than I ever expected to mingle."

"Well, thou art a frank dog, and in a sufficiently severe scrape. The Gods must have pity on those for whom men have none. It is evident that Earth is too hot for thee at present, so I think thou hadst better come and stay a few weeks with us in Heaven."

"Take my thanks for hecatombs, great Jove. Thou art, indeed, a God!"

"I hardly know whether our life will suit you. We dine at sunset; for Apollo is so much engaged that he cannot join us sooner, and no dinner goes off well without him. In the morning you are your own master, and must find amusement where you can. Diana will show you some tolerable sport. Do you shoot?"

"No arrow surer. Fear not for me, Ægioclus: I am always at home. But how am I to get to you?"

"I will send Mercury; he is the best traveling companion in the world. What ho! my Eagle!"

The clouds joined, and darkness again fell over the earth.

## II.

"So! tread softly. Don't be nervous. Are you sick?"

"A little nausea; 'tis nothing."

"The novelty of the motion. The best thing is a beefsteak. We will stop at Taurus and take one."

"You have been a great traveler, Mercury?"

"I have seen the world."

"Ah! a wondrous spectacle. I long to travel."

"The same thing over and over again. Little novelty and much change. I am wearied with exertion, and if I could get a pension would retire."

"And yet travel brings wisdom."

"It cures us of care. Seeing much we feel little, and learn how very petty are all those great affairs which cost us such anxiety."

"I feel that already myself. Floating in this blue æther, what the devil is my wife to me, and her dirty earth! My persecuting enemies seem so many pismires; and as for my debts, which have occasioned me so many brooding moments, honor and infamy, credit and beggary, seem to me alike ridiculous."

"Your mind is opening, Ixion. You will soon be a man of the world. To the left, and keep clear of that star."

"Who lives there?"

"The Fates know, not I. Some low people who are trying to shine into notice. 'Tis a parvenu planet, and only sprung into space within this century. We do not visit them."

"Poor devils! I feel hungry."

"All right. We shall get into Heaven by the first dinner bolt. You cannot arrive at a strange house at a better moment. We shall just have time to dress. I would not spoil my appetite by luncheon. Jupiter keeps a capital cook."

"I have heard of Nectar and Ambrosia."

"Poh! nobody touches them. They are regular old-fashioned celestial food, and merely put upon the side-table. Nothing goes down in Heaven now but infernal cookery. We took our *chef* from Proserpine."

"Were you ever in Hell?"

"Several times. 'Tis the fashion now among the Olympians to pass the winter there."

"Is this the season in Heaven?"

"Yes; you are lucky. Olympus is quite full."

"It was kind of Jupiter to invite me."

"Ay! he has his good points. And, no doubt, he has taken a liking to you, which is all very well. But be upon your guard. He has no heart, and is as capricious as he is tyrannical."

"Gods cannot be more unkind to me than men have been."

"All those who have suffered think they have seen the worst. A great mis-

take. However, you are now in the high road to preferment, so we will not be dull. There are some good fellows enough amongst us. You will like old Neptune."

"Is he there now?"

"Yes, he generally passes his summer with us. There is little stirring in the ocean at that season."

"I am anxious to see Mars."

"Oh! a brute, more a bully than a hero. Not at all in the best set. These mustachioed gentry are by no means the rage at present in Olympus. The women are all literary now, and Minerva has quite eclipsed Venus. Apollo is our hero. You must read his last work."

"I hate reading."

"So do I. I have no time, and seldom do anything in that way but glance at a newspaper. Study and action will not combine."

"I suppose I shall find the Goddesses very proud?"

"You will find them as you find women below, of different dispositions with the same object. Venus is a flirt; Minerva a prude, who fancies she has a correct taste and a strong mind; and Juno a politician. As for the rest, faint heart never won fair lady, take a friendly hint, and do not be alarmed."

"I fear nothing. My mind mounts with my fortunes. We are above the clouds. They form beneath us a vast and snowy region, dim and irregular, as I have sometimes seen them clustering upon the horizon's ridge at sunset, like a raging sea stilled by some sudden supernatural frost and frozen into form! How bright the air above us, and how delicate its fragrant breath! I scarcely breathe, and yet my pulses beat like my first youth. I hardly feel my being. A splendor falls upon your presence. You seem, indeed, a God! Am I so glorious? This, this is Heaven!"

### III.

THE travelers landed on a vast flight of sparkling steps of lapis-lazuli. Ascending, they entered beautiful gardens; winding walks that yielded to the feet, and accelerated your passage by their rebounding pressure; fragrant shrubs cov-

ered with dazzling flowers, the fleeting tints of which changed every moment; groups of tall trees, with strange birds of brilliant and variegated plumage, singing and reposing in their sheeny foliage, and fountains of perfumes.

Before them rose an illimitable and golden palace, with high spreading domes of pearl, and long windows of crystal. Around the huge portal of ruby was ranged a company of winged genii, who smiled on Mercury as he passed them with his charge.

"The father of Gods and men is dressing," said the son of Maia. "I shall attend his toilet and inform him of your arrival. These are your rooms. Dinner will be ready in half an hour. I will call for you as I go down. You can be formally presented in the evening. At that time, inspired by liqueurs and his matchless band of wind instruments, you will agree with the world that Ægiochus is the most finished God in existence."

#### IV.

"Now, Ixion, are you ready?"

"Even so. What says Jove?"

"He smiled, but said nothing. He was trying on a new robe. By this time he is seated. Hark! the thunder. Come on!"

They entered a cupolaed hall. Seats of ivory and gold were ranged round a circular table of cedar, inlaid with the campaigns against the Titans, in silver exquisitely worked, a nuptial present of Vulcan. The service of gold plate threw all the ideas of the King of Thessaly as to royal magnificence into the darkest shade. The enormous plateau represented the constellations. Ixion viewed the father of Gods and men with great interest, who, however, did not notice him. He acknowledged the majesty of that countenance, whose nod shook Olympus. Majestically robust and luxuriantly lusty, his tapering waist was evidently immortal, for it defied Time, and his splendid auburn curls, parted on his forehead with celestial precision, descended over cheeks glowing with the purple radiancy of perpetual manhood.

The haughty Juno was seated on his left hand and Ceres on his right. For the rest of the company there was Nep-

tune, Latona, Minerva, and Apollo, and when Mercury and Ixion had taken their places, one seat was still vacant.

"Where is Diana?" inquired Jupiter, with a frown.

"My sister is hunting," said Apollo.

"She is always too late for dinner," said Jupiter. "No habit is less Goddess-like."

"Godlike pursuits cannot be expected to induce Goddess-like manners," said Juno, with a sneer.

"I have no doubt Diana will be here directly," said Latona, mildly.

Jupiter seemed pacified, and at that instant the absent guest returned.

"Good sport, Di?" inquired Neptune.

"Very fair, uncle. Mamma," continued the sister of Apollo, addressing herself to Juno, whom she ever thus styled when she wished to conciliate her, "I have brought you a new peacock."

Juno was fond of pets, and was conciliated by the present.

"Bacchus made a great noise about this wine, Mercury," said Jupiter, "but I think with little cause. What think you?"

"It pleases me, but I am fatigued, and then all wine is agreeable."

"You have had a long journey," replied the Thunderer. "Ixion, I am glad to see you in Heaven."

"Your Majesty arrived to-day?" inquired Minerva, to whom the King of Thessaly sat next.

"Within this hour."

"You must leave off talking of time now," said Minerva, with a severe smile.

"Pray, is there anything new in Greece?"

"I have not been at all in society lately."

"No new edition of Homer? I admire him exceedingly."

"All about Greece interests me," said Apollo, who, although handsome, was a somewhat melancholy lackadaisical looking personage, with his shirt collar thrown open, and his long curls theatrically arranged. "All about Greece interests me. I always consider Greece my peculiar property. My best poems were written at Delphi. I traveled in Greece when I was young. I envy mankind."

"Indeed!" said Ixion.

"Yes: they at least can look forward to a termination of the ennui of existence, but for us Celestials there is no

prospect. Say what they like, Immortality is a bore."

"You eat nothing, Apollo," said Ceres.

"Nor drink," said Neptune.

"To eat, to drink, what is it but to live; and what is life but death, if death be that which all men deem it, a thing insufferable, and to be shunned. I refresh myself now only with soda-water and biscuits. Ganymede, bring some."

Now, although the *cuisine* of Olympus was considered perfect, the forlorn poet had unfortunately picked upon the only two articles which were not comprised in its cellar or larder. In heaven there was neither soda-water nor biscuits. A great confusion consequently ensued; but at length the bard, whose love of fame was only equalled by his horror of getting fat, consoled himself with a swan stuffed with truffles, and a bottle of strong Tenedos wine.

"What do you think of Homer?" inquired Minerva of Apollo. "Is he not delightful?"

"If you think so."

"Nay, I am desirous of your opinion."

"Then you should not have given me yours, for your taste is too fine for me to dare to differ with it."

"I have suspected for some time that you are rather a heretic."

"Why, the truth is," replied Apollo, playing with his rings, "I do not think much of Homer. Homer was not esteemed in his own age, and our contemporaries are generally our best judges. The fact is, there are very few people who are qualified to decide upon matters of taste. A certain set, for certain reasons, resolve to cry up a certain writer, and the great mass soon join in. All is cant. And the present admiration of Homer is not less so. They say I have borrowed a great deal from him. The truth is, I never read Homer since I was a child, and I thought of him then, what I think of him now, a writer of some wild irregular power, totally deficient in taste. Depend upon it, our contemporaries are our best judges, and his contemporaries decided that Homer was nothing. A great poet cannot be kept down. Look at my case. Marsyas said of my first volume that it was pretty good poetry for a God, and in answer I wrote a satire, and flayed Marsyas alive. But what is poetry, and what is criticism, and what is life? Air.

And what is Air? Do you know? I don't. All is mystery, and all is gloom, and ever and anon from out the clouds a star breaks forth, and glitters, and that star is Poetry."

"Splendid!" exclaimed Minerva.

"I do not exactly understand you," said Neptune.

"Have you heard from Proserpine, lately?" inquired Jupiter of Ceres.

"Yesterday," said the domestic mother.

"They talk of soon joining us. But Pluto is at present so busy, owing to the amazing quantity of wars going on now, that I am almost afraid he will scarcely be able to accompany her."

Juno exchanged a telegraphic nod with Ceres. The Goddesses rose, and retired.

"Come, old boy," said Jupiter to Ixion, instantly throwing off all his chivalric majesty, "I drink your welcome in a magnum of Maraschino. Damn your poetry, Apollo, and Mercury give us one of your good stories."

V.

"WELL, what do you think of him?" asked Juno.

"He appears to have a fine mind," said Minerva.

"Poh! he has very fine eyes," said Juno.

"He seems a very nice, quiet young gentleman," said Ceres.

"I have no doubt he is very amiable," said Latona.

"He must have felt very strange," said Diana.

VI.

HERCULES arrived with his bride Hebe, soon after the Graces dropped in, the most delightful personages in the world for a *soirée*, so useful and ready for anything. Afterwards came a few of the Muses, Thalia, Melpomene, and Terpsichore, famous for a charade or a proverb. Jupiter liked to be amused in the evening. Bacchus also came, but finding that the Gods had not yet left their wine, retired to pay them a previous visit.

## VII.

GANYMEDE announced coffee in the saloon of Juno. Jupiter was in superb good humor. He was amused by his mortal guest. He had condescended to tell one of his best stories in his best style, about Leda, not too scandalous, but gay.

"Those were bright days," said Neptune.

"We can remember," said the Thunderer, with a twinkling eye. "These youths have fallen upon duller times. There are no fine women now. Ixion, I drink to the health of your wife."

"With all my heart, and may we never be nearer than we are at present."

"Good! i'faith; Apollo, your arm. Now for the ladies. La, la, la, la! la, la, la!"

## VIII.

THE Thunderer entered the saloon of Juno with that bow which no God could rival; all rose, and the King of Heaven seated himself between Ceres and Latona. The melancholy Apollo stood apart, and was soon carried off by Minerva to an assembly at the house of Mnemosyne. Mercury chatted with the Graces, and Bacchus with Diana. The three Muses favored the company with singing, and the Queen of Heaven approached Ixion.

"Does your Majesty dance?" she haughtily inquired.

"On earth; I have few accomplishments even there, and none in Heaven."

"You have led a strange life! I have heard of your adventures."

"A king who has lost his crown may generally gain at least experience."

"Your courage is firm."

"I have felt too much to care for much. Yesterday I was a vagabond exposed to every pitiless storm, and now I am the guest of Jove. While there is life there is hope, and he who laughs at Destiny will gain Fortune. I would go through the past again to enjoy the present, and feel that, after all, I am my wife's debtor, since, through her conduct I can gaze upon you."

"No great spectacle. If that be all, I wish you better fortune."

"I desire no greater."

"You are moderate."

"I am perhaps more unreasonable than you imagine."

"Indeed!"

Their eyes met; the dark orbs of the Thessalian did not quail before the flashing vision of the Goddess. Juno grew pale. Juno turned away.

## PART II.

"Others say it was only a cloud."

## I.

MERCURY and Ganymede were each lolling on an opposite couch in the antechamber of Olympus.

"It is wonderful," said the son of Maia, yawning.

"It is incredible," rejoined the cup-bearer of Jove, stretching his legs.

"A miserable mortal!" exclaimed the God, elevating his eyebrows.

"A vile Thessalian!" said the beautiful Phrygian, shrugging his shoulders.

"Not three days back an outcast among his own wretched species!"

"And now commanding everybody in Heaven."

"He shall not command me, though," said Mercury.

"Will he not?" replied Ganymede. "Why, what do you think? only last night; hark, here he comes."

The companions jumped up from their couches; a light laugh was heard. The cedar portal was flung open, and Ixion lounged in, habited in a loose morning robe, and kicking before him one of his slippers.

"Ah!" exclaimed the King of Thessaly, "the very fellows I wanted to see! Ganymede, bring me some nectar; and, Mercury, run and tell Jove that I shall not dine at home to-day."

The messenger and the page exchanged looks of indignant consternation.

"Well! what are you waiting for?" continued Ixion, looking round from the mirror in which he was arranging his locks. The messenger and the page disappeared.

"So! this is Heaven," exclaimed the husband of Dia, flinging himself upon

one of the couches; "and a very pleasant place too. These worthy Immortals required their minds to be opened, and I trust I have effectually performed the necessary operation. They wanted to keep me down with their dull old-fashioned celestial airs, but I fancy I have given them change for their talent. To make your way in Heaven you must command. These exclusives sink under the audacious invention of an aspiring mind. Jove himself is really a fine old fellow with some notions too. I am a prime favorite, and no one is greater authority with Ægiocbus on all subjects, from the character of the fair sex or the pedigree of a courser, down to the cut of a robe or the flavor of a dish. Thanks, Ganymede," continued the Thessalian, as he took the goblet from his returning attendant.

"I drink to your *bonnes fortunes*. Splendid! This nectar makes me feel quite immortal. By the by, I hear sweet sounds. Who is in the Hall of Music?"

"The Goddesses, royal sir, practice a new air of Euterpe, the words by Apollo. 'Tis pretty, and will doubtless be very popular, for it is all about moonlight and the misery of existence."

"I warrant it."

"You have a taste for poetry yourself?" inquired Ganymede.

"Not the least," replied Ixion.

"Apollo," continued the heavenly page, "is a great genius, though Marsyas said, that he never would be a poet because he was a god, and had no heart. But do you think, sir, that a poet does indeed need a heart?"

"I really cannot say. I know my wife always said I had a bad heart and worse head; but what she meant, upon my honor, I never could understand."

"Minerva will ask you to write in her album."

"Will she indeed! I am sorry to hear it, for I can scarcely scrawl my signature. I should think that Jove himself cared little for all this nonsense."

"Jove loves an epigram. He does not esteem Apollo's works at all. Jove is of the classical school, and admires satire, provided there be no allusions to gods and kings."

"Of course; I quite agree with him. I remember we had a confounded poet at Larissa who proved my family lived

before the deluge, and asked me for a pension. I refused him, and then he wrote an epigram asserting that I sprang from the veritable stones thrown by Deucalion and Pyrrha at the re-peopling of the earth, and retained all the properties of my ancestors."

"Ha, ha! Hark! there's a thunderbolt! I must run to Jove."

"And I will look in on the musicians. This way, I think?"

"Up the ruby staircase, turn to your right, down the amethyst gallery. Farewell!"

"Good-bye; a lively lad that!"

## II.

The King of Thessaly entered the Hall of Music with its golden walls and crystal dome. The Queen of Heaven was reclining in an easy-chair, cutting out peacocks in small sheets of note paper. Minerva was making a pencil observation on a manuscript copy of the song; Apollo listened with deference to her laudatory criticism. Another divine dame, standing by the side of Euterpe, who was seated by the harp, looked up as Ixion entered. The wild liquid glance of her soft but radiant countenance denoted the famed Goddess of Beauty.

Juno just acknowledged the entrance of Ixion by a slight and haughty inclination of the head, and then resumed her employment. Minerva asked him his opinion of her amendment, of which he greatly approved. Apollo greeted him with a melancholy smile, and congratulated him on being mortal. Venus complimented him on his visit to Olympus, and expressed the pleasure that she experienced in making his acquaintance.

"What do you think of Heaven?" inquired Venus, in a soft still voice, and with a smile like summer lightning.

"I never found it so enchanting as at this moment," replied Ixion.

"A little dull? For myself, I pass my time chiefly at Cnidos: you must come and visit me there. 'Tis the most charming place in the world. 'Tis said, you know, that our onions are like other people's roses. We will take care of you, if your wife comes."

"No fear of that. She always remains



at home and piques herself on her domestic virtues, which means pickling, and quarreling with her husband."

"Ah! I see you are a droll. Very good indeed. Well, for my part, I like a watering-place existence. Cnidos, Paphos, Cythera; you will usually find me at one of these places. I like the easy distraction of a career without any visible result. At these fascinating spots your gloomy race, to whom, by the bye, I am exceedingly partial, appear emancipated from the wearing fetters of their regular, dull, orderly, methodical, moral, political, toiling existence. I pride myself upon being the Goddess of Watering-places. You really must pay me a visit at Cnidos."

"Such an invitation requires no repetition. And Cnidos is your favorite spot?"

"Why, it was so; but of late it has become so inundated with invalid Asiatics and valetudinarian Persians, that the simultaneous influx of the handsome heroes who swarm in from the islands to look after their daughters, scarcely compensates for the annoying presence of their yellow faces and shaking limbs. No, I think, on the whole, Paphos is my favorite."

"I have heard of its magnificent luxury."

"Oh! 'tis lovely! Quite my idea of country life. Not a single tree! When Cyprus is very hot, you run to Paphos for a sea-breeze, and are sure to meet every one whose presence is in the least desirable. All the bores remain behind, as if by instinct."

"I remember when we married, we talked of passing the honey moon at Cythera, but Dia would have her waiting-maid and a bandbox stuffed between us in the chariot, so I got sulky after the first stage, and returned by myself."

"You were quite right. I hate bandboxes: they are always in the way. You would have liked Cythera if you had been in the least in love. High rocks and green knolls, bowery woods, winding walks, and delicious sunsets. I have not been there much of late," continued the Goddess, looking somewhat sad and serious, "since: but I will not talk sentiment to Ixion."

"Do you think, then, I am insensible?"

"Yes."

"Perhaps you are right. We mortals grow callous."

"So I have heard. How very odd!" So saying the Goddess glided away and saluted Mars, who at that moment entered the hall. Ixion was presented to the military hero, who looked fierce and bowed stiffly. The King of Thessaly turned upon his heel. Minerva opened her album, and invited him to inscribe a stanza.

"Goddess of Wisdom," replied the King, "unless you inspire me, the virgin page must remain pure as thyself. I can scarcely sign a decree."

"Is it Ixion of Thessaly who says this; one who has seen so much, and, if I am not mistaken, has felt and thought so much? I can easily conceive why such a mind may desire to veil its movements from the common herd, but pray concede to Minerva the gratifying compliment of assuring her that she is the exception for whom this rule has been established."

"I seem to listen to the inspired music of an oracle. Give me a pen."

"Here is one, plucked from a sacred owl."

"So? I write. There! Will it do?"

Minerva read the inscription:—

I HAVE SEEN THE WORLD, AND MORE THAN THE WORLD: I HAVE STUDIED THE HEART OF MAN, AND NOW I CONSORT WITH IMMORTALS. THE FRUIT OF MY TREE OF KNOWLEDGE IS PLUCKED, AND IT IS THIS, "ADVENTURES ARE TO THE ADVENTUROUS."

*Written in the Album of Minerva, by*

IXION IN HEAVEN

"'Tis brief," said the Goddess, with a musing air, "but full of meaning. You have a daring soul and pregnant mind."

"I have dared much: what I may produce we have yet to see."

"I must to Jove," said Minerva, "to council. We shall meet again. Farewell, Ixion."

"Farewell, Glaukopis."

The King of Thessaly stood away from the remaining guests, and leant with folded arms and pensive brow against a wreathed column. Mars listened to Venus with an air of deep devotion. Euterpe played an inspiring accompaniment

to their conversation. The Queen of Heaven seemed engrossed in the creation of her paper peacocks.

Ixion advanced and seated himself on a couch near Juno. His manner was divested of that reckless bearing and careless coolness by which it was in general distinguished. He was, perhaps, even a little embarrassed. His ready tongue deserted him. At length he spoke.

"Has your Majesty ever heard of the peacock of the Queen of Mesopotamia?"

"No," replied Juno, with stately reserve; and then she added with an air of indifferent curiosity, "Is it in any way remarkable?"

"Its breast is of silver, its wings of gold, its eyes of carbuncle, its claws of amethyst."

"And its tail?" eagerly inquired Juno.

"That is a secret," replied Ixion.

"The tail is the most wonderful part of all."

"Oh! tell me, pray tell me!"

"I forget."

"No, no, no; it is impossible!" exclaimed the animated Juno. "Provoking mortal!" continued the Goddess.

"Let me entreat you; tell me immediately."

"There is a reason which prevents me."

"What can it be? How very odd! What reason can it possibly be? Now tell me; as a particular, a personal favor, I request you, do tell me."

"What! The tail or the reason? The tail is wonderful, but the reason is much more so. I can only tell one. Now choose."

"What provoking things these human beings are! The tail is wonderful, but the reason is much more so. Well then, the reason; no, the tail. Stop, now, as a particular favor, pray tell me both. What can the tail be made of and what can the reason be? I am literally dying of curiosity."

"Your Majesty has cut out that peacock wrong," remarked Ixion. "It is more like one of Minerva's owls."

"Who cares about paper peacocks, when the Queen of Mesopotamia has got such a miracle!" exclaimed Juno; and she tore the labors of the morning to pieces, and threw away the fragments with vexation. "Now tell me instantly; if you have the slightest regard for me, tell

me instantly. What was the tail made of?"

"And you do not wish to hear the reason?"

"That afterwards. Now! I am all ears." At this moment Ganymede entered, and whispered the Goddess, who rose in evident vexation, and retired to the presence of Jove.

### III.

THE King of Thessaly quitted the Hall of Music. Moody, yet not uninfluenced by a degree of wild excitement, he wandered forth into the gardens of Olympus. He came to a beautiful green retreat surrounded by enormous cedars, so vast that it seemed they must have been coeval with the creation; so fresh and brilliant, you would have deemed them wet with the dew of their first spring. The turf, softer than down, and exhaling, as you pressed it, an exquisite perfume, invited him to recline himself upon this natural couch. He threw himself upon the aromatic herbage, and leaning on his arm, fell into a deep reverie.

Hours flew away; the sunshiny glades that opened in the distance had softened into shade.

"Ixion, how do you do?" inquired a voice, wild, sweet, and thrilling as a bird. The King of Thessaly started and looked up with the distracted air of a man roused from a dream, or from complacent meditation over some strange, sweet secret. His cheek was flushed, his dark eyes flashed fire; his brow trembled, his disheveled hair played in the fitful breeze. The King of Thessaly looked up, and beheld a most beautiful youth.

Apparently he had attained about the age of puberty. His stature, however, was rather tall for his age, but exquisitely molded and proportioned. Very fair, his somewhat round cheeks were tinted with a rich but delicate glow, like the rose of twilight, and lighted by dimples that twinkled like stars. His large and deep blue eyes sparkled with exultation, and an air of ill-suppressed mockery quivered round his pouting lips. His light auburn hair, braided off his white forehead, clustered in massy curls on each side of his face, and fell in sunny

torrents down his neck. And from the back of the beautiful youth there fluttered forth two wings, the tremulous plumage of which seemed to have been bathed in a sunset: so various and so radiant, and so novel were its shifting and wondrous tints; purple, and crimson, and gold; streaks of azure, dashes of orange and glossy black; now a single feather, whiter than light, and sparkling like the frost, star of emerald and carbuncle, and then the prismatic blaze of an enormous brilliant! A quiver hung at the side of the beautiful youth, and he leant upon a bow.

"Oh! god, for god thou must be!" at length exclaimed Ixion. "Do I behold the bright divinity of Love?"

"I am indeed Cupid," replied the youth; "and am curious to know what Ixion is thinking about."

"Thought is often bolder than speech."

"Oracular, though a mortal! You need not be afraid to trust me. My aid I am sure you must need. Who ever was found in a reverie on the green turf, under the shade of spreading trees, without requiring the assistance of Cupid? Come, be frank, who is the heroine? Some love-sick nymph deserted on the far earth; or worse, some treacherous mistress, whose frailty is more easily forgotten than her charms? 'Tis a miserable situation, no doubt. It cannot be your wife?"

"Assuredly not," replied Ixion, with energy.

"Another man's?"

"No."

"What! an obdurate maiden?"

Ixion shook his head.

"It must be a widow, then," continued Cupid. "Who ever heard before of such a piece of work about a widow?"

"Have pity upon me, dread Cupid! exclaimed the King of Thessaly, rising suddenly from the ground, and falling on his knee before the God. "Thou art the universal friend of man, and all nations alike throw their incense on thy altars. Thy divine discrimination has not deceived thee. I *am* in love; desperately, madly, fatally enamored. The object of my passion is neither my own wife nor another man's. In spite of all they have said and sworn, I am a mortal member of society. She is neither a maid nor a widow. She is——"

"What? what?" exclaimed the impatient deity.

"A Goddess!" replied the King.

"Wheugh!" whistled Cupid. "What! has my mischievous mother been indulging you with an innocent mischievous flirtation?"

"Yes; but it produced no effect upon me."

"You have a stout heart, then. Perhaps you have been reading poetry with Minerva, and are caught in one of her Platonic mantraps?"

"She set one, but I broke away."

"You have a stout leg, then. But where are you, where are you? Is it Hebe? It can hardly be Diana, she is so cold. Is it a Muse, or is it one of the Graces?"

Ixion again shook his head.

"Come, my dear fellow," said Cupid, quite in a confidential tone, "you have told enough to make further reserve mere affectation. Ease your heart at once, and if I can assist you, depend upon my exertions."

"Beneficent God!" exclaimed Ixion, "if I ever return to Larissa, the brightest temple in Greece shall hail thee for its inspiring deity. I address thee with all the confiding frankness of a devoted votary. Know, then, the heroine of my reverie was no less a personage than the Queen of Heaven herself!"

"Juno! by all that is sacred!" shouted Cupid.

"I am here," responded a voice of majestic melody. The stately form of the Queen of Heaven advanced from a neighboring bower. Ixion stood with his eyes fixed upon the ground, with a throbbing heart and burning cheeks. Juno stood motionless, pale and astounded. The God of Love burst into excessive laughter.

"A pretty pair," he exclaimed, fluttering between both, and laughing in their faces. "Truly a pretty pair. Well! I see I am in your way. Good-bye!" And so saying, the God pulled a couple of arrows from his quiver, and with the rapidity of lightning shot one in the respective breasts of the Queen of Heaven and the King of Thessaly.

#### IV.

THE amethystine twilight of Olympus died away. The stars blazed with tints

of every hue. Ixion and Juno returned to the palace. She leant upon his arm; her eyes were fixed upon the ground; they were in sight of the gorgeous pile, and yet she had not spoken. Ixion, too, was silent, and gazed with abstraction upon the glowing sky.

Suddenly, when within a hundred yards of the portal, Juno stopped, and looking up into the face of Ixion with an irresistible smile, she said, "I am sure you cannot now refuse to tell me what the Queen of Mesopotamia's peacock's tail was made of!"

"It is impossible now," said Ixion. "Know, then, beautiful Goddess, that the tail of the Queen of Mesopotamia's peacock was made of some plumage she had stolen from the wings of Cupid!"

"And what was the reason that prevented you from telling me before?"

"Because, beautiful Juno, I am the most discreet of men, and respect the secret of a lady, however trifling."

"I am glad to hear that," replied Juno, and they re-entered the palace.

## V.

MERCURY met Juno and Ixion in the gallery leading to the grand banquet hall.

"I was looking for you," said the God, shaking his head. "Jove is in a sublime rage. Dinner has been ready this hour."

The King of Thessaly and the Queen of Heaven exchanged a glance and entered the saloon. Jove looked up with a brow of thunder, but did not condescend to send forth a single flash of anger. Jove looked up and Jove looked down. All Olympus trembled as the father of Gods and men resumed his soup. The rest of the guests seemed nervous and reserved, except Cupid, who said immediately to Juno, "Your Majesty has been detained?"

"I fell asleep in a bower reading Apollo's last poem," replied Juno. "I am lucky, however, in finding a companion in my negligence. Ixion, where have you been?"

"Take a glass of nectar, Juno," said Cupid, with eyes twinkling with mischief; "and perhaps Ixion will join us."

This was the most solemn banquet ever celebrated in Olympia. Every one

seemed out of humor or out of spirits. Jupiter spoke only in monosyllables of suppressed rage, that sounded like distant thunder.

Apollo whispered to Minerva. Mercury never opened his lips, but occasionally exchanged significant glances with Ganymede. Mars compensated, by his attentions to Venus, for his want of conversation. Cupid employed himself in asking disagreeable questions. At length the Goddesses retired. Mercury exerted himself to amuse Jove, but the Thunderer scarcely deigned to smile at his best stories. Mars picked his teeth, Apollo played with his rings, Ixion was buried in a profound reverie.

## VI.

It was a great relief to all when Ganymede summoned them to the presence of their late companions.

"I have written a comment upon your inscription," said Minerva to Ixion, "and am anxious for your opinion of it."

"I am a wretched critic," said the King, breaking away from her. Juno smiled upon him in the distance.

"Ixion," said Venus, as he passed by, "come and talk to me."

The bold Thessalian blushed, he stammered out an unmeaning excuse, he quitted the astonished but good-natured Goddess, and seated himself by Juno, and as he seated himself his moody brow seemed suddenly illumined with brilliant light.

"Is it so?" said Venus.

"Hem!" said Minerva.

"Ha, ha!" said Cupid.

Jupiter played piquette with Mercury.

"Everything goes wrong to-day," said the King of Heaven; "cards wretched, and kept waiting for dinner, and by—a mortal!"

"Your Majesty must not be surprised," said the good-natured Mercury, with whom Ixion was no favorite. "Your Majesty must not be very much surprised at the conduct of this creature. Considering what he is, and where he is, I am only astonished that his head is not more turned than it appears to be. A man, a thing made of mud, and in Heaven! Only think, sir! Is it not enough to inflame the brain of any child of clay? To

be sure, keeping your Majesty from dinner is little short of celestial high treason. I hardly expected that, indeed. To order me about, to treat Ganymede as his own lackey, and, in short, to command the whole household; all this might be expected from such a person in such a situation, but I confess I did think he had some little respect left for your Majesty."

"And he does order you about, eh?" inquired Jove. "I have the spades."

"Oh! 'tis quite ludicrous," responded the son of Maia. "Your Majesty would not expect from me the offices that this upstart daily requires."

"Eternal destiny! is't possible? That is my trick. And Ganymede, too?"

"Oh! quite shocking, I assure you, sir," said the beautiful cup-bearer, leaning over the chair of Jove with all the easy insolence of a privileged favorite. "Really sir, if Ixion is to go on in the way he does, either he or I must quit."

"Is it possible?" exclaimed Jupiter. "But I can believe anything of a man who keeps me waiting for dinner. Two and three make five."

"It is Juno that encourages him so," said Ganymede.

"Does she encourage him?" inquired Jove.

"Everybody notices it," protested Ganymede.

"It is indeed a little noticed," observed Mercury.

"What business has such a fellow to speak to Juno?" exclaimed Jove. "A mere mortal, a mere miserable mortal! You have the point. How I have been deceived in this fellow! Who ever could have supposed that after all my generosity to him, he would ever have kept me waiting for dinner?"

"He was walking with Juno," said Ganymede. "It was all a sham about their having met by accident. Cupid saw them."

"Ha!" said Jupiter, turning pale; "you don't say so! Repiqued, as I am a God. That is mine. Where is the Queen?"

"Talking to Ixion, sire," said Mercury. "Oh, I beg your pardon, sire; I did not know you meant the queen of diamonds."

"Never mind. I am repiqued, and I have been kept waiting for dinner. Accursed be this day! Is Ixion really talking to Juno? We will not endure this."

## VII.

"WHERE is Juno?" demanded Jupiter.

"I am sure I cannot say," said Venus, with a smile.

"I am sure I do not know," said Minerva, with a sneer.

"Where is Ixion?" said Cupid, laughing outright.

"Mercury, Ganymede, find the Queen of Heaven instantly," thundered the father of Gods and men.

The celestial messenger and the heavenly page flew away out of different doors. There was a terrible, an immortal silence. Sublime rage lowered on the brow of Jove like a storm upon the mountain-top. Minerva seated herself at the card-table and played at Patience. Venus and Cupid tittered in the background. Shortly returned the envoys, Mercury looking solemn, Ganymede malignant.

"Well?" inquired Jove; and all Olympus trembled at the monosyllable.

Mercury shook his head.

"Her Majesty has been walking on the terrace with the King of Thessaly," replied Ganymede.

"Where is she now, sir?" demanded Jupiter.

Mercury shrugged his shoulders.

"Her Majesty is resting herself in the pavilion of Cupid, with the King of Thessaly," replied Ganymede.

"Confusion!" exclaimed the father of Gods and men; and he rose and seized a candle from the table, scattering the cards in all directions. Every one present, Minerva and Venus, and Mars and Apollo, and Mercury and Ganymede, and the Muses, and the Graces, and all the winged Genii—each seized a candle; rifling the chandeliers, each followed Jove.

"This way," said Mercury.

"This way," said Ganymede.

"This way, this way!" echoed the celestial crowd.

"Mischief!" cried Cupid; "I must save my victims."

They were all upon the terrace. The father of Gods and men, though both in a passion and a hurry, moved with dignity. It was, as customary in Heaven, a clear and starry night; but this eve Diana was indisposed, or otherwise engaged, and there was no moonlight. They were in sight of the pavilion.

"What are you?" inquired Cupid of

one of the Genii, who accidentally extinguished his candle.

"I am a Cloud," answered the winged Genius.

"A Cloud! Just the thing. Now do me a shrewd turn, and Cupid is ever your debtor. Fly, fly, pretty Cloud, and encompass yon pavilion with your form. Away! ask no questions; swift as my word."

"I declare there is a fog," said Venus.

"An evening mist in Heaven!" said Minerva.

"Where is Nox?" said Jove. "Everything goes wrong. Who ever heard of a mist in Heaven?"

"My candle is out," said Apollo.

"And mine too," said Mars.

"And mine, and mine, and mine," said Mercury and Ganymede, and the Muses and the Graces.

"All the candles are out!" said Cupid; "a regular fog. I cannot even see the pavilion: it must be hereabouts, though," said the God to himself. "So, so; I should be at home in my own pavilion, and am tolerably accustomed to stealing about in the dark. There is a step; and here, surely, is the lock. The door opens, but the Cloud enters before me. Juno, Juno," whispered the God of Love, "we are all here. Be contented to escape, like many other innocent dames, with your reputation only under a cloud: it will soon disperse; and lo! the heaven is clearing."

"It must have been the heat of our flambeaux," said Venus, "for, see, the mist is vanished; here is the pavilion."

Ganymede ran forward, and dashed open the door. Ixion was alone.

"Seize him," said Jove.

"Juno is not here," said Mercury, with an air of blended congratulation and disappointment.

"Never mind," said Jove; "seize him! He kept me waiting for dinner."

"Is this your hospitality, Ægiocbus?" exclaimed Ixion, in a tone of bullying innocence. "I shall defend myself."

"Seize him, seize him!" exclaimed Jupiter. "What! do you all falter? Are you afraid of a mortal?"

"And a Thessalian?" asked Ganymede.

No one advanced.

"Send for Hercules," said Jove.

"I will fetch him in an instant," said Ganymede.

"I protest," said the King of Thessaly, "against this violation of the most sacred rites."

"The marriage-tie?" said Mercury.

"The dinner-hour?" said Jove.

"It is no use talking sentiment to Ixion," said Venus; "all mortals are callous."

"Adventures are to the adventurous," said Minerva.

"Here is Hercules! here is Hercules!"

"Seize him!" said Jove; "seize that man."

In vain the mortal struggled with the irresistible demigod.

"Shall I fetch your thunderbolt, Jove?" inquired Ganymede.

"Anything short of eternal punishment is unworthy of a God," answered Jupiter, with great dignity. "Apollo, bring me a wheel of your chariot."

"What shall I do to-morrow morning?" inquired the God of Light.

"Order an eclipse," replied Jove.

"Bind the insolent wretch to the wheel; hurl him to Hades; its motion shall be perpetual."

"What am I to bind him with?" inquired Hercules.

"The girdle of Venus," replied the Thunderer.

"What is all this?" inquired Juno, advancing, pale and agitated.

"Come along; you shall see," answered Jupiter. "Follow me, follow me."

They all followed the leader, all the Gods, all the Genii; in the midst, the brawny husband of Hebe, bearing Ixion aloft, bound to the fatal wheel. They reached the terrace; they descended the sparkling steps of lapis-lazuli. Hercules held his burden on high, ready, at a nod, to plunge the hapless but presumptuous mortal through space into Hades. The heavenly group surrounded him, and peeped over the starry abyss. It was a fine moral, and demonstrated the usual infelicity that attends unequal connections.

"Celestial despot!" said Ixion.

In a moment all sounds were hushed, as they listened to the last words of the unrivaled victim. Juno, in despair, leant upon the respective arms of Venus and Minerva.

"Celestial despot!" said Ixion, "I defy the immortal ingenuity of thy cruelty. My memory must be as eternal as thy torture: that will support me."

## WANTED A GOVERNESS.

A GOVERNESS wanted—well fitted to fill  
The post of tuition with competent skill—  
In a gentleman's family highly genteel.  
Superior attainments are quite indispensable,  
With everything, too, that's correct and ostensible;

Morals of pure unexceptionability;  
Manners well formed, and of strictest gentility.

The pupils are five—ages, six to sixteen—  
All as promising girls as ever were seen—  
And besides (though 'tis scarcely worth while  
to put that in)  
There is one little boy—but he only learns Latin.

The lady must teach all the several branches  
Whereinto polite education now launches.  
She's expected to speak the French tongue  
like a native,  
And be to her pupils of all its points dative.  
Italian she *must* know à fond, nor needs  
Spanish

Whatever acquaintance she may have with  
Spanish;

Nor would there be harm in a trifle of German,  
In the absence, that is, of the master, Von Hermann.

The harp and piano—*cela va sans dire*—  
With thorough bass, too, on the plan of Logier.

In drawing in pencil, and chalks, and the tinting

That's call'd Oriental, she must not be stinted in:  
She must paint upon paper, and satin and velvet;

And if she knows gilding, she's no need to shelve it.

Dancing, of course, with the newest gambades,  
The Polish mazurka, and best gallopades;  
Arithmetic, history joined with chronology,  
Heraldry, botany, writing, conchology,  
Grammar, and satin stitch, netting, geography,  
Astronomy, use of the globes, and cosmography.

'Twere also as well she should be Calisthenical,  
That her charge's young limbs may be pliant  
to any call.

Their health, play, and studies, and moral condition,

Must be superintended without intermission;  
At home, she must all habits check that disparage,

And when they go out must attend to their carriage.

Her faith must be orthodox—temper most pliable—

Health good—and reference quite undeniable.  
These are the principal matters—*Au reste*,  
Address, Bury Street, Mrs. General Peste.  
As the salary's moderate, none need apply  
Who more on that point than on comfort rely.

## THE CITIZEN AND THE THIEVES.

*From a Pamphlet, published in 1808.*

A CITIZEN, for recreation's sake,  
To see the country would a journey take  
Some dozen miles or very little more;  
Taking his leave with friends two months before,

With drinking healths and shaking by the hand,

As he had travell'd to some new-found land.  
Well, taking horse, with very much ado,  
London he leaveth for a day or two;  
And as he rideth, meets upon the way  
Such as (what haste soever) bid men stay.  
'Sirrah,' says one, 'stand, and your purse deliver,

I am a taker, thou must be a giver.'

Unto a wood, hard by, they hale him in,  
And rifle him unto his very skin.

'Misters,' quoth he, 'pray hear me ere you go;

For you have robb'd me more than you do know,

My horse, in truth, I borrow'd of my brother;  
The bridle and the saddle of another;  
The jerkin and the bases, be a tailor's;  
The scarf, I do assure you, is a sailor's;  
The falling band is likewise none of mine,  
Nor cuffs, as true as this good light doth shine.

The satin doublet, and raised velvet hose  
Are our churchwarden's, all the parish knows,  
The boots are John the grocer's at the Swan;  
The spurs were lent me by a serving-man.  
One of my rings—that with the great red stone—

In sooth, I borrow'd of my gossip Joan:  
Her husband knows not of it, gentlemen!  
Thus stands my case—I pray show favour then.'

'Why,' quoth the thieves, 'thou needst not greatly care,

Since in thy loss so many bear a share;  
The world goes hard, and many good folks lack,

Look not, at this time, for a penny back.  
Go, tell at London thou didst meet with four,  
That rifling thee, have robb'd at least a score.'

## BARDELL vs. PICKWICK.

CONTAINING, ALSO, SAMUEL WELLER, JR.'S.  
VALENTINE, AND SAMUEL WELLER, SR.'S.  
MATRIMONIAL EXPERIENCES.

MR. PICKWICK'S apartments in Goswell Street, although on a limited scale, were not only of a very neat and comfortable description, but peculiarly adapted for the residence of a man of his genius and observation. His sitting-room was the first floor front, his bed-room the second floor front; and thus, whether he were sitting at his desk in his parlor, or standing before the dressing-glass in his dormitory, he had an equal opportunity of contemplating human nature in all the numerous phases it exhibits, in that not more populous than popular thoroughfare. His landlady, Mrs. Bardell—the relict and sole executrix of a deceased custom-house officer—was a comely woman of bustling manners and agreeable appearance, with a natural genius for cooking, improved by study and long practice, into an exquisite talent. There were no children, no servants, no fowls. The only other inmates of the house were a large man and a small boy; the first a lodger, the second a production of Mrs. Bardell's. The large man was always home precisely at ten o'clock at night, at which hour he regularly condensed himself into the limits of a dwarfish French bedstead in the back parlor; and the infantine sports and gymnastic exercises of Master Bardell were exclusively confined to the neighboring pavements and gutters. Cleanliness and quiet reigned throughout the house; and in it Mr. Pickwick's will was law.

To any one acquainted with these points of the domestic economy of the establishment, and conversant with the admirable regulation of Mr. Pickwick's mind, his appearance and behavior on the morning previous to that which had been fixed upon for the journey to Eatanswill, would have been most mysterious and unaccountable. He paced the room to and fro with hurried steps, popped his head out of the window at intervals of about three minutes each, constantly referred to his watch, and exhibited many other manifestations of impatience very unusual with him. It

was evident that something of great importance was in contemplation, but what that something was, not even Mrs. Bardell herself had been enabled to discover.

"Mrs. Bardell," said Mr. Pickwick, at last, as that amiable female approached the termination of a prolonged dusting of the apartment—

"Sir," said Mrs. Bardell.

"Your little boy is a very long time gone."

"Why it's a good long way to the Borough, sir," remonstrated Mrs. Bardell.

"Ah," said Mr. Pickwick, "very true, so it is."

Mr. Pickwick relapsed into silence, and Mrs. Bardell resumed her dusting.

"Mrs. Bardell," said Mr. Pickwick, at the expiration of a few minutes.

"Sir," said Mrs. Bardell again.

"Do you think it a much greater expense to keep two people, than to keep one?"

"La, Mr. Pickwick," said Mrs. Bardell, coloring up to the very border of her cap, as she fancied she observed a species of matrimonial twinkle in the eyes of her lodger; "La, Mr. Pickwick, what a question!"

"Well, but *do* you?" inquired Mr. Pickwick.

"That depends—" said Mrs. Bardell, approaching the duster very near to Mr. Pickwick's elbow, which was planted on the table—"that depends a good deal upon the person, you know, Mr. Pickwick; and whether it's a saving and careful person, sir."

"That's very true," said Mr. Pickwick, "but the person I have in my eye (here he looked very hard at Mrs. Bardell) I think possesses these qualities; and has, moreover, a considerable knowledge of the world, and a great deal of sharpness, Mrs. Bardell; which may be of material use to me."

"La, Mr. Pickwick," said Mrs. Bardell; the crimson rising to her cap-border again.

"I do," said Mr. Pickwick, growing energetic, as was his wont in speaking of a subject which interested him. "I do, indeed; and to tell you the truth, Mrs. Bardell, I have made up my mind."

"Dear me, sir," exclaimed Mrs. Bardell.

"You'll think it very strange now," said the amiable Mr. Pickwick, with a



good-humored glance at his companion, "that I never consulted you about this matter, and never even mentioned it, till I sent your little boy out this morning—eh?"

Mrs. Bardell could only reply by a look. She had long worshipped Mr. Pickwick at a distance, but here she was, all at once, raised to a pinnacle to which her wildest and most extravagant hopes had never dared to aspire. Mr. Pickwick was going to propose—a deliberate plan, too—sent her little boy to the Borough, to get him out of the way—how thoughtful—how considerate!

"Well," said Mr. Pickwick, "what do you think?"

"Oh, Mr. Pickwick," said Mrs. Bardell, trembling with agitation, "you're very kind, sir."

"It'll save you a good deal of trouble, won't it?" said Mr. Pickwick.

"Oh, I never thought anything of the trouble, sir," replied Mrs. Bardell; "and, of course, I should take more trouble to please you then, than ever; but it is so kind of you, Mr. Pickwick, to have so much consideration for my loneliness."

"Ah, to be sure," said Mr. Pickwick; "I never thought of that. When I am in town, you'll always have somebody to sit with you. To be sure, so you will."

"I'm sure I ought to be a very happy woman," said Mrs. Bardell.

"And your little boy—" said Mr. Pickwick.

"Bless his heart!" interposed Mrs. Bardell, with a maternal sob.

"He, too, will have a companion," resumed Mr. Pickwick, "a lively one, who'll teach him, I'll be bound, more tricks in a week than he would ever learn in a year." And Mr. Pickwick smiled placidly.

"Oh, you dear—" said Mrs. Bardell.

Mr. Pickwick started.

"Oh, you kind good playful dear," said Mrs. Bardell; and without more ado, she rose from her chair, and flung her arms round Mr. Pickwick's neck, with a cataract of tears and a chorus of sobs.

"Bless my soul," cried the astonished Mr. Pickwick;—"Mrs. Bardell, my good woman—dear me, what a situation—pray consider—Mrs. Bardell, don't—if anybody should come—"

"Oh, let them come," exclaimed Mrs. Bardell, frantically; "I'll never leave

you—dear, kind, good, soul;" and, with these words, Mrs. Bardell clung the tighter.

"Mercy upon me," said Mr. Pickwick, struggling violently, "I hear somebody coming up the stairs. 'Don't, don't, there's a good creature, don't.' But entreaty and remonstrance were alike unavailing; for Mrs. Bardell had fainted in Mr. Pickwick's arms; and before he could gain time to deposit her on a chair, Master Bardell entered the room, ushering in Mr. Tupman, Mr. Winkle and Mr. Snodgrass.

Mr. Pickwick was struck motionless and speechless. He stood with his lovely burden in his arms, gazing vacantly on the countenances of his friends, without the slightest attempt at recognition or explanation. They, in their turn, stared at him; and Master Bardell, in his turn, stared at everybody.

The astonishment of the Pickwickians was so absorbing, and the perplexity of Mr. Pickwick was so extreme, that they might have remained in exactly the same relative situations until the suspended animation of the lady was restored, had it not been for a most beautiful and touching expression of filial affection on the part of her youthful son. Clad in a tight suit of corderoy, spangled with brass buttons of a very considerable size, he at first stood at the door astounded and uncertain; but by degrees, the impression that his mother must have suffered some personal damage, pervaded his partially developed mind, and considering Mr. Pickwick as the aggressor, he set up an appalling and semi-earthly kind of howling, and butting forward with his head, commenced assailing that immortal gentleman about the back and legs, with such blows and pinches as the strength of his arm, and the violence of his excitement, allowed.

"Take this little villain away," said the agonized Mr. Pickwick, "he's mad."

"What is the matter?" said the three tongue-tied Pickwickians.

"I don't know," replied Mr. Pickwick, pettishly. "Take away the boy" (here Mr. Winkle carried the interesting boy, screaming and struggling, to the further end of the apartment). "Now, help me lead this woman down stairs."

"Oh, I am better now," said Mrs. Bardell, faintly.

"Let me lead you down stairs," said the ever gallant Mr. Tupman.

"Thank you, sir—thank you," exclaimed Mrs. Bardell, hysterically. And down stairs she was led accordingly, accompanied by her affectionate son.

"I cannot conceive—" said Mr. Pickwick when his friend returned—"I cannot conceive what has been the matter with that woman. I had merely announced to her my intention of keeping a man servant, when she fell into the extraordinary paroxysm in which you found her. Very extraordinary thing."

"Very," said his three friends.

"Placed me in such an extremely awkward situation," continued Mr. Pickwick.

"Very," was the reply of his followers, as they coughed slightly, and looked dubiously at each other.

This behavior was not lost upon Mr. Pickwick. He remarked their incredulity. They evidently suspected him.

"There is a man in the passage now," said Mr. Tupman.

"It's the man I spoke to you about," said Mr. Pickwick. "I sent for him to the Borough this morning. Have the goodness to call him up, Snodgrass."

Mr. Snodgrass did as he was desired; and Mr. Samuel Weller forthwith presented himself.

"Oh—you remember me, I suppose?" said Mr. Pickwick.

"I should think so," replied Sam, with a patronizing wink. "Queer start that 'ere, but he was one too many for you, warn't he? Up to snuff and a pinch or two over—eh?"

"Never mind that matter now," said Mr. Pickwick hastily, "I want to speak to you about something else. Sit down."

"Thank'ee, sir," said Sam. And down he sat without farther bidding, having previously deposited his old white hat on the landing outside the door. "Ta'nt a werry good 'un to look at," said Sam, "but it's an astonishin' 'un to wear; and, afore the brim went, it was a werry handsome tile. Hows'ever, it's lighter without it, that's one thing, and every hole lets in some air, that's another—ventilation gossamer I calls it." On the delivery of this sentiment, Mr. Weller smiled agreeably upon the assembled Pickwickians.

"Now with regard to the matter on which I, with the concurrence of these gentlemen, sent for you," said Mr. Pickwick.

"That's the pint, sir," interposed Sam; "out vith it, as the father said to the child, wen he swallowed a farden."

"We want to know, in the first place," said Mr. Pickwick, "whether you have any reason to be discontented with your present situation."

"Afore I answers that 'ere question, gen'lm'n," replied Mr. Weller, "I should like to know, in the first place, whether you're agoin' to purvide me with a better."

A sunbeam of placid benevolence played on Mr. Pickwick's features as he said, "I have half made up my mind to engage you myself."

"Have you, though?" said Sam.

Mr. Pickwick nodded in the affirmative.

"Wages?" inquired Sam.

"Twelve pounds a year," replied Mr. Pickwick.

"Clothes?"

"Two suits."

"Work?"

"To attend upon me; and travel about with me and these gentlemen here."

"Take the bill down," said Sam, emphatically. "I'm let to a single gentleman, and the terms is agreed upon."

"You accept the situation?" inquired Mr. Pickwick.

"Cert'n'ly," replied Sam. "If the clothes fits me half as well as the place, they'll do."

"You can get a character of course?" said Mr. Pickwick.

"Ask the landlady o' the White Hart about that, sir," replied Sam.

"Can you come this evening?"

"I'll get into the clothes this minute, if they're here," said Sam with great alacrity.

"Call at eight this evening," said Mr. Pickwick; "and if the inquiries are satisfactory, they shall be provided."

With the single exception of one amiable indiscretion, in which an assistant housemaid had equally participated, the history of Mr. Weller's conduct was so very blameless, that Mr. Pickwick felt fully justified in closing the engagement that very evening. With the promptness and energy which characterized not only the public proceedings, but all the private actions of this extraordinary man, he at once led his new attendant to one of those convenient emporiums where gentlemen's new and second-hand clothes are provi-

ded, and the troublesome and inconvenient formality of measurement dispensed with; and before night had closed in, Mr. Weller was furnished with a gray coat with the P. C. button, a black hat with a cockade to it, a pink striped waistcoat, light breeches and gaiters, and a variety of other necessities, too numerous to recapitulate.

"Well," said that suddenly-transformed individual, as he took his seat on the outside of the Etanswill coach next morning; "I wonder whether I'm meant to be a footman, or a groom, or a gamekeeper, or a seedsman. I looks like a sort of compo of every one on 'em. Never mind; there's change of air, plenty to see, and little to do; and all this suits my complaint uncommon; so long life to the Pickvicks, says I!"

[Some weeks afterwards, while Mr. Pickwick was discoursing eloquently to his friends who were seated with him at dinner at the Angel, he was interrupted by the entrance of Sam, who held a letter in his hand.]

"What have you there, Sam?"

"Called at the Post-office just now, and found this here letter, as has laid there for two days," replied Mr. Weller. It's sealed with a vafer, and directed in round hand."

"I don't know this hand," said Mr. Pickwick, opening the letter. "Mercy on us! what's this? It must be a jest; it—it—can't be true."

"What's the matter?" was the general inquiry.

"Nobody dead, is there?" said Wardle, alarmed at the horror in Mr. Pickwick's countenance.

Mr. Pickwick made no reply, but, pushing the letter across the table, and desiring Mr. Tupman to read it aloud, fell back in his chair with a look of vacant astonishment quite alarming to behold.

Mr. Tupman, with a trembling voice, read the letter, of which the following is a copy:—

*Freeman's Court, Cornhill, August 28th, 1830.  
Bardell against Pickwick.*

Sir,

*Having been instructed by Mrs. Martha Bardell to commence an action against you for a breach of promise of marriage, for which the plaintiff lays her damages at fifteen hundred*

*pounds, we beg to inform you that a writ has been issued against you in this suit in the Court of Common Pleas; and request to know, by return of Post, the name of your Attorney in London, who will accept service thereof.*

*We are, Sir,*

*Your obedient servants,*

*Dodson & Fogg.*

*Mr. Samuel Pickwick.*

There was something so impressive in the mute astonishment with which each man regarded his neighbor, and every man regarded Mr. Pickwick, that all seemed afraid to speak. The silence was at length broken by Mr. Tupman.

"Dodson and Fogg," he repeated mechanically.

"Bardell and Pickwick," said Mr. Snodgrass, musing.

"Peace of mind and happiness of confiding females," murmured Mr. Winkle, with an air of abstraction.

"It's a conspiracy," said Mr. Pickwick, at length recovering the power of speech; "a base conspiracy between these two grasping attorneys, Dodson and Fogg. Mrs. Bardell would never do it;—she hasn't the heart to do it;—she hasn't the case to do it. Ridiculous—ridiculous."

"Of her heart," said Wardle, with a smile, "you should certainly be the best judge. I don't wish to discourage you, but I should certainly say that, of her case, Dodson and Fogg are far better judges than any of us can be."

"It's a vile attempt to extort money," said Mr. Pickwick.

"I hope it is," said Wardle, with a short, dry cough.

"Whoever heard me address her in any way but that in which a lodger would address his landlady?" continued Mr. Pickwick, with great vehemence. "Who ever saw me with her? Not even my friends here—"

"Except on one occasion," said Mr. Tupman.

Mr. Pickwick changed color.

"Ah," said Mr. Wardle. "Well, that's important. There was nothing suspicious then, I suppose?"

Mr. Tupman glanced timidly at his leader. "Why," said he, "there was nothing suspicious; but—I don't know how it happened, mind—she certainly was reclining in his arms."

"Gracious powers!" ejaculated Mr. Pickwick, as the recollection of the scene

in question struck forcibly upon him; "what a dreadful instance of the force of circumstances! So she was—so she was."

"And our friend was soothing her anguish," said Mr. Winkle, rather maliciously.

"So I was," said Mr. Pickwick. "I won't deny it. So I was."

"Hallo!" said Wardle; "for a case in which there's nothing suspicious, this is rather queer—eh, Pickwick? Ah, sly dog—sly dog!" and he laughed till the glasses on the side-board rang again.

"What a dreadful conjunction of appearances!" exclaimed Mr. Pickwick, resting his chin upon his hands. "Winkle—Tupman—I beg your pardon for the observations I made just now. We are all the victims of circumstances, and I the greatest." With this apology Mr. Pickwick buried his head in his hands, and ruminated; while Wardle measured out a regular circle of nods and winks, addressed to the other members of the company.

"I'll have it explained, though," said Mr. Pickwick, raising his head and hammering the table. "I'll see this Dodson and Fogg! I'll go to London to-morrow."

"Not to-morrow," said Wardle; "you're too lame."

"Well, then, next day."

"Next day is the first of September, and you're pledged to ride out with us, as far as Sir Geoffrey Manning's grounds, at all events, and to meet us at lunch, if you don't take the field."

"Well, then, the day after," said Mr. Pickwick; "Thursday.—Sam!"

"Sir," replied Mr. Weller.

"Take two places outside to London, on Thursday morning, for yourself and me."

"Wery well, sir."

Mr. Weller left the room, and departed slowly on his errand with his hands in his pocket, and his eyes fixed on the ground.

"Rum feller, the hemperor," said Mr. Weller, as he walked slowly up the street. "Think o' him making up to that ere Mrs. Bardell—with a little boy, too! Always the vay with these here old 'uns hows'ever, as is such steady goers to look at. I didn't think he'd ha' done it, though—I didn't think he'd ha' done it!" Moralizing in this strain, Mr. Samuel Weller bent his steps towards the booking-office.

## TOO MUCH COLD PUNCH.

### THE FIRST OF SEPTEMBER.

A pleasant day, with an unpleasant termination.

THE birds, who, happily for their own peace of mind and personal comfort, were in blissful ignorance of the preparations which had been making to astonish them, on the first of September, hailed it, no doubt, as one of the pleasantest mornings they had seen that season. Many a young partridge who strutted complacently among the stubble, with all the finicking coxcombrity of youth, and many an elder one who watched his levity out of his little round eye, with the contemptuous air of a bird of wisdom and experience, alike unconscious of their approaching doom, basked in the fresh morning air with lively and blithesome feelings, and a few hours afterwards were laid low upon the earth. But we grow affecting; let us proceed.

In plain common place matter-of-fact, then, it was a fine morning—so fine that you would scarcely have believed that the few months of an English summer had yet flown by. Hedges, fields, and trees, hill and moorland, presented to the eye their ever-varying shades of deep rich green; scarce a leaf had fallen, scarce a sprinkle of yellow mingled with the hues of summer, warned you that autumn had begun. The sky was cloudless; the sun shone out bright and warm; the songs of birds, and the hum of myriads of summer insects, filled the air; and the cottage gardens, crowded with flowers of every rich and beautiful tint, sparkled, in the heavy dew, like beds of glittering jewels. Everything bore the stamp of summer and none of its beautiful colors had yet faded from the die.

Such was the morning, when an open carriage, in which were three Pickwickians (Mr. Snodgrass having preferred to remain at home) Mr. Wardle and Mr. Trundle, with Sam Weller on the box, beside the driver, pulled up by a gate at the roadside, before which stood a tall, raw-boned gamekeeper, and a half-booted, leather-leggined boy; each bearing a bag of capacious dimensions, and accompanied by a brace of pointers.

"I say," whispered Mr. Winkle to Wardle, as the man let down the steps, "they don't suppose we're going to kill game enough to fill those bags, do they?"

"Fill them!" exclaimed old Wardle. "Bless you, yes! You shall fill one, and I the other; and when we've done with them, the pockets of our shooting-jackets will hold as much more."

Mr. Winkle dismounted without saying anything in reply to this observation; but he thought within himself, that if the party remained in the open air, until he had filled one of the bags, they stood a considerable chance of catching colds in their heads.

"Hi, Juno, lass—hi, old girl, down, Daph, down," said Wardle, caressing the dogs. "Sir Geoffrey still in Scotland, of course, Martin?"

The tall gamekeeper replied in the affirmative, and looked with some surprise from Mr. Winkle, who was holding his gun as if he wished his coat-pocket to save him the trouble of pulling the trigger, to Mr. Tupman, who was holding his as if he were afraid of it—as there is no earthly reason to doubt he really was.

"My friends are not much in the way of this sort of thing yet, Martin," said Wardle, noticing the look. "Live and learn, you know. They'll be good shots one of these days. I beg my friend Winkle's pardon, though; he has had some practice."

Mr. Winkle smiled feebly over his blue neckerchief in acknowledgment of the compliment, and got himself so mysteriously entangled with his gun, in his modest confusion, that if the piece had been loaded, he must inevitably have shot himself dead upon the spot.

"You mustn't handle your piece in that ere way, when you come to have the charge in it, sir," said the tall gamekeeper, gruffly, "or I'm damned if you won't make cold meat of some on us."

Mr. Winkle, thus admonished, abruptly altered its position, and in so doing, contrived to bring the barrel into pretty sharp contact with Mr. Weller's head.

"Hallo," said Sam, picking up his hat, which had been knocked off, and rubbing his temple. "Hallo, sir! if you comes it this vay, you'll fill one o' them bags, and something to spare, at one fire."

Here the leather-legged boy laughed very heartily, and then tried to look as if it was somebody else, whereat Mr. Winkle frowned majestically.

"Where did you tell the boy to meet us with the snack, Martin?" inquired Wardle.

"Side of the One tree Hill at twelve o'clock, sir."

"That's not Sir Geoffrey's land, is it?"

"No, sir; but it's close by it. It's Captain Boldwig's land; but there'll be nobody to interrupt us, and there's a fine bit of turf there."

"Very well," said old Wardle. "Now the sooner we're on the better. Will you join us at twelve, then, Mr. Pickwick?"

Mr. Pickwick was particularly desirous to view the sport, the more especially as he was rather anxious in respect of Mr. Winkle's life and limbs. On so inviting a morning, too, it was very tantalizing to turn back, and leave his friends to enjoy themselves. It was, therefore, with a very rueful air that he replied:

"Why, I suppose I must."

"An't the gentleman a shot, sir?" inquired the long gamekeeper.

"No," replied Wardle; "and he's lame besides."

"I should very much like to go," said Mr. Pickwick, "very much."

There was a short pause of commiseration.

"There's a barrow t'other side of the hedge," said the boy. "If the gentleman's servant would wheel along the paths, he could keep nigh us, we could lift it over the stiles, and that."

"The very thing," said Mr. Weller, who was a party interested, inasmuch as he ardently longed to see the sport. "The very thing. Well said, Smallcheck: I'll have it out in a minute."

But here a difficulty arose. The long gamekeeper resolutely protested against the introduction into a shooting party, of a gentleman in a barrow, as a gross violation of all established rules and precedents.

It was a great objection, but not an insurmountable one. The gamekeeper having been coaxed and fed, and having, moreover, eased his mind by "punching" the head of the inventive youth who had first suggested the use of the machine. Mr. Pickwick was placed in it, and off the party set; Wardle and the long gamekeeper leading the way, and Mr. Pickwick in the barrow, propelled by Sam, bringing up the rear.

"Stop, Sam," said Mr. Pickwick, when they had got half across the first field.

"What's the matter now?" said Wardle.

"I won't suffer this barrow to be

moved another step," said Mr. Pickwick, resolutely, "unless Winkle carries that gun of his in a different manner."

"How *am* I to carry it?" said the wretched Winkle.

"Carry it with the muzzle to the ground," replied Mr. Pickwick.

"It's so unsportsman-like," reasoned Winkle.

"I don't care whether it's unsportsman-like or not," replied Mr. Pickwick; "I am not going to be shot in a wheelbarrow, for the sake of appearances, to please anybody."

"I know the gentleman 'll put that ere charge into somebody afore he's done," growled the long man.

"Well, well—I don't mind," said poor Winkle, turning his gun-stock uppermost—"there."

"Anythin' for a quiet life," said Mr. Weller, and on they went again.

"Stop!" said Mr. Pickwick, after they had gone a few yards further.

"What now?" said Wardle.

"That gun of Tupman's is not safe; I know it isn't," said Mr. Pickwick.

"Eh? What! not safe?" said Mr. Tupman, in a tone of great alarm.

"Not as you are carrying it," said Mr. Pickwick. "I am sorry to make any further objection, but I cannot consent to go on, unless you carry it as Winkle does his."

"I think you had better, sir," said the long gamekeeper, "or you're quite as likely to lodge the charge in yourself as in anything else."

Mr. Tupman, with the most obliging haste, placed his piece in the position required, and the party moved on again; the two amateurs marching with reversed arms, like a couple of privates at a royal funeral.

The dogs suddenly came to a dead stop, and the party advancing stealthily a single pace stopped too.

"What's the matter with the dogs' legs?" whispered Mr. Winkle. "How queer they're standing!"

"Hush, can't you?" replied Wardle, softly. "Don't you see, they're making a point?"

"Making a point?" said Mr. Winkle, staring about him, as if he expected to discover some particular beauty in the landscape, which the sagacious animals were calling special attention to. "Mak-

ing a point? What are they pointing at?"

"Keep your eyes open," said Wardle, not heeding the question in the excitement of the moment. "Now then."

"There was a sharp whirring noise, that made Mr. Winkle start back as if he had been shot himself. Bang, bang, went a couple of guns—the smoke swept quickly away over the field and curled into the air.

"Where are they?" said Mr. Winkle, in a state of the highest excitement, turning round and round in all directions.

"Where are they? Tell me when to fire. Where are they—where are they?"

"Where are they?" said Wardle, taking up a brace of birds which the dogs had deposited at his feet. "Why, here they are."

"No, no; I mean the others," said the bewildered Winkle.

"Far enough off by this time," replied Wardle, coolly reloading his gun.

"We shall very likely be up with another covey in five minutes," said the long gamekeeper. "If the gentleman begins to fire now, perhaps he'll just get the shot out of the barrel by the time they rise."

"Ha! ha! ha!" roared Mr. Weller.

"Sam," said Mr. Pickwick, compassionating his follower's confusion and embarrassment.

"Sir."

"Don't laugh."

"Certainly not, Sir." So by way of indemnification Mr. Weller contorted his features from behind the wheelbarrow for the exclusive amusement of the boy with the leggings, who thereupon burst into a boisterous laugh, and was summarily cuffed by the long gamekeeper, who wanted a pretext for turning round, to hide his own merriment.

"Bravo, old fellow!" said Wardle to Mr. Tupman; "you fired that time, at all events."

"Oh, yes," replied Mr. Tupman, with conscious pride. "I let it off."

"Well done. You'll hit something next time, if you look sharp. Very easy, ain't it?"

"Yes, it's very easy," said Mr. Tupman. "How it hurts one's shoulder, though. It nearly knocked me backwards. I had no idea these small fire-arms kicked so."

"Ah," said the old gentleman, smil-

ing; "you'll get used to it in time. Now then—all ready—all right with the barrow there."

"All right, sir," replied Mr. Weller.

"Come along, then."

"Hold hard, sir," said Sam, raising the barrow.

"Aye, aye," replied Mr. Pickwick; and on they went as briskly as need be.

"Keep that barrow back now," cried Wardle when it had been hoisted over a stile into another field, and Mr. Pickwick had been deposited in it once more.

"All right, sir," replied Mr. Weller, pausing.

"Now, Winkle," said the old gentleman, "follow me softly, and don't be too late this time."

"Never fear," said Mr. Winkle. "Are they pointing?"

"No, no; not now. Quietly now, quietly." On they crept, and very quietly they would have advanced, if Mr. Winkle, in the performance of some very intricate evolutions with his gun, had not accidentally fired, at the most critical moment, over the boy's head, exactly in the very spot where the tall man's brain would have been, had he been there instead.

"Why, what on earth did you do that for?" said old Wardle, as the birds flew unharmed away.

"I never saw such a gun in my life," replied poor Mr. Winkle, looking at the lock, as if that would do any good. "It goes off of its own accord. It *will* do it."

"Will do it!" echoed Wardle, with something of irritation in his manner. "I wish it would kill something of its own accord."

"It'll do that afore long, sir," observed the tall man, in a low, prophetic voice.

"What do you mean by that observation, sir?" inquired Mr. Winkle, angrily.

"Never mind, sir, never mind," replied the long gamekeeper; "I've no family myself, sir; and this here boy's mother will get something handsome from Sir Geoffrey, if he's killed on his land. Load again, sir, load again."

"Take away his gun," cried Mr. Pickwick, from the barrow, horror-stricken at the long man's dark insinuations. "Take away his gun, do you hear, somebody?"

Nobody, however, volunteered to obey the command; and Mr. Winkle, after darting a rebellious glance at Mr. Pick-

wick, reloaded his gun, and proceeded onwards with the rest.

We are bound, on the authority of Mr. Pickwick, to state, that Mr. Tupman's mode of proceeding evinced far more of prudence and deliberation than that adopted by Mr. Winkle. Still, this by no means detracts from the great authority of the latter gentleman, on all matters connected with the field: because, as Mr. Pickwick beautifully observes, it has somehow or other happened, from time immemorial, that many of the best and ablest philosophers, who have been perfect lights of science in matters of theory, have been wholly unable to reduce them to practice.

Mr. Tupman's process, like many of our most sublime discoveries, was extremely simple. With the quickness and penetration of a man of genius, he had at once observed that the two great points to be attained were—first, to discharge his piece without injury to himself, and, secondly, to do so without danger to the by-standers—obviously the best thing to do, after surmounting the difficulty of firing at all, was to shut his eyes firmly, and fire into the air.

On one occasion, after performing this feat, Mr. Tupman, on opening his eyes, beheld a plump partridge in the act of falling wounded to the ground. He was on the point of congratulating Mr. Wardle on his invariable success, when that gentleman advanced towards him, and grasped him warmly by the hand.

"Tupman!" said the old gentleman, "you singled out that particular bird?"

"No," said Mr. Tupman—"no."

"You did," said Wardle. "I saw you do it—I observed you pick him out—I noticed you as you raised your piece to take aim: and I will say this, that the best shot in existence could not have done it more beautifully. You are an older hand at this than I thought you, Tupman: you have been out before."

It was in vain for Mr. Tupman to protest, with a smile of self-denial, that he never had. The very smile was taken as evidence to the contrary; and from that time forth his reputation was established. It is not the only reputation that has been acquired as easily, nor are such fortunate circumstances confined to partridge-shooting.

Meanwhile, Mr. Winkle, flashed, and

blazed, and smoked away, without producing any material results worthy of being noted down; sometimes expending his charge in mid-air, and at others sending it skimming along so near the surface of the ground as to place the lives of the two dogs on a rather uncertain and precarious tenure. As a display of fancy shooting, it was extremely varied and curious; as an exhibition of firing with any precise object, it was, upon the whole, perhaps a failure. It is an established axiom that "every bullet has its billet." If it apply in an equal degree to shot, those of Mr. Winkle were unfortunate foundlings, deprived of their natural rights, cast loose upon the world, and billeted nowhere.

"Well," said Wardle, walking up to the side of the barrow, and wiping the streams of perspiration from his jolly red face; "smoking day, isn't it?"

"It is indeed," replied Mr. Pickwick. "The sun is tremendously hot, even to me. I don't know how you must feel it."

"Why," said the old gentleman, "pretty hot. It's past twelve, though. You see that green hill there?"

"Certainly."

"That's the place where we are to lunch; and, by Jove, there's the boy with the basket, punctual as clockwork."

"So he is," said Mr. Pickwick, brightening up. "Good boy that. I'll give him a shilling presently. Now, then, Sam, wheel away."

"Hold on, sir," said Mr. Weller, invigorated with the prospect of refreshments. "Out of the way, young leathers. If you walley my precious life don't upset me, as the gen'l'm'n said to the driver when they was a carryin' him to Tyburn." And quickening his pace to a sharp run, Mr. Weller wheeled his master nimbly to the green hill, shot him dexterously out by the very side of the basket, and proceeded to unpack it with the utmost despatch.

"Weal pie," said Mr. Weller, soliloquizing, as he arranged the eatables on the grass. "Wery good thing is weal pie, when you know the lady as made it, and is quite sure it an't kittens; and arter all, though, where's the odds, when they're so like weal that the wery piemen themselves don't know the difference?"

"Don't they, Sam?" said Mr. Pickwick.

"Not they, sir," replied Mr. Weller, touching his hat. "I lodged in the same house with a pieman once, sir, and a wery nice man he was—reg'lar clever chap, to—make pies out o' anything, he could. 'What a number o' cats you keep, Mr. Brooks,' says I, when I got intimate with him. 'Ah,' says he, 'I do—a good many,' says he. 'You must be wery fond o' cats,' says I. 'Other people is,' says he, a winkin' at me; 'they an't in season till the winter though,' says he. 'Not in season!' says I. 'No,' says he, 'fruits is in, cats is out.' 'Why, what do you mean?' says I. 'Mean?' says he. 'That I'll never be a party to the combination o' the butchers, to keep up the prices o' meat,' says he. 'Mr. Weller,' says he, a squeezing my hand wery hard, and vispering in my ear—'don't mention this here agin—but it's the seasonin' as does it. They're all made o' them noble animals,' says he, a pointin' to a wery nice little tabby kitten, 'and I seasons 'em for beef-steak, weal, or kidney, 'cordin' to the demand. And more than that,' says he, 'I can make a weal a beefsteak, or a beefsteak a kidney, or any one on 'em a mut-ton, at a minute's notice, just as the market changes, and appetites wary!'"

"He must have been a wery ingenious young man that, Sam," said Mr. Pickwick, with a slight shudder.

"Just was, sir," replied Mr. Weller, continuing his occupation of emptying the basket, "and the pies was beautiful. Tongue; well, that's a wery good thing when it an't a woman's. Bread—knuckle o' ham, reg'lar picter—cold beef in slices, wery good. What's in them stone jars, young touch-and-go?"

"Beer in this one," replied the boy, taking from his shoulder a couple of large stone bottles, fastened together by a leathern strap—"cold punch in t'other."

"And a wery good notion of a lunch it is, take it altogether," said Mr. Weller, surveying his arrangement of the repast with great satisfaction. "Now, gen'l'm'n, 'fall on,' as the English said to the French when they fixed bagginets."

It needed no second invitation to induce the party to yield full justice to the meal; and as little pressing did it require to induce Mr. Weller, the long game-keeper, and the two boys, to station themselves on the grass, at a little distance, and do good execution upon a decent



proportion of the viands. An old oak afforded a pleasant shelter to the group, and a rich prospect of arable and meadow land, intersected with luxuriant hedges, and richly ornamented with wood, lay spread out below them.

"This is delightful—thoroughly delightful!" said Mr. Pickwick, the skin of whose expressive countenance was rapidly peeling off with exposure to the sun.

"So it is: so it is, old fellow," replied Wardle. "Come; a glass of punch."

"With great pleasure," said Mr. Pickwick, the satisfaction of whose countenance, after drinking it, bore testimony to the sincerity of the reply.

"Good," said Mr. Pickwick, smacking his lips. "Very good. I'll take another. Cool; very cool. Come, gentlemen," continued Mr. Pickwick, still retaining his hold upon the jar, "a toast. Our friends at Dingley Dell."

The toast was drunk with loud acclamations.

"I'll tell you what I shall do to get up my shooting again," said Mr. Winkle, who was eating bread and ham with a pocket knife. "I'll put a stuffed partridge on the top of a post, and practice at it, beginning at a short distance, and lengthening it by degrees. I understand it's capital practice."

"I know a gen'l'man, sir," said Mr. Weller, "as did that, and begun at two yards; but he never tried it on agin; for he blowed the bird right clean away at the first fire, and nobody ever seed a feather on him arterwards."

"Sam," said Mr. Pickwick.

"Sir," replied Mr. Weller.

"Have the goodness to reserve your anecdotes till they are called for."

"Cert'nly, sir."

Here Mr. Weller winked the eye which was not concealed by the beer-can he was raising to his lips with such exquisiteness, that the two boys went into spontaneous convulsions, and even the long man condescended to smile.

"Well, that certainly is most capital cold punch," said Mr. Pickwick, looking earnestly at the stone bottle; "and the day is extremely warm, and—Tupman, my dear friend, a glass of punch?"

"With the greatest delight," replied Mr. Tupman; and having drank that glass, Mr. Pickwick took another, just to see whether there was any orange peel in

the punch, because orange peel always disagreed with him, and finding that there was not, Mr. Pickwick took another glass to the health of their absent friend, and then felt himself imperatively called on to propose another in honor of the punch compounder, unknown.

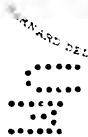
This constant succession of glasses produced considerable effect upon Mr. Pickwick, his countenance beamed with the most sunny smiles, laughter played around his lips, and good-humored merriment twinkled in his eye. Yielding by degrees to the influence of the exciting liquid, rendered more so by the heat, Mr. Pickwick expressed a strong desire to recollect a song which he had heard in his infancy, and the attempt proving abortive, sought to stimulate his memory with more glasses of punch, which appeared to have quite a contrary effect; for, from forgetting the words of the song, he began to forget how to articulate any words at all: and finally, after rising to his legs to address the company in an eloquent speech, he fell into the barrow and fast asleep, simultaneously.

The basket having been repacked, and it being found perfectly impossible to awaken Mr. Pickwick from his torpor, some discussion took place whether it would be better for Mr. Weller to wheel his master back again, or to leave him where he was, until they should all be ready to return. The latter course was at length decided on; and as the further expedition was not to exceed an hour's duration, and as Mr. Weller begged very hard to be one of the party, it was determined to leave Mr. Pickwick asleep in the barrow and call for him on their return. So away they went, leaving Mr. Pickwick snoring most comfortably, in the shade.

That Mr. Pickwick would have continued to snore in the shade until his friends came back, or, in default thereof, until the shades of evening had fallen on the landscape, there appears no reasonable cause to doubt; always supposing that he had been suffered to remain there in peace. But he was *not* suffered to remain there in peace. And this was what prevented him.

Captain Boldwig was a little fierce man in a stiff black neckerchief and blue sur-tout, who, when he did condescend to walk about his property, did it in com-





*Pickwick and the Cold Punch.*





pany with a thick rattan stick with a brass ferrule, and a gardener and sub-gardener with meek faces, to whom (the gardeners, not the stick) Captain Boldwig gave his orders with all due grandeur and ferocity: for Captain Boldwig's wife's sister had married a Marquis, and the Captain's house was a villa, and his land "grounds," and it was all very high, mighty, and great.

Mr. Pickwick had not been asleep half an hour when little Captain Boldwig, followed by the two gardeners, came striding along as fast as his size and importance would let him; and when he came near the oak tree, Captain Boldwig paused, and drew a long breath, and looked at the prospect as if he thought the prospect ought to be highly gratified at having him to take notice of it; and then he struck the ground emphatically with his stick, and summoned the head-gardener.

"Hunt," said Captain Boldwig.

"Yes, sir," said the gardener.

"Roll this place to-morrow morning—do you hear, Hunt?"

"Yes, sir."

"And take care that you keep me this place in good order—do you hear, Hunt?"

"Yes, sir."

"And remind me to have a board done about trespassers, and spring guns and all that sort of thing, to keep the common people out. Do you hear, Hunt; do you hear?"

"I'll not forget it, sir."

"I beg your pardon, sir," said the other man, advancing with his hand to his hat.

"Well, Wilkins, what's the matter with *you*?" said Captain Boldwig.

"I beg your pardon, sir—but I think there have been trespassers here to-day."

"Ha!" said the Captain, scowling around him.

"Yes, sir—they have been dining here, I think, sir."

"Why, confound their audacity, so they have," said Captain Boldwig, as the crumbs and fragments that were strewn upon the grass met his eye. "They have actually been devouring their food here. I wish I had the vagabonds here!" said the captain, clenching the thick stick. "I wish I had the vagabonds here," said the Captain, wrathfully.

"Beg your pardon, sir," said Wilkins, "but—"

"But what? Eh?" roared the Captain; and following the timid glance of Wilkins, his eyes encountered the wheelbarrow and Mr. Pickwick.

"Who are you, you rascal?" said the Captain, administering several pokes to Mr. Pickwick's body with the thick stick.

"What's your name?"

"Cold Punch," murmured Mr. Pickwick, as he sunk to sleep again.

"What?" demanded Captain Boldwig. No reply.

"What did he say his name was?" asked the Captain.

"Punch, I think, sir," replied Wilkins.

"That's his impudence, that's his confounded impudence," said Captain Boldwig. "He's only feigning to be asleep now," said the Captain in a high passion. "He's drunk; he's a drunken plebeian. Wheel him away, Wilkins, wheel him away directly."

"Where shall I wheel him to, sir?" inquired Wilkins with great timidity.

"Wheel him to the Devil," replied Captain Boldwig.

"Very well, sir," said Wilkins.

"Stay," said the Captain.

Wilkins stopped accordingly.

"Wheel him," said the Captain, "wheel him to the pound: and let us see whether he calls himself Punch when he comes to himself. He shall not bully me, he shall not bully me! Wheel him away."

Away Mr. Pickwick was wheeled in compliance with this imperious mandate; and the great Captain Boldwig, swelling with indignation, proceeded on his walk.

Inexpressible was the astonishment of the little party when they returned to find that Mr. Pickwick had disappeared, and taken the wheelbarrow with him. It was the most mysterious and unaccountable thing that was ever heard of. For a lame man to have got upon his legs without any previous notice, and walked off, would have been most extraordinary; but when it came to his wheeling a heavy barrow before him, by way of amusement it grew positively miraculous. They searched every nook and corner round, together and separately; they shouted, whistled, laughed, called—and all with the same result. Mr. Pickwick was not to be found. After some hours of fruitless search they arrived at the unwelcome conclusion that they must go home without him.

Meanwhile Mr. Pickwick had been wheeled to the Pound, and safely deposited therein, fast asleep in the wheelbarrow, to the immeasurable delight and satisfaction, not only of all the boys in the village, but three-fourths of the whole population, who had gathered round, in expectation of his waking. If their most intense gratification had been excited by seeing him wheeled in, how many hundredfold was their joy increased when, after a few indistinct cries of "Sam!" he sat up in the barrow, and gazed with indescribable astonishment on the faces before him!

A general shout was of course the signal of his having woke up; and his involuntary inquiry of "What's the matter?" occasioned another, louder than the first, if possible.

"Here's a game!" roared the populace.

"Where am I?" exclaimed Mr. Pickwick.

"In the Pound," replied the mob.

"How came I here? What was I doing? Where was I brought from?"

"Boldwig! Captain Boldwig!" was the only reply.

"Let me out," cried Mr. Pickwick. "Where's my servant? Where are my friends?"

"You an't got no friends. Hurrah!" Then there came a turnip, then a potato, and then an egg: with a few other little tokens of the playful disposition of the many-headed.

How long this scene might have lasted, or how much Mr. Pickwick might have suffered, no one can tell, had not a carriage, which was driven swiftly by, suddenly pulled up, from whence there descended old Wardle and Sam Weller, the former of whom, in far less time than it takes to write it, if not to read it, had made his way to Mr. Pickwick's side, and placed him in the vehicle, just as the latter had concluded the third and last round of a single combat with the town-beadle.

"Run to the Justice's"—cried a dozen voices.

"Ah, run away," said Mr. Weller, jumping up on the box. "Give my compliments—Mr. Veller's compliments—to the Justice, and tell him I've spiled his beadle, and that, if he'll swear in a new 'un, I'll come back again to-morrow and spile him. Drive on, old fellar."

"I'll give directions for the commencement of an action for false imprisonment against this Captain Boldwig, directly I get to London," said Mr. Pickwick, as soon as the carriage turned out of the town.

"We were trespassing, it seems," said Mr. Wardle.

"I don't care," said Mr. Pickwick, "I'll bring the action."

"No, you won't," said Wardle.

"I will, by—" but as there was a humorous expression in Wardle's face, Mr. Pickwick checked himself, and said: "Why not?"

"Because," said old Wardle, half bursting with laughter, "because they might turn round on some of us, and say we had taken too much cold punch."

Do what he would, a smile would come into Mr. Pickwick's face; the smile extended into a laugh; the laugh into a roar; the roar became general. So to keep up their good humor, they stopped at the first roadside tavern they came to, and ordered a glass of brandy and water all round, with a magnum of extra strength for Mr. Samuel Weller.

---

#### DODSON AND FOGG.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Come in, can't you!" cried a voice from behind the partition, in reply to Mr. Pickwick's gentle tap at the door. And Mr. Pickwick and Sam entered accordingly.

"Mr. Dodson or Mr. Fogg at home, sir?" inquired Mr. Pickwick, gently, advancing, hat in hand, towards the partition.

"Mr. Dodson ain't at home, and Mr. Fogg's particularly engaged," replied the voice; and at the same time the head to which the voice belonged, with a pen behind its ear, looked over the partition, and at Mr. Pickwick.

It was a ragged head, the sandy hair of which, scrupulously parted on one side, and flattened down with pomatum, was twisted into little semi-circular tails round a flat face ornamented with a pair of small eyes, and garnished with a very dirty shirt collar, and a rusty black stock.

"Mr. Dodson ain't at home, and Mr. Fogg's particularly engaged," said the man to whom the head belonged.

"When will Mr. Dodson be back, sir?" inquired Mr. Pickwick.

"Can't say."

"Will it be long before Mr. Fogg is disengaged, sir?"

"Don't know."

Here the man proceeded to mend his pen with great deliberation, while another clerk, who was mixing a Seidlitz powder, under cover of the lid of his desk, laughed approvingly.

"I think I'll wait," said Mr. Pickwick. There was no reply; so Mr. Pickwick sat down unbidden, and listened to the loud ticking of the clock and the murmured conversation of the clerks.

"That was a game, wasn't it?" said one of the gentlemen, in a brown coat and brass buttons, inky drabs, and bluchers, at the conclusion of some inaudible relation of his previous evening's adventures.

"Devilish good—devilish good," said the Seidlitz-powder man.

"Tom Cummins was in the chair," said the man with the brown coat; "It was half-past four when I got to Somers Town, and then I was so uncommon lushey, that I couldn't find the place where the latch-key went in, and was obliged to knock up the old 'ooman. I say, I wonder what old Fogg 'ud say, if he knew it. I should get the sack, I s'pose—eh?"

At this humorous notion, all the clerks laughed in concert.

"There was such a game with Fogg here, this mornin'," said the man in the brown coat, "while Jack was upstairs sorting the papers, and you two were gone to the stamp-office. Fogg was down here, opening the letters, when that chap as we issued the writ against at Camberwell, you know, came in—what's his name again?"

"Ramsey," said the clerk who had spoken to Mr. Pickwick.

"Ah, Ramsey—a precious seedy-looking customer. 'Well, sir,' says old Fogg, looking at him very fierce—you know his way—'well, sir, have you come to settle?' 'Yes, I have, sir,' said Ramsey, putting his hand in his pocket, and bringing out the money, 'the debt's two pound ten, and the costs three pound five, and here it is, sir;' and he sighed like bricks, as

he lugged out the money, done up in a bit of blotting paper. Old Fogg looked first at the money, and then at him, and then he coughed in his rum way, so that I knew something was coming. 'You don't know there's a declaration filed, which increases the costs materially, I suppose?' said Fogg. 'You don't say that, sir,' said Ramsey, starting back; 'the time was only out last night, sir.' 'I do say it, though,' said Fogg, 'my clerk's just gone to file it. Hasn't Mr. Jackson gone to file that declaration in Bullman and Ramsey, Mr. Wicks?' Of course I said yes, and then Fogg coughed again, and looked at Ramsey. 'My God!' said Ramsey; 'and here have I nearly driven myself mad, scraping this money together, and all to no purpose.' 'None at all,' said Fogg, coolly; 'so you had better go back and scrape some more together and bring it here in time.' 'I can't get it, by God!' said Ramsey, striking the desk with his fist. 'Don't bully me, sir,' said Fogg, getting into a passion on purpose. 'I am not bullying you, sir,' said Ramsey. 'You are,' said Fogg; 'get out, sir; get out of this office, sir, and come back, sir, when you know how to behave yourself.' Well, Ramsey tried to speak, but Fogg wouldn't let him, so he put the money in his pocket, and sneaked out. The door was scarcely shut, when old Fogg turned round to me, with a sweet smile on his face, and drew the declaration out of his coat pocket. 'Here, Wicks,' says Fogg, 'take a cab, and go down to the Temple as quick as you can, and file that. The costs are quite safe, for he's a steady man with a large family, at a salary of five-and-twenty shillings a week, and if he gives us a warrant of attorney, as he must in the end, I know his employers will see it paid; so we may as well get all we can out of him, Mr. Wicks; it's a Christian act to do it, Mr. Wicks, for with his large family and small income, he'll be all the better for a good lesson against getting into debt,—won't he, Mr. Wicks, won't he?'—and he smiled so good-naturedly as he went away, that it was delightful to see him. He is a capital man of business," said Wicks, in a tone of the deepest admiration, "capital, isn't he?"

The other three cordially subscribed to his opinion, and the anecdote afforded the most unlimited satisfaction.

"Nice men these here, sir," whispered



Mr. Weller to his master; 'wery nice notion of fun they has, sir.'

Mr. Pickwick nodded assent, and coughed to attract the attention of the young gentlemen behind the partition, who, having now relaxed their minds by a little conversation among themselves, condescended to take some notice of the stranger.

"I wonder whether Fogg's disengaged now?" said Jackson.

"I'll see," said Wicks, dismounting leisurely from his stool. "What name shall I tell Mr. Fogg?"

"Pickwick," replied the illustrious subject of these memoirs.

Mr. Jackson departed up stairs on his errand, and immediately returned with a message that Mr. Fogg would see Mr. Pickwick in five minutes; and having delivered it, returned again to his desk.

"What did he say his name was?" whispered Wicks.

"Pickwick," replied Jackson; "it's the defendant in Bardell and Pickwick."

A sudden scraping of feet, mingled with the sound of suppressed laughter, was heard from behind the partition.

"They're a twiggin' of you, sir," whispered Mr. Weller.

"Twigging of me, Sam!" replied Mr. Pickwick; "what do you mean by twigging me?"

Mr. Weller replied by pointing with his thumb over his shoulder, and Mr. Pickwick, on looking up, became sensible of the pleasing fact, that all the four clerks, with countenances expressive of utmost amusement, and with their heads thrust over the wooden screen, were minutely inspecting the figure and general appearance of the supposed trifler with female hearts, and disturber of female happiness. On his looking up, the row of heads suddenly disappeared, and the sound of pens travelling at a furious rate over paper, immediately succeeded.

A sudden ring at the bell which hung in the office, summoned Mr. Jackson to the apartment of Fogg, from whence he came back to say that he (Fogg) was ready to see Mr. Pickwick if he would step up stairs.

Up stairs Mr. Pickwick did step accordingly, leaving Sam Weller below. The room door of the one-pair back, bore inscribed in legible characters the imposing words "Mr. Fogg;" and, having tapped

thereat, and been desired to come in, Jackson ushered Mr. Pickwick into the presence.

"Is Mr. Dodson in?" inquired Mr. Fogg.

"Just come in, sir," replied Jackson.

"Ask him to step here."

"Yes, sir." Exit Jackson.

"Take a seat, sir," said Fogg; "there is the paper, sir; my partner will be here directly, and we can converse about this matter, sir."

Mr. Pickwick took a seat and the paper, but, instead of reading the latter, peeped over the top of it, and took a survey of the man of business, who was an elderly, pimply-faced, vegetable-diet sort of man, in a black coat, dark mixture trousers, and small black gaiters: a kind of being who seemed to be an essential part of the desk at which he was writing, and to have as much thought or sentiment.

After a few minutes' silence, Mr. Dodson, a plump, portly, stern-looking man, with a loud voice, appeared; and the conversation commenced.

"This is Mr. Pickwick," said Fogg.

"Ah! You are the defendant, sir, in Bardell and Pickwick?" said Dodson.

"I am, sir," replied Mr. Pickwick.

"Well, sir," said Dodson, "and what do you propose?"

"Ah!" said Fogg, thrusting his hands into his trousers' pockets, and throwing himself back in his chair, "what do you propose, Mr. Pickwick?"

"Hush, Fogg," said Dodson, "let me hear what Mr. Pickwick has to say."

"I came, gentlemen," said Mr. Pickwick, gazing placidly on the two partners, "I came here, gentlemen, to express the surprise with which I received your letter of the other day, and to inquire what grounds of action you can have against me."

"Grounds of—" Fogg had ejaculated thus much, when he was stopped by Dodson.

"Mr. Fogg," said Dodson, "I am going to speak."

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Dodson," said Fogg.

"For the grounds of action, sir," continued Dodson, with moral elevation in his air, "you will consult your own conscience and your own feelings. We, sir, we, are guided entirely by the statement of our client. That statement, sir, may

be true, or it may be false; it may be credible, or it may be incredible; but, if it be true, and if it be credible, I do not hesitate to say, sir, that our grounds of action, sir, are strong, and not to be shaken. You may be an unfortunate man, sir, or you may be a designing one; but if I were called upon, as a jurymen upon my oath, sir, to express an opinion of your conduct, sir, I do not hesitate to assert that I should have but one opinion about it." Here Dodson drew himself up, with an air of offended virtue, and looked at Fogg, who thrust his hands further in his pockets, and, nodding his head sagely, said in a tone of the fullest concurrence, "Most certainly."

"Well, sir," said Mr. Pickwick, with considerable pain depicted in his countenance, "you will permit me to assure you, that I am a most unfortunate man, so far as this case is concerned."

"I hope you are, sir," replied Dodson; "I trust you may be, sir. If you are really innocent of what is laid to your charge, you are more unfortunate than I had believed any man could possibly be. What do you say, Mr. Fogg?"

"I say precisely what you say," replied Fogg, with a smile of incredulity.

"The writ, sir, which commences the action," continued Dodson, "was issued regularly. Mr. Fogg, where is the *præcipe* book?"

"Here it is," said Fogg, handing over a square book, with a parchment cover.

"Here is the entry," resumed Dodson. "'Middlesex, Capias *Martha Bardell*, widow, v. *Samuel Pickwick*. Damages, £1500. Dodson and Fogg for the plaintiff, Aug. 28, 1830.' All regular, sir; perfectly." Dodson coughed and looked at Fogg, who said "Perfectly," also. And then they both looked at Mr. Pickwick.

"I am to understand, then," said Mr. Pickwick, "that it really is your intention to proceed with this action?"

"Understand, sir? That you certainly may," replied Dodson, with something as near a smile as his importance would allow.

"And that the damages are actually laid at fifteen hundred pounds?" said Mr. Pickwick.

"To which understanding you may add my assurance, that if we could have prevailed upon our client, they would have

been laid at treble the amount, sir:" replied Dodson.

"I believe Mrs. Bardell specially said, however," observed Fogg, glancing at Dodson, "that she would not compromise for a farthing less."

"Unquestionably," replied Dodson, sternly. "For the action was only just begun; and it wouldn't have done to let Mr. Pickwick compromise it then, even if he had been so disposed."

"As you offer no terms, sir," said Dodson, displaying a slip of parchment in his right hand, and affectionately pressing a paper copy of it on Mr. Pickwick with his left, "I had better serve you with a copy of this writ, sir. Here is the original, sir."

"Very well, gentlemen, very well," said Mr. Pickwick, rising in person and wrath at the same time; "you shall hear from my solicitor, gentlemen."

"We shall be very happy to do so," said Fogg, rubbing his hands.

"Very," said Dodson, opening the door.

"And before I go, gentlemen," said the excited Mr. Pickwick, turning round on the landing, "permit me to say that of all the disgraceful and rascally proceedings—"

"Stay, sir, stay," interposed Dodson, with great politeness. "Mr. Jackson! Mr. Wicks!"

"Sir," said the two clerks, appearing at the bottom of the stairs.

"I merely want you to hear what this gentleman says," replied Dodson. "Pray, go on, sir—disgraceful and rascally proceedings, I think you said?"

"I did," said Mr. Pickwick, thoroughly roused. "I said, sir, that of all the disgraceful and rascally proceedings that ever were attempted, this is the most so. I repeat it, sir."

"You hear that, Mr. Wicks?" said Dodson.

"You won't forget these expressions, Mr. Jackson?" said Fogg.

"Perhaps you would like to call us swindlers, sir," said Dodson. "Pray do, sir, if you feel disposed; now pray do, sir."

"I do," said Mr. Pickwick. "You are swindlers."

"Very good," said Dodson. "You can hear down there, I hope, Mr. Wicks?"

"Oh yes, sir," said Wicks.

"You had better come up a step or two higher, if you can't," added Mr. Fogg. "Go on, sir; do go on. You had better call us thieves, sir; or perhaps you would like to assault one of us. Pray do it, sir, if you would; we will not make the smallest resistance. Pray do it, sir."

As Fogg put himself very temptingly within the reach of Mr. Pickwick's clenched fist, there is little doubt that that gentleman would have complied with his earnest entreaty, but for the interposition of Sam, who, hearing the dispute, emerged from the office, mounted the stairs, and seized his master by the arm.

"You just come away," said Mr. Weller. "Battledore and shuttlecock's a wery good game, when you an't the shuttlecock and two lawyers the battledores, in which case it gets too excitin' to be pleasant. Come away, sir. If you want to ease your mind by blowing up somebody, come out into the court and blow up me; but it's rayther too expensive work to be carried on here."

And without the slightest ceremony, Mr. Weller hauled his master down the stairs, and down the court, and having safely deposited him in Cornhill, fell behind, prepared to follow whithersoever he should lead.

Mr. Pickwick walked on abstractedly, crossed opposite the Mansion House, and bent his steps up Cheapside. Sam began to wonder where they were going, when his master turned round, and said:

"Sam, I will go immediately to Mr. Perker's."

"That's just exactly the wery place vere you ought to have gone last night, sir," replied Mr. Weller.

"I think it is, Sam," said Mr. Pickwick.

"I know it is," said Mr. Weller.

"Well, well, Sam," replied Mr. Pickwick, "we will go there at once, but first, as I have been rather ruffled, I should like a glass of brandy and water warm, Sam. Where can I have it, Sam?"

Mr. Weller's knowledge of London was extensive and peculiar. He replied, without the slightest consideration:

"Second court on the right hand side—last house but vun on the same side the way—take the box as stands in the first fire-place, 'cos there an't no leg in the middle o' the table, wich all the others has, and it's wery inconwenient."

Mr. Pickwick observed his valet's directions implicitly, and bidding Sam follow him, entered the tavern he had pointed out, where the hot brandy and water was speedily placed before him; while Mr. Weller, seated at a respectful distance, though at the same table with his master, was accommodated with a pint of porter.

The room was one of a very homely description, and was apparently under the especial patronage of stage coachmen: for several gentlemen, who had all the appearance of belonging to that learned profession, were drinking and smoking in the different boxes. Among the number was one stout, red-faced, elderly man in particular, seated in an opposite box, who attracted Mr. Pickwick's attention. The stout man was smoking with great vehemence, but between every half-dozen puffs, he took his pipe from his mouth, and looked first at Mr. Weller and then at Mr. Pickwick. Then, he would bury in a quart pot, as much of this countenance as the dimensions of the quart pot admitted of its receiving, and take another look at Sam and Mr. Pickwick. Then he would take another half-dozen puffs with an air of profound meditation and look at them again. At last the stout man, putting up his legs on the seat, and leaning his back against the wall, began to puff at his pipe without leaving off at all, and to stare through the smoke at the new comers, as if he had made up his mind to see the most he could of them.

At first the evolutions of the stout man had escaped Mr. Weller's observation, but by degrees, as he saw Mr. Pickwick's eyes every now and then turning towards him, he began to gaze in the same direction, at the same time shading his eyes with his hand, as if he partially recognized the object before him, and wished to make quite sure of its identity. His doubts were speedily dispelled, however; for the stout man having blown a thick cloud from his pipe, a hoarse voice, like some strange effort of ventriloquism, emerged from beneath the capacious shawls which muffled his throat and chest, and slowly uttered these sounds—"Wy, Sammy!"

"Who's that, Sam?" inquired Mr. Pickwick.

"Why, I wouldn't ha' believed it, sir," replied Mr. Weller with astonished eyes. "It's the old 'un."

"Old one," said Mr. Pickwick. "What old one?"

"My father, sir," replied Mr. Weller. "How are you, my ancient?" With which beautiful ebullition of filial affection, Mr. Weller made room on the seat beside him, for the stout man, who advanced pipe in mouth, and pot in hand, to greet him.

"Wy, Sammy," said the father, "I han't seen you, for two year and better."

"Nor more you have, old codger," replied the son. "How's mother in law?"

"Wy, I'll tell you what, Sammy," said Mr. Weller, senior, with much solemnity in his manner; "there never was a nicer woman as a widder, than that 'ere second ventur o' mine—a sweet creetur she was, Sammy; all I can say on her now, is, that as she was such an uncommon pleasant widder, it's a great pity she ever changed her con-dition. She don't act as a wife, Sammy."

"Don't she, though?" inquired Mr. Weller junior.

The elder Mr. Weller shook his head, as he replied with a sigh, 'I've done it, once too often, Sammy; I've done it once too often. Take example by your father, my boy, and be wery careful o' widder's all your life, specially if they've kept a public-house, Sammy.' Having delivered this parental advice with great pathos, Mr. Weller senior re-filled his pipe from a tin box he carried in his pocket, and, lighting his fresh pipe from the ashes of the old one, commenced smoking at a great rate.

"Beg your pardon, sir," he said, renewing the subject, and addressing Mr. Pickwick, after a considerable pause, "nothin' personal, I hope, sir; I hope you han't got a widder, sir."

"Not I," replied Mr. Pickwick, laughing; and while Mr. Pickwick laughed, Sam Weller informed his parent in a whisper, of the relation in which he stood towards that gentleman.

"Beg your pardon, sir," said Mr. Weller, senior, taking off his hat, "I hope you've no fault to find with Sammy, sir?"

"None whatever," said Mr. Pickwick.

"Wery glad to hear it, sir," replied the old man; "I took a good deal o' pains with his eddication, sir; let him run in the streets when he was wery young, and shift for his-self. It's the only way to make a boy sharp, sir."

"Rather a dangerous process, I should imagine," said Mr. Pickwick, with a smile.

"And not a wery sure one, neither," added Mr. Weller; "I got reg'larly done the other day."

"No!" said his father.

"I did," said the son; and he proceeded to relate, in as few words as possible, how he had fallen a ready dupe to the stratagems of Job Trotter.

Mr. Weller senior listened to the tale with the most profound attention, and, at its termination, said:

"Worn't one o' these chaps slim and tall, with long hair, and the gift o' the gab wery gallopin'?"

Mr. Pickwick did not quite understand the last item of description, but, comprehending the first, said "Yes," at a venture.

"T'other's a black-haired chap in mulberry livery with a wery large head?"

"Yes, yes, he is," said Mr. Pickwick and Sam, with great earnestness.

"Then I know where they are, and that's all about it," said Mr. Weller; "they're at Ipswich, safe enough, them two."

"No!" said Mr. Pickwick.

"Fact," said Mr. Weller, "and I'll tell you how I know it. I work an Ipswich coach now and then for a friend o' mine. I worked down the wery day arter the night as you caught the rheumatiz, and at the Black Boy at Chelmsford—the wery place they'd come to—I took 'em up, right through to Ipswich, where the man servant—him in the mulberries—told me they was a goin' to put up for a long time."

"I'll follow him," said Mr. Pickwick; "we may as well see Ipswich as any other place. I'll follow him."

"Your'e quite certain it was them, governor?" inquired Mr. Weller, junior.

"Quite, Sammy, quite," replied his father, "for their appearance is wery sing'ler; besides that 'ere, I wondered to see the gen'lm'n so formiliar with his servant; and, more than that, as they sat in front, right behind the box, I heerd 'em laughing, and saying how they'd done old Fireworks."

"Old who?" said Mr. Pickwick.

"Old Fireworks, sir; by which, I've no doubt, they meant you, sir."

There is nothing positively vile or

atrocious in the appellation of "old Fire-works," but still it is by no means a respectful or flattering designation. The recollection of all the wrongs he had sustained at Jingle's hands had crowded on Mr. Pickwick's mind the moment Mr. Weller began to speak; it wanted but a feather to turn the scale, and, "old Fire-works" did it.

"I'll follow him," said Mr. Pickwick, with an emphatic blow on the table.

"I shall work down to Ipswich the day arter to-morrow, sir," said Mr. Weller the elder, "from the Bull in Whitechapel; and if you really mean to go, you'd better go with me."

"So we had," said Mr. Pickwick; "very true; I can write to Bury, and tell them to meet me at Ipswich. We will go with you. But don't hurry away, Mr. Weller; won't you take anything?"

"You're wery good, sir," replied Mr. W., stopping short; "perhaps a small glass of brandy to drink your health, and success to Sammy, sir, wouldn't be amiss."

"Certainly not," replied Mr. Pickwick. "A glass of brandy here!" The brandy was brought: and Mr. Weller, after pulling his hair to Mr. Pickwick, and nodding to Sam, jerked it down his capacious throat as if it had been a thimble-ful.

"Well done, father," said Sam, "take care, old fellow, or you'll have a touch of your old complaint, the gout."

"I've found a sov'rin' cure for that, Sammy," said Mr. Weller, setting down the glass.

"A sovereign cure for the gout," said Mr. Pickwick, hastily producing his notebook—"what is it?"

"The gout, sir," replied Mr. Weller, "the gout is a complaint as arises from too much ease and comfort. If ever you're attacked with the gout, sir, jist you marry a widder as has got a good loud voice, with a decent notion of usin' it, and you'll never have the gout agin. It's a capital prescription, sir. I takes it reg'lar, and I can warrant it to drive away any illness as is caused by too much jollity." Having imparted this valuable secret, Mr. Weller drained his glass once more, produced a labored wink, sighed deeply, and slowly retired.

"Well, what do you think of what your father says, Sam?" inquired Mr. Pickwick, with a smile.

"Think, sir!" replied Mr. Weller; "why, I think he's the wictim o' connubiality, as Blue Beard's domestic chaplain said, with a tear of pity, ven he buried him."

There was no replying to this very apposite conclusion, and, therefore, Mr. Pickwick, after settling the reckoning, resumed his walk to Gray's Inn. By the time he reached its secluded groves, however, eight o'clock had struck, and the unbroken stream of gentlemen in muddy high-lows, soiled white hats, and rusty apparel, who were pouring towards the different avenues of egress, warned him that the majority of the offices had closed for that day.

After climbing two pairs of steep and dirty stairs, he found his anticipations were realized. Mr. Perker's "outer door" was closed; and the dead silence which followed Mr. Weller's repeated kicks thereat, announced that the officials had retired from business for the night.

"This is pleasant, Sam," said Mr. Pickwick; "I shouldn't lose an hour in seeing him; I shall not be able to get one wink of sleep to-night, I know, unless I have the satisfaction of reflecting that I have confided this matter to a professional man."

"Here's an old 'ooman comin' upstairs, sir," replied Mr. Weller; "p'raps she knows where we can find somebody. Hallo, old lady, vere's Mr. Perker's people?"

"Mr. Perker's people," said a thin, miserable-looking old woman, stopping to recover breath after the ascent of the staircase, "Mr. Perker's people's gone, and I'm a goin' to do the office out."

"Are you Mr. Perker's servant?" inquired Mr. Pickwick.

"I am Mr. Perker's laundress," replied the old woman.

"Ah," said Mr. Pickwick, half aside to Sam, "it's a curious circumstance, Sam, that they call the old women in these inns, laundresses. I wonder what that's for."

"'Cos they has a mortal aversion to washing anythin', I suppose sir," replied Mr. Weller.

"I shouldn't wonder," said Mr. Pickwick, looking at the old woman, whose appearance, as well as the condition of the office, which she had by this time opened, indicated a rooted antipathy to

the application of soap and water: "do you know where I can find Mr. Perker, my good woman?"

"No, I don't," replied the old woman, gruffly; "he's out o' town now."

"That's unfortunate," said Mr. Pickwick; "where's his clerk? Do you know?"

"Yes, I know where he is, but he won't thank me for telling you," replied the laundress.

"I have very particular business with him," said Mr. Pickwick.

"Won't it do in the morning?" said the woman.

"Not so well," replied Mr. Pickwick.

"Well," said the old woman, "if it was anything very particular, I was to say where he was, so I suppose there's no harm in telling. If you just go to the Magpie and Stump, and ask at the bar for Mr. Lowten, they'll show you in to him, and he's Mr. Perker's clerk."

With this direction, and having been furthermore informed that the hostelry in question was situated in a court, happy in the double advantages of being in the vicinity of Clare Market, and closely approximating to the back of New Inn, Mr. Pickwick and Sam descended the rickety staircase in safety, and issued forth in quest of the Magpie and Stump.

This favored tavern, sacred to the evening orgies of Mr. Lowten, and his companions, was what ordinary people would designate a public-house. That the landlord was a man of a money-making turn, was sufficiently testified by the fact of a small bulk-head beneath the tap-room window, in size and shape not unlike a sedan-chair, being underlet to a mender of shoes: and that he was a being of philanthropic mind, was evident from the protection he afforded to a pie-man, who vended his delicacies without fear of interruption on the very door-step. In the lower windows, which were decorated with curtains of a saffron hue, dangled two or three printed cards, bearing reference to Devonshire cider and Dantzic spruce, while a large black board, announcing in white letters to an enlightened public that there were 500,000 barrels of double stout in the cellars of the establishment, left the mind in a state of not unpleasant doubt and uncertainty as to the precise direction in the bowels of the earth, in which this mighty cavern might be supposed to extend. When we add,

that the weather-beaten sign-board bore the half-obliterated semblance of a magpie intently eyeing a crooked streak of brown paint, which the neighbors had been taught from infancy to consider as the "stump," we have said all that need be said of the exterior of the edifice.

On Mr. Pickwick's presenting himself at the bar, an elderly female emerged from behind a screen therein, and presented herself before him.

"Is Mr. Lowten here, ma'am?" inquired Mr. Pickwick.

"Yes he is, sir," replied the landlady.

"Here, Charley, show the gentleman in to Mr. Lowten."

"The gen'l'm'n can't go in just now," said a shambling pot-boy, with a red head, "'cos Mr. Lowten's singin' a comic song, and he'll put him out. He'll be done d'rectly, sir."

The red-heated pot-boy had scarcely finished speaking, when a most unanimous hammering of tables, and jingling of glasses, announced that the song had that instant terminated; and Mr. Pickwick, after desiring Sam to solace himself in the tap, suffered himself to be conducted into the presence of Mr. Lowten.

At the announcement of "gentleman to speak to you, sir," a puffy-faced young man, who filled the chair at the head of the table, looked with some surprise in the direction from whence the voice proceeded; and the surprise seemed to be by no means diminished, when his eyes rested on an individual whom he had never seen before.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Mr. Pickwick, "and I am very sorry to disturb the other gentlemen, too, but I come on very particular business; and if you will suffer me to detain you at this end of the room for five minutes, I shall be very much obliged to you."

The puffy-faced young man rose, and drawing a chair close to Mr. Pickwick in an obscure corner of the room, listened attentively to his tale of woe.

"Ah," he said, when Mr. Pickwick had concluded, "Dodson and Fogg—sharp practice theirs—capital men of business, Dodson and Fogg, sir."

Mr. Pickwick admitted the sharp practice of Dodson and Fogg, and Lowten resumed.

"Perker ain't in town, and he won't be, neither, before the end of next week;

but if you want the action defended, and will leave the copy with me, I can do all that's needful till he comes back."

"That's exactly what I came here for," said Mr. Pickwick, handing over the document. "If anything particular occurs, you can write to me at the post-office, Ipswich."

"That's all right," replied Mr. Perker's clerk; and then seeing Mr. Pickwick's eye wandering curiously towards the table, he added, "Will you join us, for half-an-hour or so? We are capital company here to-night. There's Samkin and Green's managing-clerk, and Smithers and Price's chancery, and Pimkin and Thomas's out o' door—sings a capital song, he does—and Jack Bamber, and ever so many more. You're come out of the country, I suppose. Would you like to join us?"

Mr. Pickwick could not resist so tempting an opportunity of studying human nature. He suffered himself to be led to the table, where, after having been introduced to the company in due form, he was accommodated with a seat near the chairman, and called for a glass of his favorite beverage.

A profound silence, quite contrary to Mr. Pickwick's expectation, succeeded.

"You don't find this sort of thing disagreeable, I hope, sir?" said his right hand neighbor, a gentleman in a checked shirt, and Mosaic studs, with a cigar in his mouth.

"Not in the least," replied Mr. Pickwick, "I like it very much, although I am no smoker myself."

"I should be very sorry to say I wasn't," interposed another gentleman on the opposite side of the table. "It's board and lodging to me, is smoke."

Mr. Pickwick glanced at the speaker, and thought that if it were washing too, it would be all the better.

Here there was another pause. Mr. Pickwick was a stranger, and his coming had evidently cast a damp upon the party.

"Mr. Grundy's going to oblige the company with a song," said the chairman.

"No he ain't," said Mr. Grundy.

"Why not?" said the chairman.

"Because he can't," said Mr. Grundy.

"You had better say he won't," replied the chairman.

"Well, then, he won't," retorted Mr.

Grundy. Mr. Grundy's positive refusal to gratify the company, occasioned another silence.

"Won't anybody enliven us?" said the chairman, despondingly.

"Why don't you enliven us yourself, Mr. Chairman?" said a young man with a whisker, a squint, and an open shirt collar (dirty), from the bottom of the table.

"Hear! hear!" said the smoking gentleman in the Mosaic jewelry.

"Because I only know one song, and I have sung it already, and it's a fine of 'glasses round' to sing the same song twice in a night," replied the chairman.

This was an unanswerable reply, and silence prevailed again.

"I have been to-night, gentlemen," said Mr. Pickwick, hoping to start a subject which all the company could take a part in discussing, "I have been to-night in a place which you all know very well, doubtless, but which I have not been in before for some years, and know very little of; I mean Gray's Inn, gentlemen. Curious little nooks in a great place, like London, these old Inns are."

"By Jove," said the chairman, whispering across the table to Mr. Pickwick, "you have hit upon something that one of us, at least, would talk upon for ever. You'll draw old Jack Bamber out; he was never heard to talk about anything else but the Inns, and he has lived alone in them till he's half crazy."

The individual to whom Lowten alluded, was a little yellow high-shouldered man, whose countenance, from his habit of stooping forward when silent, Mr. Pickwick had not observed before. He wondered though, when the old man raised his shrivelled face, and bent his gray eye upon him, with a keen inquiring look, that such remarkable features could have escaped his attention for a moment. There was a fixed grim smile perpetually on his countenance; he leant his chin on a long skinny hand, with nails of extraordinary length; and as he inclined his head to one side, and looked keenly out from beneath his ragged gray eyebrows, there was a strange, wild slyness in his leer, quite repulsive to behold.

This was the figure that now started forward, and burst into an animated torrent of words.

[While Mr. Pickwick was stopping at the Great White Horse at Ipswich, he met with an adventure which had a somewhat important bearing on the subsequent trial of *Bardell v. Pickwick*.]

"This is your room, sir," said the chamber-maid.

"Very well," replied Mr. Pickwick, looking round him. It was a tolerably large double-bedded room, with a fire; upon the whole, a more comfortable-looking apartment than Mr. Pickwick's short experience of the accommodations of the Great White Horse had led him to expect.

"Nobody sleeps in the other bed, of course," said Mr. Pickwick.

"Oh, no, sir."

"Very good. Tell my servant to bring me up some hot water at half-past eight in the morning, and that I shall not want him any more to-night."

"Yes, sir." And bidding Mr. Pickwick good night, the chamber-maid retired, and left him alone.

Mr. Pickwick sat himself down in a chair before the fire, and fell into a train of rambling meditations. First he thought of his friends, and wondered when they would join him; then his mind reverted to Mrs. Martha Bardell; and from that lady it wandered, by a natural process, to the dingy counting-house of Dodson and Fogg. From Dodson and Fogg's it flew off at a tangent, to the very centre of the history of the queer client; and then it came back to the Great White Horse at Ipswich, with sufficient clearness to convince Mr. Pickwick that he was falling asleep. So he roused himself, and began to undress, when he recollected he had left his watch on the table down stairs.

Now, this watch was a special favorite with Mr. Pickwick, having been carried about, beneath the shadow of his waistcoat, for a greater number of years than we feel called upon to state at present. The possibility of going to sleep, unless it were ticking gently beneath his pillow, or in the watch-pocket over his head, had never entered Mr. Pickwick's brain. So as it was pretty late now and he was unwilling to ring his bell at that hour of the night, he slipped on his coat, of which he had just divested himself, and taking the japanned candle-stick in his hand, walked quietly down stairs.

The more stairs Mr. Pickwick went down, the more stairs there seemed to be

to descend, and again and again, when Mr. Pickwick got into some narrow passage, and began to congratulate himself on having gained the ground-floor, did another flight of stairs appear before his astonished eyes. At last he reached a stone hall, which he remembered to have seen when he entered the house. Passage after passage did he explore; room after room did he peep into; at length, as he was on the point of giving up the search in despair, he opened the door of the identical room in which he had spent the evening, and beheld his missing property on the table.

Mr. Pickwick seized the watch in triumph, and proceeded to re-trace his steps to his bed-chamber. If his progress downward had been attended with difficulties and uncertainty, his journey back was infinitely more perplexing. Rows of doors, garnished with boots of every shape, make, and size, branched off in every possible direction. A dozen times did he softly turn the handle of some bed-room door which resembled his own, when a gruff cry from within of "Who the devil's that?" or "What do you want here?" caused him to steal away, on tiptoe, with a perfectly marvellous celerity. He was reduced to the verge of despair, when an open door attracted his attention. He peeped in. Right at last! There were the two beds, whose situation he perfectly remembered, and the fire still burning. His candle, not a long one when he first received it, had flickered away in the drafts of air through which he had passed, and sank into the socket as he closed the door after him. "No matter," said Mr. Pickwick, "I can undress myself just as well by the light of the fire."

The bedsteads stood one on each side of the door; and on the inner side of each was a little path, terminating in a rush-bottomed chair, just wide enough to admit of a person's getting into, or out of bed, on that side, if he or she thought proper. Having carefully drawn the curtains of his bed on the outside, Mr. Pickwick sat down on the rush-bottomed chair, and leisurely divested himself of his shoes and gaiters. He then took off and folded up his coat, waistcoat, and neck-cloth, and slowly drawing on his tasseled night-cap, secured it firmly on his head, by tying beneath his chin the



strings which he always had attached to that article of dress. It was at this moment that the absurdity of his recent bewilderment struck upon his mind. Throwing himself back in the rush-bottomed chair, Mr. Pickwick laughed to himself so heartily, that it would have been quite delightful to any man of well-constituted mind to have watched the smiles that expanded his amiable features as they shone forth from beneath the night-cap.

"It is the best idea," said Mr. Pickwick to himself, smiling till he almost cracked the night cap strings: "it is the best idea, my losing myself in this place, and wandering about those staircases, that I ever heard of. Droll, droll, very droll." Here Mr. Pickwick smiled again, a broader smile than before, and was about to continue the process of undressing, in the best possible humor, when he was suddenly stopped by a most unexpected interruption; to wit, the entrance into the room of some person with a candle, who, after locking the door, advanced to the dressing table, and set down the light upon it.

The smile that played on Mr. Pickwick's features was instantaneously lost in a look of the most unbounded and wonder-stricken surprise. The person, whoever it was, had come in so suddenly and with so little noise, that Mr. Pickwick had had no time to call out, or oppose their entrance. Who could it be? A robber? Some evil-minded person who had seen him come up stairs with a handsome watch in his hand, perhaps. What was he to do!

The only way in which Mr. Pickwick could catch a glimpse of his mysterious visitor with the least danger of being seen himself, was by creeping on to the bed, and peeping out from between the curtains on the opposite side. To this manoeuvre he accordingly resorted. Keeping the curtains carefully closed with his hand, so that nothing more of him could be seen than his face and night-cap, and putting on his spectacles, he mustered up courage, and looked out.

Mr. Pickwick almost fainted with horror and dismay. Standing before the dressing-glass was a middle-aged lady, in yellow curl-papers, busily engaged in brushing what ladies call their "back hair." However the unconscious middle-

aged lady came into that room, it was quite clear that she contemplated remaining there for the night; for she had brought a rushlight and shade with her, which, with praiseworthy precaution against fire, she had stationed in a basin on the floor, where it was glimmering away, like a gigantic light-house in a particularly small piece of water.

"Bless my soul," thought Mr. Pickwick, "what a dreadful thing?"

"Hem!" said the lady; and in went Mr. Pickwick's head with automaton-like rapidity.

"I never met with anything so awful as this," thought poor Mr. Pickwick, the cold perspiration starting in drops upon his night-cap. "Never. This is fearful."

It was quite impossible to resist the urgent desire to see what was going forward. So out went Mr. Pickwick's head again. The prospect was worse than before. The middle-aged lady had finished arranging her hair; had carefully enveloped it in a muslin night-cap with a small plaited border; and was gazing pensively on the fire.

"This matter is growing alarming," reasoned Mr. Pickwick with himself. "I can't allow things to go on in this way. By the self-possession of that lady it is clear to me that I must have come into the wrong room. If I call out she'll alarm the house; but if I remain here the consequences will be still more frightful."

Mr. Pickwick, it is quite unnecessary to say, was one of the most modest and delicate-minded of mortals. The very idea of exhibiting his night-cap to a lady overpowered him, but he had tied those confounded strings in a knot, and, do what he would he couldn't get it off. The disclosure must be made. There was only one other way of doing it. He shrunk behind the curtains, and called out very loudly:

"Ha—hum?"

That the lady started at this unexpected sound was evident, by her falling up against the rushlight shade; that she persuaded herself it must have been the effect of imagination was equally clear, for when Mr. Pickwick, under the impression that she had fainted away stone-dead from fright, ventured to peep out again, she was gazing pensively on the fire as before.

"Most extraordinary female this," thought Mr. Pickwick, popping in again "Ha—hum?"

These last sounds, so like those in which, as legends inform us, the ferocious giant Blunderbore was in the habit of expressing his opinion that it was time to lay the cloth, were too distinctly audible to be again mistaken for the workings of fancy.

"Gracious Heaven!" said the middle-aged lady, "what's that?"

"It's—it's—only a gentleman, Ma'am," said Mr. Pickwick from behind the curtains.

"A gentleman!" said the lady with a terrific scream.

"It's all over!" thought Mr. Pickwick.

"A strange man!" shrieked the lady. Another instant and the house would be alarmed. Her garments rustled as she rushed towards the door.

"Ma'am," said Mr. Pickwick, thrusting out his head, in the extremity of his desperation, "Ma'am!"

Now although Mr. Pickwick was not actuated by any definite object in putting out his head, it was instantaneously productive of a good effect. The lady as we have already stated, was near the door. She must pass it, to reach the staircase, and she would most undoubtedly have done so by this time, had not the sudden apparition of Mr. Pickwick's night-cap driven her back into the remotest corner of the apartment, where she stood staring wildly at Mr. Pickwick, while Mr. Pickwick in his turn stared wildly at her.

"Wretch," said the lady, covering her eyes with her hands, "what do you want here?"

"Nothing, Ma'am; nothing, whatever, Ma'am;" said Mr. Pickwick earnestly.

"Nothing!" said the lady, looking up.

"Nothing, Ma'am, upon my honor," said Mr. Pickwick, nodding his head so energetically that the tassel of his night-cap danced again. "I am almost ready to sink, Ma'am, beneath the confusion of addressing a lady in my night-cap (here the lady hastily snatched off hers), but I can't get it off, Ma'am (here Mr. Pickwick gave it a tremendous tug, in proof of the statement). It is evident to me Ma'am, now, that I have mistaken this bed-room for my own. I had not been here five minutes, Ma'am, when you suddenly entered it."

"If this improbable story be really true, sir," said the lady, sobbing violently, "you will leave it instantly."

"I will, Ma'am, with the greatest pleasure," replied Mr. Pickwick.

"Instantly, sir," said the lady.

"Certainly, Ma'am," interposed Mr. Pickwick very quickly. "Certainly, Ma'am. I—I—am very sorry, Ma'am," said Mr. Pickwick, making his appearance at the bottom of the bed, "to have been the innocent occasion of this alarm and emotion; deeply sorry, Ma'am."

The lady pointed to the door. One excellent quality of Mr. Pickwick's character was beautifully displayed at this moment, under the most trying circumstances. Although he had hastily put on his hat over his night-cap, after the manner of the old patrol; although he carried his shoes and gaiters in his hand, and his coat and waistcoat over his arm; nothing could subdue his native politeness.

"I am exceedingly sorry, Ma'am," said Mr. Pickwick, bowing very low.

"If you are, sir, you will at once leave the room," said the lady.

"Immediately, Ma'am; this instant, Ma'am," said Mr. Pickwick, opening the door, and dropping both his shoes with a crash in so doing.

"I trust, Ma'am," resumed Mr. Pickwick, gathering up his shoes, and turning round to bow again: "I trust Ma'am that my unblemished character, and the devoted respect I entertain for your sex, will plead as some slight excuse for this"—But before Mr. Pickwick could conclude the sentence the lady had thrust him into the passage, and locked and bolted the door behind him.

Whatever grounds of self-congratulation Mr. Pickwick might have for having escaped so quietly from his awkward situation, his present position was by no means enviable. He was alone, in an open passage, in a strange house, in the middle of the night, half dressed; it was not to be supposed that he could find his way in perfect darkness to a room which he had been wholly unable to discover with a light, and if he made the slightest noise in his fruitless attempts to do so, he stood every chance of being shot at, and perhaps killed, by some wakeful traveller. He had no resource but to remain where he was until daylight appeared. So

after groping his way a few paces down the passage, and, to his infinite alarm, stumbling over several pair of boots in so doing, Mr. Pickwick crouched into a little recess in the wall, to wait for morning as philosophically as he might.

He was not destined, however, to undergo this additional trial of patience: for he had not been long ensconced in his present concealment when, to his unspeakable horror, a man bearing a light, appeared at the end of the passage. His horror was suddenly converted into joy, however, when he recognized the form of his faithful attendant. It was indeed Mr. Samuel Weller, who after sitting up thus late, in conversation with the Boots, who was sitting up for the mail, was now about to retire to rest.

"Sam," said Mr. Pickwick, suddenly appearing before him, "where's my bedroom?"

Mr. Weller stared at his master with the most emphatic surprise; and it was not until the question had been repeated three several times, that he turned round, and led the way to the long-sought apartment.

"Sam," said Mr. Pickwick as he got into bed, "I have made one of the most extraordinary mistakes to-night, that ever were heard of."

"Wery likely, sir," replied Mr. Weller drily.

"But of this I am determined, Sam," said Mr. Pickwick; "that if I were to stop in this house for six months, I would never trust myself about it, alone, again."

"That's the wery prudentest resolution as you could come to, sir," replied Mr. Weller. "You rayther want somebody to look arter you, sir, wen your judgment goes out a wisitin'."

"What do you mean by that, Sam?" said Mr. Pickwick. He raised himself in bed, and extended his hand, as if he were about to say something more; but suddenly checking himself, turned round, and bade his valet "Good night."

"Good night, sir," replied Mr. Weller. He paused when he got outside the door—shook his head—walked on—stopped—snuffed the candle—shook his head again—and finally proceeded slowly to his chamber, apparently buried in the profoundest meditation.

In a small room in the vicinity of the stable-yard, betimes in the morning,

which was ushered in by Mr. Pickwick's adventure with the middle-aged lady in the yellow curl-papers, sat Mr. Weller senior, preparing himself for his journey to London. He was sitting in an excellent attitude for having his portrait taken.

It is very possible that at some earlier period of his career, Mr. Weller's profile might have presented a bold and determined outline. His face, however, had expanded under the influence of good living, and a disposition remarkable for resignation; and its bold fleshy curves had so far extended beyond the limits originally assigned them, that unless you took a full view of his countenance in front, it was difficult to distinguish more than the extreme tip of a very rubicund nose. His chin, from the same cause, had acquired the grave and imposing form which is generally described by prefixing the word "double" to that expressive feature; and his complexion exhibited that peculiarly mottled combination of colors which is only to be seen in gentlemen of his profession, and in underdone roast beef. Round his neck he wore a crimson travelling shawl, which merged into his chin by such imperceptible gradations, that it was difficult to distinguish the folds of the one, from the folds of the other. Over this he mounted a long waistcoat of a broad pink-striped pattern, and over that again, a wide-skirted green coat, ornamented with large brass buttons, whereof the two which garnished the waist, were so far apart, that no man ever beheld them both at the same time. His hair, which was short, sleek and black, was just visible beneath the capacious brim of a low-crowned brown hat. His legs were encased in knee-cord breeches, and painted top-boots: and a copper watch-chain, terminating in one seal, and a key of the same material, dangled loosely from his capacious waistband.

We have said that Mr. Weller was engaged in preparing for his journey to London—he was taking sustenance, in fact. On the table before him, stood a pot of ale, a cold round of beef, and a very respectable-looking loaf, to each of which he distributed his favors in turn, with the most rigid impartiality. He had just cut a mighty slice from the latter, when the footsteps of somebody entering the room caused him to raise his head; and he beheld his son.

"Mornin', Sammy!" said the father.

The son walked up to the pot of ale, and nodding significantly to his parent, took a long draught by way of reply.

"Werry good power o' suction, Sammy," said Mr. Weller the elder, looking into the pot, when his first born had set it down half empty. "You'd ha' made an uncommon fine oyster, Sammy, if you'd been born in that station o' life."

"Yes, I des-say I should ha' managed to pick up a respectable livin'," replied Sam, applying himself to the cold beef, with considerable vigor.

"I'm wery sorry, Sammy," said the elder Mr. Weller, shaking up the ale, by describing small circles with the pot, preparatory to drinking, "I'm wery sorry, Sammy, to hear from your lips, as you let yourself be gammoned by that 'ere mulberry man. I always thought, up to three days ago, that the names of Veller and gammon could never come into contact, Sammy, never."

"Always exceptin' the case of a widdler, of course," said Sam.

"Widders, Sammy," replied Mr. Weller, slightly changing color—"Widders are 'ceptions to ev'ry rule. I have heerd how many ord'nary women, one widdler's equal to, in pint o' comin' over you. I think it's five-and-twenty, but I don't rightly know vether it an't more."

"Well; that's pretty well," said Sam.

"Besides," continued Mr. Weller, not noticing the interruption, "that's a wery different thing. You know what the counsel said, Sammy, as defended the gen'lem'n as beat his wife with the poker, venever he got jolly. 'And arter all, my Lord,' says he, 'it's a amable weakness.' So I says respectin' widders, Sammy, and so you'll say, ven you gets as old as me."

"I ought to ha' know'd better, I know," said Sam.

"Ought ha' know'd better!" repeated Mr. Weller, striking the table with his fist. "Ought to ha' know'd better! why, I know a young 'un as hasn't had half nor quarter your eddication—as hasn't slept about the markets, no, not six months—who'd ha' scorned to be let in, in such a vay; scorned it, Sammy." In the excitement of feeling produced by this agonizing reflection, Mr. Weller rang the bell, and ordered an additional pint of ale.

"Well, it's no use talking about it

now," said Sam. "It's over, and can't be helped, and that's one consolation, as they always say in Turkey, ven they cuts the wrong man's head off. It's my innings now, gov'rnor, and as soon as I catches hold o' this ere Trotter, I'll have a good 'un."

"I hope you will, Sammy. I hope you will," returned Mr. Weller. "Here's your health, Sammy, and may you speedily vipe off the disgrace as you've inflicted on the family name." In honor of this toast Mr. Weller imbibed at a draught, at least two-thirds of the newly arrived pint, and handed it over to his son to dispose of the remainder, which he instantaneously did.

"And now, Sammy," said Mr. Weller, consulting the large double-faced silver watch that hung at the end of the copper chain, "now it's time I was up at the office to get my vaybill, and see the coach loaded; for coaches, Sammy, is like guns—they requires to be loaded with wery great care, afore they go off."

At this parental and professional joke, Mr. Weller junior smiled a filial smile. His revered parent continued in a solemn tone:

"I'm a goin' to leave you, Samivel my boy, and there's no telling ven I shall see you again. Your mother-in-law may ha' been too much for me, or a thousand things may have happened by the time you next hears any news, o' the celebrated Mr. Veller o' the Bell Savage. The family name depends wery much upon you Samivel, and I hope you'll do wot's right by it. Upon all little pints o' breedin', I know I may trust you as vell as if it was my own self. So I've only this here one little bit of advice to give you. If ever you gets to up'ards o' fifty, and feels disposed to go a marryin' anybody—no matter who—jist you shut yourself up in your own room, if you've got one, and pisen yourself off hand. Hangin's wulgar, so don't you have nothin' to say to that. Pison yourself, Samivel my boy, pison yourself and you'll be glad on it arterwards." With these affecting words, Mr. Weller looked steadfastly on his son, and turning slowly upon his heel disappeared from his sight.

Having accomplished the main end and object of his journey, by the exposure of Jingle, Mr. Pickwick resolved on immediately returning to London,

with the view of becoming acquainted with the proceedings which had been taken against him, in the mean time, by Messrs. Dodson and Fogg. Acting upon this resolution with all the energy and decision of his character, he mounted to the back seat of the first coach which left Ipswich on the morning after the memorable occurrences detailed at length in the two preceding chapters; and accompanied by his three friends, and Mr. Samuel Weller, arrived in the metropolis, in perfect health and safety, the same evening.

Here the friends, for a short time separated. Messrs. Tupman, Winkle, and Snodgrass repaired to their several homes to make such preparations as might be requisite for their forthcoming visit to Dingley Dell; and Mr. Pickwick and Sam took up their present abode in very good, old-fashioned, and comfortable quarters: to wit, the George and Vulture Tavern and Hotel, George Yard, Lombard Street.

Mr. Pickwick had dined, finished his second pint of particular port, pulled his silk handkerchief over his head, put his feet on the fender, and thrown himself back in an easy chair, when the entrance of Mr. Weller with his carpet bag, aroused him from his tranquil meditations.

"Sam," said Mr. Pickwick.

"Sir," said Mr. Weller.

"I have just been thinking, Sam," said Mr. Pickwick, "that having left a good many things at Mrs. Bardell's, in Goswell Street, I ought to arrange for taking them away, before I leave town again."

"Wery good, sir," replied Mr. Weller.

"I could send them to Mr. Tupman's for the present, Sam," continued Mr. Pickwick, "but before we take them away, it is necessary that they should be looked up, and put together. I wish you would step up to Goswell Street, Sam, and arrange about it."

"At once, sir?" inquired Mr. Weller.

"At once," replied Mr. Pickwick.

"And stay, Sam," added Mr. Pickwick, pulling out his purse, "There is some rent to pay. The quarter is not due till Christmas, but you may pay it, and have done with it. A month's notice terminates my tenancy. Here it is, written out. Give it, and tell Mrs. Bardell she may put a bill up as soon as she likes."

"Wery good, sir," replied Mr. Weller; "anythin' more, sir?"

"Nothing more, Sam."

Mr. Weller stepped slowly to the door, as if he expected something more; slowly opened it, slowly stepped out, and had slowly closed it within a couple of inches, when Mr. Pickwick called out,

"Sam."

"Sir," said Mr. Weller, stepping quickly back, and closing the door behind him.

"I have no objection, Sam, to your endeavoring to ascertain how Mrs. Bardell herself seems disposed toward me, and whether it is really probable that this vile and groundless action is to be carried to extremity. I say I do not object to your doing this, if you wish it, Sam," said Mr. Pickwick.

Sam gave a short nod of intelligence, and left the room. Mr. Pickwick drew the silk handkerchief once more over his head, and composed himself for a nap. Mr. Weller promptly walked forth, to execute his commission.

It was nearly nine o'clock when he reached Goswell Street. A couple of candles were burning in the little front parlor, and a couple of caps were reflected on the window-blind. Mrs. Bardell had got company.

Mr. Weller knocked at the door, and after a pretty long interval—occupied by the party without, in whistling a tune, and by the party within, in persuading a refractory flat candle to allow itself to be lighted—a pair of small boots pattered over the floor-cloth, and Master Bardell presented himself.

"Well, young townskip," said Sam, "how's mother?"

"She's pretty well," replied Master Bardell, "so am I."

"Well, that's a mercy," said Sam; "tell her I want to speak to her, will you my hinfant fernomenon?"

Master Bardell, thus adjured, placed the refractory flat candle on the bottom stair, and vanished into the front parlor with his message.

The two caps, reflected on the window-blind, were the respective head-dresses of a couple of Mrs. Bardell's most particular acquaintance, who had just stepped in, to have a quiet cup of tea, and a little warm supper of a couple of sets of petticoats and some toasted cheese. The cheese was simmering and browning away, most delightfully, in a little Dutch oven before

the fire; the petticoats were getting on deliciously in a little tin saucepan on the hob; and Mrs. Bardell and her two friends were getting on very well, also, in a little quiet conversation about and concerning all their particular friends and acquaintance; when Master Bardell came back from answering the door, and delivered the message intrusted to him by Mr. Samuel Weller.

"Mr. Pickwick's servant!" said Mrs. Bardell, turning pale.

"Bless my soul!" said Mrs. Cluppins.

"Well, I raly would *not* ha' believed it, unless I had ha' happened to ha' been here!" said Mrs. Sanders.

Mrs. Cluppins was a little brisk, busy-looking woman; Mrs. Sanders was a big, fat, heavy-faced personage; and the two were the company.

Mrs. Bardell felt it proper to be agitated; and as none of the three exactly knew whether, under existing circumstances, any communication, otherwise than through Dodson and Fogg, ought to be held with Mr. Pickwick's servant, they were all rather taken by surprise. In this state of indecision, obviously the first thing to be done, was to thump the boy for finding Mr. Weller at the door. So his mother thumped him, and he cried melodiously.

"Hold your noise—do—you naughty creetur!" said Mrs. Bardell.

"Yes; don't worrit your poor mother," said Mrs. Sanders.

"She's quite enough to worrit her, as it is, without you, Tommy," said Mrs. Cluppins, with sympathizing resignation.

"Ah! worse luck, poor lamb!" said Mrs. Sanders.

At which moral reflections, Master Bardell howled the louder.

"Now what *shall* I do?" said Mrs. Bardell to Mrs. Cluppins.

"I think you ought to see him," replied Mrs. Cluppins. "But on no account without a witness."

"I think two witnesses would be more lawful," said Mrs. Sanders, who, like the other friend, was bursting with curiosity.

"Perhaps he'd better come in here," said Mrs. Bardell.

"To be sure," replied Mrs. Cluppins, eagerly catching at the idea. "Walk in, young man; and shut the street door first, please."

Mr. Weller immediately took the hint;

and presenting himself in the parlor, explained his business to Mrs. Bardell thus:

"Werry sorry to 'casion any personal inconvenience, ma'am, as the house-breaker said to the old lady when he put her on the fire; but as me and my governor's only jest come to town, and is jest goin' away agin, it can't be helped you see."

"Of course, the young man can't help the faults of his master," said Mrs. Cluppins, much struck by Mr. Weller's appearance and conversation.

"Certainly not," chimed in Mrs. Sanders, who, from certain wistful glances at the little tin saucepan, seemed to be engaged in a mental calculation of the probable extent of the petticoats, in the event of Sam's being asked to stop supper.

"So all I've come about, is jest this here," said Sam, disregarding the interruption; "first, to give my governor's notice—there it is. Secondly, to pay the rent—here it is. Thirdly, to say as all his things is to be put together, and give to anybody as we sends for 'em. Fourthly, that you may let the place as soon as you like—and that's all."

"Whatever has happened," said Mrs. Bardell, "I always have said, and always will say, that in every respect but one, Mr. Pickwick has always behaved himself like a perfect gentleman. His money always was as good as the bank; always."

As Mrs. Bardell said this, she applied her handkerchief to her eyes, and went out of the room to get the receipt.

Sam well knew that he had only to remain quiet, and the women were sure to talk; so he looked alternately at the tin saucepan, the toasted cheese, the wall, the ceiling, in profound silence.

"Poor dear!" said Mrs. Cluppins.

"Ah, poor thing!" replied Mrs. Sanders.

Sam said nothing. He saw they were coming to the subject.

"I raly cannot contain myself," said Mrs. Cluppins, "when I think of such perjury. I don't wish to say anything to make you uncomfortable, young man, but your master's an old brute, and I wish I had him here to tell him so."

"I wish you had," said Sam.

"To see how dreadful she takes on going moping about, and taking no pleasure in nothing, except when her friends

comes in, out of charity, to sit with her, and make her comfortable," resumed Mrs. Cluppins, glancing at the tin saucepan and the Dutch oven, "it's shocking!"

"Barbareous," said Mrs. Sanders.

"And your master, young man! A gentleman with money, as could never feel the expense of a wife, no more than nothing," continued Mrs. Cluppins, with great volubility; "why there ain't the faintest shade of an excuse for his behavior. Why don't he marry her?"

"Ah," said Sam, "to be sure; that's the question."

"Question, indeed," retorted Mrs. Cluppins; "she'd question him, if she'd my spirit. Hows'ever, there is law for us women, mis'able creeturs as they'd make us, if they could; and that your master will find out, young man, to his cost, afore he's six months older."

At this consolatory reflection, Mrs. Cluppins bridled up, and smiled at Mrs. Sanders, who smiled back again.

"The action's going on, and no mistake," thought Sam as Mrs. Bardell reentered with the receipt.

"Here's the receipt, Mr. Weller," said Mrs. Bardell, "and here's the change, and I hope you'll take a little drop of something to keep the cold out, if it's only for old acquaintance' sake, Mr. Weller."

Sam saw the advantage he should gain, and at once acquiesced; whereupon Mrs. Bardell produced, from a small closet, a black bottle and a wine glass; and so great was her abstraction, in her deep mental affliction, that, after filling Mr. Weller's glass, she brought out three more wine glasses, and filled them too.

"Lauk, Mrs. Bardell," said Mrs. Cluppins, "see what you have been and done!"

"Well, that is a good one!" ejaculated Mrs. Sanders.

"Ah, my poor head!" said Mrs. Bardell, with a faint smile.

Sam understood all this, of course, so he said at once, that he never could drink before supper, unless a lady drank with him. A great deal of laughing ensued, and Mrs. Sanders volunteered to humor him, so she took a slight sip out of her glass. Then Sam said it must go all around, so they all took a slight sip. Then little Mrs. Cluppins proposed as a

toast, "Success to Bardell agin Pickwick;" and then the ladies emptied their glasses in honor of the sentiment, and got very talkative directly.

"I suppose you've heard what's going forward, Mr. Weller," said Mrs. Bardell.

"I've heerd somethin' on it," replied Sam.

"It's a terrible thing to be dragged before the public, in that way, Mr. Weller," said Mrs. Bardell; "but I see now, that it's the only thing I ought to do, and my lawyers, Mr. Dodson and Fogg, tell me, that with the evidence as we shall call, we must succeed. I don't know what I should do, Mr. Weller, if I didn't."

The mere idea of Mrs. Bardell failing in her action, affected Mrs. Sanders so deeply, that she was under the necessity of refilling and re-emptying her glass immediately; feeling, as she said afterwards, that if she hadn't had the presence of mind to do so, she must have dropped.

"Ven is it expected to come on?" inquired Sam.

"Either in February or March," replied Mrs. Bardell.

"What a number of witnesses there'll be, won't there?" said Mrs. Cluppins.

"Ah, won't there!" replied Mrs. Sanders.

"And won't Mr. Dodson and Fogg be wild if the plaintiff shouldn't get it?" added Mrs. Cluppins, "when they do it all on speculation."

"Ah! won't they!" said Mrs. Sanders.

"But the plaintiff must get it," resumed Mrs. Cluppins.

"I hope so," said Mrs. Bardell.

"Oh, there can't be any doubt about it," rejoined Mrs. Sanders.

"Vell," said Sam, rising and setting down his glass, "all I can say is, that I wish you *may* get it."

"Thank'ee, Mr. Weller," said Mrs. Bardell fervently.

"And of them Dodson and Fogg, as does these sort o' things on spec," continued Mr. Weller, "as well as for the other kind and gen'rous people o' the same purfession, as sets people by the ears, free gratis for nothin', and sets their clerks to work to find out little disputes among their neighbors and acquaintances as vants settlin' by means o' law-suits—all I can say o' them is, that I wish they had the reward I'd give 'em."

"Ah, I wish they had the reward that every kind and generous heart would be inclined to bestow upon them!" said the gratified Mrs. Bardell.

"Amen to that," replied Sam, "and a fat and happy livin' they'd get out of it! Wish you good night, ladies."

To the great relief of Mrs. Sanders, Sam was allowed to depart without any reference, on the part of the hostess, to the petticoats and toasted cheese: to which the ladies, with such juvenile assistance as Master Bardell could afford, soon afterwards rendered the amplest justice—indeed they wholly vanished before their strenuous exertions.

Mr. Weller went his way back to the George and Vulture, and faithfully recounted to his master such indications of the sharp practice of Dodson and Fogg, as he had contrived to pick up in his visit to Mrs. Bardell's. An interview with Mr. Perker, next day, more than confirmed Mr. Weller's statement; and Mr. Pickwick was fain to prepare for his Christmas visit to Dingley Dell, with the pleasant anticipation that some two or three months afterwards, an action brought against him for damages sustained by reason of a breach of promise of marriage, would be publicly tried in the Court of Common Pleas; the plaintiff having all the advantages derivable, not only from the force of circumstances, but from the sharp practice of Dodson and Fogg to boot.

Scattered about, in various holes and corners of the Temple, are certain dark and dirty chambers, in and out of which, all the morning in Vacation, and half the evening too in Term time, there may be seen constantly hurrying with bundles of papers under their arms, and protruding from their pockets, an almost uninterrupted succession of Lawyers' Clerks. There are several grades of Lawyers' Clerks. There is the Articled Clerk, who has paid a premium, and is an attorney in perspective, who runs a tailor's bill, receives invitations to parties, knows a family in Gower Street, and another in Tavistock Square: who goes out of town every Long Vacation to see his father, who keeps live horses innumerable; and who is, in short, the very aristocrat of clerks. There is the salaried clerk—out of door or in door, as the case may be—who devotes the major part of his thirty shillings a week

to his personal pleasure and adornment, repairs half-price to the Adelphi Theatre at least three times a week, dissipates majestically at the cider cellars afterwards, and is a dirty caricature of the fashion which expired six months ago. There is the middle-aged copying clerk, with a large family, who is always shabby, and often drunk. And there are the office lads in their first surtouts, who feel a befitting contempt for boys at day-schools: club as they go home at night, for saveloys and porter: and think there's nothing like "life." There are varieties of the genus, too numerous to recapitulate, but however numerous they may be, they are all to be seen, at certain regulated business hours, hurrying to and from the places we have just mentioned.

These sequestered nooks are the public offices of the legal profession, where writs are issued, judgments signed, declarations filed, and numerous other ingenious machines put in motion for the torture and torment of His Majesty's liege subjects, and the comfort and emolument of the practitioners of the law. They are, for the most part, low-roofed, mouldy rooms, where innumerable rolls of parchment, which have been perspiring in secret for the last century, send forth an agreeable odor, which is mingled by day with the scent of the dry rot, and by night with the various exhalations which arise from damp cloaks, festering umbrellas, and the coarsest tallow candles.

About half-past seven o'clock in the evening, some ten days or a fortnight after Mr. Pickwick and his friends returned to London, there hurried into one of these offices, an individual in a brown coat and brass buttons, whose long hair was scrupulously twisted round the rim of his napless hat, and whose soiled drab trousers were so tightly strapped over his Blucher boots, that his knees threatened every moment to start from their concealment. He produced from his coat pockets a long and narrow strip of parchment, on which the presiding functionary impressed an illegible black stamp. He then drew forth four scraps of paper, of similar dimensions, each containing a printed copy of the strip of parchment with blanks for a name; and having filled up the blanks, put all the five documents in his pocket and hurried away.

The man in the brown coat, with the



cabalistic documents in his pocket, was no other than our old acquaintance Mr. Jackson, of the house of Dodson and Fogg, Freeman's Court, Cornhill. Instead of returning to the office from whence he came, however, he bent his steps direct to Sun Court, and walking straight into the George and Vulture, demanded to know whether one Mr. Pickwick was within.

"Call Mr. Pickwick's servant, Tom," said the barmaid of the George and Vulture.

"Don't trouble yourself," said Mr. Jackson, "I've come on business. If you'll show me Mr. Pickwick's room I'll step up myself."

"What name, sir?" said the waiter.

"Jackson," replied the clerk.

The waiter stepped up stairs to announce Mr. Jackson; but Mr. Jackson saved him the trouble by following close at his heels, and walking into the apartment before he could articulate a syllable.

Mr. Pickwick had, that day, invited his three friends to dinner; they were all seated round the fire, drinking their wine, when Mr. Jackson presented himself, as above described.

"How de do, sir?" said Mr. Jackson, nodding to Mr. Pickwick.

That gentleman bowed, and looked somewhat surprised, for the physiognomy of Mr. Jackson dwelt not in his recollection.

"I have called from Dodson and Fogg's," said Mr. Jackson, in an explanatory tone.

Mr. Pickwick roused at the name. "I refer you to my attorney, sir: Mr. Perker, of Gray's Inn," said he. "Waiter, show this gentleman out."

"Beg your pardon, Mr. Pickwick," said Jackson, deliberately depositing his hat on the floor, and drawing from his pocket the strip of parchment. "But personal service, by clerk or agent, in these cases, you know, Mr. Pickwick—nothing like caution, sir, in all legal forms?"

Here Mr. Jackson cast his eyes on the parchment; and resting his hands on the table, and looking round with a winning and persuasive smile, said: "Now, come; don't let's have no words about such a little matter as this. Which of you gentlemen's name's Snodgrass?"

At this inquiry Mr. Snodgrass gave such a very undisguised and palpable start, that no further reply was needed.

"Ah, I thought so," said Mr. Jackson, more affable than before. "I've got a little something to trouble you with, sir."

"Me!" exclaimed Mr. Snodgrass.

"It's only a *subpœna* in Bardell and Pickwick on behalf of plaintiff," replied Jackson, singling out one of the slips of paper, and producing a shilling from his waistcoat pocket. "It'll come on, in the settens after Term; fourteenth of February, we expect; we've marked it a special jury cause, and it's only ten down the paper. That's yours, Mr. Snodgrass." As Jackson said this he presented the parchment before the eyes of Mr. Snodgrass, and slipped the paper and the shilling into his hand.

Mr. Tupman had witnessed this process in silent astonishment, when Jackson, turning sharply upon him, said:

"I think I ain't mistaken when I say your name's Tupman, am I?"

Mr. Tupman looked at Mr. Pickwick; but, perceiving no encouragement in that gentleman's widely-opened eyes to deny his name, said:

"Yes, my name is Tupman, sir."

"And that other gentleman's Mr. Winkle, I think?" said Jackson.

Mr. Winkle faltered out a reply in the affirmative: and both gentlemen were forthwith invested with a slip of paper, and a shilling each, by the dexterous Mr. Jackson.

"Now," said Jackson, "I'm afraid you'll think me rather troublesome, but I want somebody else, if it ain't inconvenient. I have Samuel Weller's name here, Mr. Pickwick."

"Send my servant here, waiter," said Mr. Pickwick. The waiter retired, considerably astonished, and Mr. Pickwick motioned Mr. Jackson to a seat.

There was a painful pause, which was at length broken by the innocent defendant.

"I suppose, sir," said Mr. Pickwick, his indignation rising while he spoke; "I suppose, sir, that it is the intention of your employers to seek to criminate me upon the testimony of my own friends?"

Mr. Jackson struck his forefinger several times against the left side of his nose, to intimate that he was not there to disclose the secrets of the prison-house, and playfully rejoined:

"Not knowin', can't say."

"For what other reason, sir," pursued Mr. Pickwick, "are these subpoenas served upon them, if not for this?"

"Very good plant, Mr. Pickwick," replied Jackson, slowly shaking his head. "But it won't do. No harm in trying, but there's little to be got out of me."

Here Mr. Jackson smiled once more upon the company, and applying his left thumb to the tip of his nose, worked a visionary coffee-mill with his right hand: thereby performing a very graceful piece of pantomime (then much in vogue, but now, unhappily, almost obsolete) which was familiarly denominated "taking a grinder."

"No, no, Mr. Pickwick," said Jackson, in conclusion; "Perker's people must guess what we've served these subpoenas for. If they can't, they must wait till the action comes on, and then they'll find out."

Mr. Pickwick bestowed a look of excessive disgust on his unwelcome visitor, and would probably have hurled some tremendous anathema at the heads of Messrs. Dodson and Fogg, had not Sam's entrance at the instant interrupted him.

"Samuel Weller?" said Mr. Jackson, inquiringly.

"Vun o' the truest things as you've said for many a long year," replied Sam, in a most composed manner.

"Here's a subpoena for you, Mr. Weller," said Jackson.

"What's that in English?" inquired Sam.

"Here's the original," said Jackson, declining the required explanation.

"Which?" said Sam.

"This," replied Jackson, shaking the parchment.

"Oh, that's the 'rig'nal, is it?" said Sam.

"Well, I'm very glad I've seen the 'rig'nal, 'cos it's a gratifyin' sort o' thing, and eases vun's mind so much."

"And here's the shilling," said Jackson. "It's from Dodson and Fogg's."

"And it's uncommon handsome o' Dodson and Fogg, as knows so little of me to come down with a present," said Sam. "I feel it as a wery high compliment, sir; it's a wery hon'able thing to them, as they knows how to reward merit wenever they meets it. Besides wich, it's affectin' to one's feelin's."

As Mr. Weller said this, he inflicted a little friction on his right eye-lid, with the sleeve of his coat, after the most approved manner of actors when they are in domestic pathetics.

Mr. Jackson seemed rather puzzled by Sam's proceedings; but, as he had served the subpoenas, and had nothing more to say, he made a feint of putting on the one glove which he usually carried in his hand, for the sake of appearances; and returned to the office to report progress.

Mr. Pickwick slept little that night; his memory had received a very disagreeable refresher on the subject of Mrs. Bardell's action. He breakfasted betimes next morning, and desiring Sam to accompany him, set forth towards Gray's Inn Square.

"Sam!" said Mr. Pickwick, looking round when they got to the end of Cheap-side.

"Sir?" said Sam, stepping up to his master.

"Which way?"

"Up Newgate street."

Mr. Pickwick did not turn round immediately, but looked vacantly in Sam's face for a few seconds, and heaved a deep sigh.

"What's the matter, sir?" inquired Sam.

"This action, Sam," said Mr. Pickwick, "is expected to come on on the fourteenth of next month."

"Remarkable coincidence that 'ere, sir," replied Sam.

"Why, remarkable, Sam?" inquired Mr. Pickwick.

"Valentine's day, sir," responded Sam; "reg'lar good day for a breach o' promise trial."

Mr. Weller's smile awakened no gleam of mirth in his master's countenance. Mr. Pickwick turned abruptly round, and led the way in silence.

\* \* \* \* \*

Lowten, holding the door half open, was in conversation with a rustily-clad, miserable-looking man, in boots without toes and gloves without fingers. There were traces of privation and suffering—almost of despair—in his lank and careworn countenance; he felt his poverty, for he shrunk to the dark side of the stair-case as Mr. Pickwick approached.

"It's very unfortunate," said the stranger with a sigh.

"Very," said Lowten, scribbling his name on the door-post with his pen, and rubbing it out again with the feather. "Will you leave a message for him?"

"When do you think he'll be back?" inquired the stranger.

"Quite uncertain," replied Lowten, winking at Mr. Pickwick, as the stranger cast his eyes towards the ground.

"You don't think it would be of any use my waiting for him?" said the stranger, looking wistfully into the office.

"Oh no, I'm sure it wouldn't," replied the clerk, moving a little more into the centre of the door-way. "He's certain not to be back this week, and it's a chance whether he will be next; for when Perker once gets out of town, he's never in a hurry to come back again."

"Out of town!" said Mr. Pickwick; "dear me, how unfortunate!"

"Don't go away, Mr. Pickwick," said Lowten, "I've got a letter for you." The stranger seeming to hesitate, once more looked towards the ground, and the clerk winked slyly at Mr. Pickwick, as if to intimate that some exquisite piece of humor was going forward, though what it was Mr. Pickwick could not for the life of him divine.

"Step in, Mr. Pickwick," said Lowten. "Well, will you leave a message, Mr. Watty, or will you call again?"

"Ask him to be so kind as to leave out word what has been done in my business," said the man; "for God's sake don't neglect it, Mr. Lowten."

"No, no; I won't forget it," replied the clerk. "Walk in, Mr. Pickwick. Good morning, Mr. Watty; it's a fine day for walking, isn't it?" Seeing that the stranger still lingered, he beckoned Sam Weller to follow his master in, and shut the door in his face.

"There never was such a pestering bankrupt as that since the world began, I do believe!" said Lowten, throwing down his pen with the air of an injured man. "His affairs haven't been in Chancery quite four years yet, and I'm d—d if he don't come worrying here twice a week. Step this way Mr. Pickwick. Perker is in, and he'll see you, I know. Devilish cold," he added, pettishly, "standing at that door, wasting one's time with such seedy vagabonds!" Having very vehemently stirred a particularly large fire with a particularly small po-

ker, the clerk led the way to his principal's private room, and announced Mr. Pickwick.

"Ah, my dear sir," said little Mr. Perker, bustling up from his chair. "Well, my dear sir, and what's the news about your matter, eh? Anything more about our friends in Freeman's Court? They've not been sleeping, I know that. Ah, they're very smart fellows; very smart, indeed."

As the little man concluded, he took an emphatic pinch of snuff, as a tribute to the smartness of Messrs. Dodson and Fogg.

"They are great scoundrels," said Mr. Pickwick.

"Aye, aye," said the little man; "that's a matter of opinion, you know, and we won't dispute about terms; because of course you can't be expected to view these subjects with a professional eye. Well, we've done everything that's necessary. I have retained Serjeant Snubbin."

"Is he a good man?" inquired Mr. Pickwick.

"Good man!" replied Perker; "bless your heart and soul, my dear sir, Serjeant Snubbin is at the very top of his profession. Gets treble the business of any man in court—engaged in every case. You needn't mention it abroad; but we say—we of the profession—that Serjeant Snubbin leads the court by the nose."

The little man took another pinch of snuff as he made this communication, and nodded mysteriously to Mr. Pickwick.

"They have subpoena'd my three friends," said Mr. Pickwick.

"Ah! of course they would," replied Perker. "Important witnesses; saw you in a delicate situation."

"But she fainted of her own accord," said Mr. Pickwick. "She threw herself into my arms."

"Very likely, my dear sir," replied Perker; "very likely and very natural. Nothing more so, my dear sir, nothing. But who's to prove it?"

"They have subpoena'd my servant too," said Mr. Pickwick, quitting the other point; for there Mr. Perker's question had somewhat staggered him.

"Sam?" said Perker.

Mr. Pickwick replied in the affirmative.

"Of course, my dear sir; of course. I

knew they would. I could have told *you* that a month ago. You know, my dear sir, if you *will* take the management of your affairs into your own hands after intrusting them to your solicitor, you must also take the consequences." Here Mr. Perker drew himself up with conscious dignity, and brushed some stray grains of snuff from his shirt frill.

"And what do they want him to prove?" asked Mr. Pickwick, after two or three minutes' silence.

"That you sent him up to the plaintiff's to make some offer of a compromise, I suppose," replied Perker. "It don't matter much, though; I don't think many counsel could get a great deal out of *him*."

"I don't think they could," said Mr. Pickwick; smiling, despite his vexation, at the idea of Sam's appearance as a witness. "What course do we pursue?"

"We have only one to adopt, my dear sir," replied Perker; "cross-examine the witnesses; trust to Snubbin's eloquence; throw dust in the eyes of the judge; throw ourselves on the jury."

"And suppose the verdict is against me?" said Mr. Pickwick.

Mr. Perker smiled, took a very long pinch of snuff, stirred the fire, shrugged his shoulders, and remained expressively silent.

"You mean that in that case I must pay the damages?" said Mr. Pickwick, who had watched this telegraphic answer with considerable sternness.

Perker gave the fire another very unnecessary poke, and said "I am afraid so."

"Then I beg to announce to you my unalterable determination to pay no damages whatever," said Mr. Pickwick, most emphatically. "None, Perker. Not a pound, not a penny of my money shall find its way into the pockets of Dodson and Fogg. That is my deliberate and irrevocable determination." Mr. Pickwick gave a heavy blow on the table before him, in confirmation of the irrevocability of his intention.

"Very well, my dear sir, very well," said Perker. "You know best, of course."

"Of course," replied Mr. Pickwick hastily. "Where does Serjeant Snubbin live?"

"In Lincoln's Inn Old Square," replied Perker.

"I should like to see him," said Mr. Pickwick.

"See Serjeant Snubbin, my dear sir!" rejoined Perker, in utter amazement.

"Pooh, pooh, my dear sir, impossible! See Serjeant Snubbin! Bless you, my dear sir, such a thing was never heard of, without a consultation fee being previously paid, and a consultation fixed. It couldn't be done, my dear sir; it couldn't be done."

Mr. Pickwick, however, had made up his mind not only that it could be done, but that it should be done; and the consequence was, that within ten minutes after he had received the assurance that the thing was impossible, he was conducted by his solicitor into the outer office of the great Serjeant Snubbin himself.

It was an uncarpeted room of tolerable dimensions, with a large writing-table drawn up near the fire: the baize top of which had long since lost all claim to its original hue of green, and had gradually grown gray with dust and age, except where all traces of its natural color were obliterated by ink-stains. Upon the table were numerous little bundles of paper tied with red tape; and behind it, sat an elderly clerk, whose sleek appearance, and heavy gold watch-chain, presented imposing indications of the extensive and lucrative practice of Mr. Serjeant Snubbin.

"Is the Serjeant in his room, Mr. Mallard?" inquired Perker, offering his box with all imaginable courtesy.

"Yes, he is," was the reply, "but he's very busy. Look here; not an opinion given yet, on any one of these cases; and an expedition fee paid with all of 'em." The clerk smiled as he said this, and inhaled the pinch of snuff with a zest which seemed to be compounded of a fondness for snuff and a relish for fees.

"Something like practice that," said Perker.

"Yes," said the barrister's clerk, producing his own box, and offering it with the greatest cordiality; "and the best of it is, that as nobody alive except myself can read the Serjeant's writing, they are obliged to wait for the opinions, when he has given them, till I have copied 'em, ha—ha—ha!"

"Which makes good for we know who, besides the Serjeant, and draws a little more out of the clients, eh?" said Per-

ker; "Ha, ha, ha!" At this the Serjeant's clerk laughed again; not a noisy, boisterous laugh, but a silent, internal chuckle, which Mr. Pickwick disliked to hear. When a man bleeds inwardly, it is a dangerous thing for himself; but when he laughs inwardly, it bodes no good to other people.

"You haven't made me out that little list of the fees that I'm in your debt, have you?" said Perker.

"No, I have not," replied the clerk.

"I wish you would," said Perker. "Let me have them, and I'll send you a cheque. But I suppose you're too busy pocketing the ready money, to think of the debtors, eh? ha, ha, ha!" This sally seemed to tickle the clerk amazingly, and he once more enjoyed a little quiet laugh to himself.

"But, Mr. Mallard, my dear friend," said Perker, suddenly recovering his gravity, and drawing the great man's great man into a corner, by the lappel of his coat; "you must persuade the Serjeant to see me, and my client here."

"Come, come," said the clerk, "that's not bad either. See the Serjeant! come, that's too absurd." Notwithstanding the absurdity of the proposal, however, the clerk allowed himself to be gently drawn beyond the hearing of Mr. Pickwick; and after a short conversation conducted in whispers, walked softly down a little dark passage, and disappeared into the legal luminary's sanctum: whence he shortly returned on tiptoe, and informed Mr. Perker and Mr. Pickwick that the Serjeant had been prevailed upon, in violation of all established rules and customs, to admit them at once.

Mr. Serjeant Snubbin was a lantern-faced, sallow-complexioned man, of about five-and-forty, or—as the novels say—he might be fifty. He had that dull-looking boiled eye which is often to be seen in the heads of people who have applied themselves during many years to a weary and laborious course of study; and which would have been sufficient, without the additional eye-glass which dangled from a broad black riband round his neck, to warn a stranger that he was very near-sighted. His hair was thin and weak, which was partly attributable to his having never devoted much time to its arrangement, and partly to his having worn for five-and-twenty years the

forensic wig which hung on the block beside him. The marks of hair-powder on his coat-collar, and the ill-washed and worse tied white neckerchief round his throat, showed that he had not found leisure since he left the court to make any alteration in his dress: while the slovenly style of the remainder of his costume warranted the inference that his personal appearance would not have been very much improved if he had. Books of practice, heaps of papers, and opened letters, were scattered over the table, without any attempt at order or arrangement; the furniture of the room was old and rickety; the doors of the book-case were rotting in their hinges; the dust flew out from the carpet in little clouds at every step; the blinds were yellow with age and dirt; the state of every thing in the room showed, with a clearness not to be mistaken, that Mr. Serjeant Snubbin was far too much occupied with his professional pursuits to take any great heed or regard of his personal comforts.

The Serjeant was writing when his clients entered; he bowed abstractedly when Mr. Pickwick was introduced by his solicitor; and then, motioning them to a seat, put his pen carefully in the ink-stand, nursed his left leg, and waited to be spoken to.

"Mr. Pickwick is the defendant in Bardell and Pickwick, Serjeant Snubbin," said Perker.

"I am retained in that, am I?" said the Serjeant.

"You are, sir," replied Perker.

The Serjeant nodded his head, and waited for something else.

"Mr. Pickwick was anxious to call upon you, Serjeant Snubbin," said Perker, "to state to you, before you entered upon the case, that he denies there being any ground or pretence whatever for the action against him; and that unless he came into court with clean hands, and without the most conscientious conviction that he was right in resisting the plaintiff's demand, he would not be there at all. I believe I state your views correctly; do I not, my dear sir?" said the little man, turning to Mr. Pickwick.

"Quite so," replied that gentleman.

Mr. Serjeant Snubbin unfolded his glasses, raised them to his eyes; and, after looking at Mr. Pickwick for a few seconds with great curiosity, turned to

Mr. Perker, and said, smiling slightly as he spoke :

"Has Mr. Pickwick a strong case?"

The attorney shrugged his shoulders.

"Do you purpose calling witnesses?"

"No."

The smile on the Serjeant's countenance became more defined; he rocked his leg with increased violence; and, throwing himself back in his easy-chair, coughed dubiously.

These tokens of the Serjeant's presentiments on the subject, slight as they were, were not lost on Mr. Pickwick. He settled the spectacles, through which he had attentively regarded such demonstrations of the barrister's feelings as he had permitted himself to exhibit, more firmly on his nose; and said with great energy, and in utter disregard of all Mr. Perker's admonitory winkings and frownings:

"My wishing to wait upon you, for such a purpose as this, sir, appears, I have no doubt, to a gentleman who sees so much of these matters as you must necessarily do, a very extraordinary circumstance."

The Serjeant tried to look gravely at the fire, but the smile came back again.

"Gentlemen of your profession, sir," continued Mr. Pickwick, "see the worst side of human nature. All its disputes, all its ill-will and bad blood, rise up before you. You know from your experience of juries (I mean no disparagement to you, or them) how much depends upon *effect*: and you are apt to attribute to others, a desire to use, for purposes of deception and self-interest, the very instruments which you, in pure honesty and honor of purpose, and with a laudable desire to do your utmost for your client, know the temper and worth of so well, from constantly employing them yourselves. I really believe that to this circumstance may be attributed the vulgar but very general notion of your being, as a body, suspicious, distrustful, and over-cautious. Conscious as I am, sir, of the disadvantage of making such a declaration to you, under such circumstances, I have come here, because I wish you distinctly to understand, as my friend Mr. Perker has said, that I am innocent of the falsehood laid to my charge; and although I am very well aware of the inestimable value of your assistance, sir, I must beg

to add, that unless you sincerely believe this, I would rather be deprived of the aid of your talents than have the advantage of them."

Long before the close of this address, which we are bound to say was of a very prosy character for Mr. Pickwick, the Serjeant had relapsed into a state of abstraction. After some minutes, however, during which he had reassumed his pen, he appeared to be again aware of the presence of his clients; raising his head from the paper, he said rather snappishly,

"Who is with me in this case?"

"Mr. Phunky, Serjeant Snubbin," replied the attorney.

"Phunky, Phunky," said the Serjeant, "I never heard the name before. He must be a very young man."

"Yes, he is a very young man," replied the attorney. "He was only called the other day. Let me see—he has not been at the Bar eight years yet."

"Ah, I thought not," said the Serjeant, in that sort of pitying tone in which ordinary folks would speak of a very helpless little child. "Mr. Mallard, send round to Mr.—Mr.—"

"Phunky's—Holborn Court, Gray's Inn," interposed Perker. (Holborn Court, by the bye, is South Square now.) "Mr. Phunky, and say I should be glad if he'd step here a moment."

Mr. Mallard departed to execute his commission; and Serjeant Snubbin relapsed into abstraction until Mr. Phunky himself was introduced.

Although an infant barrister, he was a full-grown man. He had a very nervous manner, and a painful hesitation in his speech; it did not appear to be a natural defect, but seemed rather the result of timidity, arising from the consciousness of being "kept down" by want of means, or interest, or connexion, or impudence, as the case might be. He was overawed by the Serjeant, and profoundly courteous to the attorney.

"I have not had the pleasure of seeing you before, Mr. Phunky," said the Serjeant, with haughty condescension.

Mr. Phunky bowed. He *had* had the pleasure of seeing the Serjeant, and of envying him too, with all a poor man's envy, for eight years and a quarter.

"You are with me in this case, I understand?" said the Serjeant.

If Mr. Phunky had been a rich man,

he would have instantly sent for his clerk to remind him; if he had been a wise one, he would have applied his forefinger to his forehead, and endeavored to recollect, whether, in the multiplicity of his engagements he had undertaken this one, or not; but as he was neither rich nor wise (in this sense at all events) he turned red, and bowed.

"Have you read the papers, Mr. Phunky?" inquired the Serjeant.

Here again, Mr. Phunky should have professed to have forgotten all about the merits of the case; but as he had read such papers as had been laid before him in the course of the action, and had thought of nothing else, waking or sleeping, throughout the two months during which he had been retained as Mr. Serjeant Snubbin's junior, he turned a deeper red, and bowed again.

"This is Mr. Pickwick," said the Serjeant, waving his pen in the direction in which that gentleman was standing.

Mr. Phunky bowed to Mr. Pickwick with a reverence which a first client must ever awaken; and again inclined his head towards his leader.

"Perhaps you will take Mr. Pickwick away," said the Serjeant, "and—and—hear anything Mr. Pickwick may wish to communicate. We shall have a consultation, of course." With this hint that he had been interrupted quite long enough, Mr. Serjeant Snubbin, who had been gradually growing more and more abstracted, applied his glass to his eyes for an instant, bowed slightly round, and was once more deeply immersed in the case before him: which arose out of an interminable lawsuit, originating in the act of an individual, deceased a century or so ago, who had stopped up a pathway leading from some place which nobody ever came from, to some other place which nobody ever went to.

Mr. Phunky would not hear of passing through any door until Mr. Pickwick and his solicitor had passed through before him, so it was some time before they got into the Square; and when they did reach it, they walked up and down, and held a long conference, the result of which was, that it was a very difficult matter to say how the verdict would go; that nobody could presume to calculate on the issue of an action; that it was very lucky they had prevented the other

party from getting Serjeant Snubbin; and other topics of doubt and consolation, common in such a position of affairs.

Mr. Weller was then roused by his master from a sweet sleep of an hour's duration: and, bidding adieu to Lowten, they returned to the City.

The morning of the thirteenth of February, which the readers of this authentic narrative know, as well as we do, to have been the day immediately preceding that which was appointed for the trial of Mrs. Bardell's action, was a busy time for Mr. Samuel Weller, who was perpetually engaged in travelling from the George and Vulture to Mr. Perker's chambers and back again, from and between the hours of nine o'clock in the morning and two in the afternoon, both inclusive. Not that there was anything whatever to be done, for the consultation had taken place, and the course of proceeding to be adopted had been finally determined on; but Mr. Pickwick, being in a most extreme state of excitement, persevered in constantly sending small notes to his attorney, merely containing the inquiry, "Dear Perker: Is all going on well?" to which Mr. Perker invariably forwarded the reply, "Dear Pickwick. As well as possible;" the fact being, as we have already hinted, that there was nothing whatever to go on, either well or ill, until the sitting of the court on the following morning.

But people who go voluntarily to law, or are taken forcibly there, for the first time, may be allowed to labor under some temporary irritation and anxiety; and Sam, with a due allowance for the frailties of human nature, obeyed all his master's behests with that imperturbable good humor and unruffled composure which formed one of his most striking and amiable characteristics.

Sam had solaced himself with a most agreeable little dinner, and was waiting at the bar for the glass of warm mixture in which Mr. Pickwick had requested him to drown the fatigues of his morning's walks, when a young boy of about three feet high, or thereabouts, in a hairy cap and fustian overalls, whose garb bespoke a laudable ambition to attain in time the elevation of an hostler, entered the passage of the George and Vulture, and looked first up the stairs, and then along the passage, and

then into the bar, as if in search of somebody to whom he bore a commission; whereupon the barmaid, conceiving it not improbable that the said commission might be directed to the tea or table spoons of the establishment, accosted the boy with,

"Now young man, what do you want?"

"Is there anybody here named Sam?" inquired the youth, in a loud voice of treble quality.

"What's the t'other name?" said Sam Weller, looking round.

"How should I know?" briskly replied the young gentleman below the hairy cap.

"You're a sharp boy, you are," said Mr. Weller; "only I wouldn't show that wery fine edge too much, if I was you, in case anybody took it off. What do you mean by comin' to a hot-el, and asking arter Sam, vith as much politeness as a vild Indian?"

"'Cos an old gen'l'm'n told me to," replied the boy.

"What old gen'l'm'n?" inquired Sam, with deep disdain.

"Him as drives a Ipswich coach, and uses our parlor," rejoined the boy. "He told me yesterday mornin' to come to the George and Wulturn this arternoon, and ask for Sam."

"It's my father, my dear," said Mr. Weller, turning with an explanatory air to the young lady in the bar; "blessed if I think he hardly knows wot my other name is. Vell, young brockiley sprout, wot then?"

"Why, then," said the boy, "you was to come to him at six o'clock to our 'ouse, 'cos he wants to see you—Blue Boar, Leaden'all Markit. Shall I say you're comin'?"

"You may venture on that 'ere statement, sir," replied Sam. And thus empowered, the young gentleman walked away, awakening all the echoes in George Yard as he did so, with several chaste and extremely correct imitations of a drover's whistle, delivered in a tone of peculiar richness and volume.

Mr. Weller having obtained leave of absence from Mr. Pickwick, who, in his then state of excitement and worry, was by no means displeased at being left alone, set forth, long before the appointed hour, and having plenty of time at his disposal, sauntered down as far as the

Mansion House, where he paused and contemplated, with a face of great calmness and philosophy, the numerous cads and drivers of short stages who assemble near that famous place of resort, to the great terror and confusion of the old-lady population of these realms. Having loitered here, for half an hour or so, Mr. Weller turned, and began wending his way towards Leadenhall Market, through a variety of bye streets and courts. As he was sauntering away his spare time, and stopped to look at almost every object that met his gaze, it is by no means surprising that Mr. Weller should have paused before a small stationer's and print-seller's window; but without further explanation it does appear surprising that his eyes should have no sooner rested on certain pictures which were exposed for sale therein, than he gave a sudden start, smote his right leg with great vehemence, and exclaimed with energy, "If it hadn't been for this, I should ha' forgot all about it, till it was too late!"

The particular picture on which Sam Weller's eyes were fixed, as he said this, was a highly colored representation of a couple of human hearts skewered together with an arrow, cooking before a cheerful fire, while a male and female cannibal in modern attire—the gentleman being clad in a blue coat and white trousers, and the lady in a deep red pelisse with a parasol of the same—were approaching the meal with hungry eyes, up a serpentine gravel path leading thereunto. A decidedly indelicate young gentleman, in a pair of wings and nothing else, was depicted as superintending the cooking; a representation of the spire of the church in Langham Place, London, appeared in the distance; and the whole formed a "valentine," of which, as a written inscription in the window testified, there was a large assortment within, which the shopkeeper pledged himself to dispose of, to his countrymen generally, at the reduced rate of one and sixpence each.

"I should ha' forgot it; I should certainly ha' forgot it!" said Sam; so saying, he at once stepped into the stationer's shop, and requested to be served with a sheet of the best gilt-edged letter-paper, and a hard nibbed pen which could be warranted not to splutter. These articles



having been promptly supplied, he walked on direct towards Leadenhall Market at a good round pace, very different from his recent lingering one. Looking round him, he there beheld a sign-board on which the painter's art had delineated something remotely resembling a cerulean elephant with an aquiline nose in lieu of trunk. Rightly conjecturing that this was the Blue Boar himself, he stepped into the house, and inquired concerning his parent.

"He won't be here this three quarters of an hour or more," said the young lady who superintended the domestic arrangements of the Blue Boar.

"Wery good, my dear," replied Sam. "Let me have nine penn'orth o' brandy and water luke, and the inkstand, will you, miss?"

The brandy and water luke, and the inkstand, having been carried into the little parlor, and the young lady having carefully flattened down the coals to prevent their blazing, and carried away the poker to preclude the possibility of the fire being stirred, without the full privacy and concurrence of the Blue Boar being first had and obtained, Sam Weller sat himself down in a box near the stove, and pulled out the sheet of gilt-edged letter-paper, and the hard nibbed pen. Then looking carefully at the pen to see that there were no hairs in it, and dusting down the table, so that there might be no crumbs of bread under the paper, Sam tucked up the cuffs of his coat, squared his elbows, and composed himself to write.

To ladies and gentlemen who are not in the habit of devoting themselves practically to the science of penmanship, writing a letter is no very easy task; it being always considered necessary in such cases for the writer to recline his head on his left arm, so as to place his eyes as nearly as possible on a level with the paper, while glancing sideways at the letters he is constructing, to form with his tongue imaginary characters to correspond. These motions, although unquestionably of the greatest assistance to original composition, retard in some degree the progress of the writer; and Sam had unconsciously been a full hour and a half writing words in small text, smearing out wrong letters with his little finger, and putting in new ones which required going over very often to render them visible through the old

blots, when he was roused by the opening of the door and the entrance of his parent.

"Vell, Sammy," said the father.

"Vell, my Frooshan Blue," said the son, laying down his pen. "What's the last bulletin about mother-in-law?"

"Mrs. Veller passed a very good night, but is uncommon perwerse and unpleasant this mornin'. Signed upon oath, S. Veller, Esquire, Senior. That's the last vun as was issued, Sammy," replied Mr. Weller, untying his shawl.

"No better yet?" inquired Sam.

"All the symptoms aggerawated," replied Mr. Weller, shaking his head. "But wot's that you're a doin' of? Pursuit of knowledge under difficulties, Sammy?"

"I've done now," said Sam with slight embarrassment; "I've been a writin'."

"So I see," replied Mr. Weller. "Not to any young 'ooman, I hope, Sammy?"

"Why it's no use a sayin' it ain't," replied Sam. "It's a walentine."

"A what!" exclaimed Mr. Weller, apparently horror-stricken by the word.

"A walentine," replied Sam.

"Samivel, Samivel," said Mr. Weller, in reproachful accents, "I didn't think you'd ha' done it. Arter the warnin' you've had o' your father's wicious propensities; arter all I've said to you upon this here wery subject; arter actiually seein' and bein' in the company o' your own mother-in-law, vich I should ha' thought was a moral lesson as no man could never ha' forgotten to his dyin' day! I didn't think you'd ha' done it, Sammy, I didn't think you'd ha' done it!" These reflections were too much for the good old man. He raised Sam's tumbler to his lips and drank off its contents.

"Wot's the matter now?" said Sam.

"Nev'r mind, Sammy," replied Mr. Weller, "it'll be a wery agonizin' trial to me at my time of life, but I'm pretty tough, that's vun consolation, as the wery old turkey remarked wen the farmer said he was afeered he should be obliged to kill him for the London market."

"Wot'll be a trial?" inquired Sam.

"To see you married, Sammy—to see you a dilluded wictim, and thinkin' in your innocence that it's all wery capital," replied Mr. Weller. "It's a dreadful trial to a father's feelin's, that 'ere, Sammy."

"Nonsense; I ain't a goin' to get married, don't you fret yourself about that; I know you're a judge of these things.

Order in your pipe, and I'll read you the letter. There!"

We cannot distinctly say whether it was the prospect of the pipe or the consolatory reflection that a fatal disposition to get married ran in the family and couldn't be helped, which calmed Mr. Weller's feelings, and caused his grief to subside. We should be rather disposed to say that the result was attained by combining the two sources of consolation, for he repeated the second in a low tone, very frequently; ringing the bell meanwhile, to order in the first. He then divested himself of his upper coat; and lighting the pipe and placing himself in front of the fire, with his back towards it, so that he could feel its full heat, and recline against the mantelpiece at the same time, turned towards Sam, and, with a countenance greatly mollified by the softening influence of tobacco, requested him to "fire away."

Sam dipped his pen into the ink, to be ready for any corrections, and began with a very theatrical air:

"'Lovely——'"

"Stop," said Mr. Weller, ringing the bell. "A double glass o' the invariable, my dear."

"Very well, sir," replied the girl, who with great quickness appeared, vanished, returned and disappeared.

"They seem to know your ways here," observed Sam.

"Yes," replied his father; "I've been here before, in my time. Go on, Sammy."

"'Lovely creetur,'" repeated Sam.

"'Tain't in poetry, is it?" interposed his father.

"No, no," replied Sam.

"Werry glad to hear it," said Mr. Weller. "Poetry's unnat'ral; no man ever talked poetry 'cept a beadle on boxin' day, or Warren's blackin', or Rowland's oil, or some o' them low fellows; never you let yourself down to talk poetry, my boy. Begin agin, Sammy."

Mr. Weller resumed his pipe with critical solemnity, and Sam once more commenced, and read as follows:

"'Lovely creetur i feel myself a lammed——'"

"That ain't proper," said Mr. Weller, taking his pipe from his mouth.

"No; it ain't 'dammed,'" observed Sam, holding the letter up to the light; "it's 'shamed,' there's a blot there—I feel myself ashamed."

"Werry good," said Mr. Weller. "Go on."

"'Feel myself ashamed, and completely circ—' I forget what this here word is," said Sam, scratching his head with the pen, in vain attempts to remember.

"Why don't you look at it, then?" inquired Mr. Weller.

"So I *am* a lookin' at it," replied Sam, "but there's another blot. Here's a 'c,' and a 'i,' and a 'd.'"

"Circumwented, p'haps," suggested Mr. Weller.

"No, it ain't that," said Sam; "circumscribed; that's it."

"That ain't as good a word as circumwented, Sammy," said Mr. Weller, gravely.

"Think not?" said Sam.

"Nothin' like it," replied his father.

"But don't you think it means more?" inquired Sam.

"Vell, p'raps it is a more tenderer word," said Mr. Weller, after a few moments' reflection. "Go on, Sammy."

"'Feel myself ashamed and completely circumscribed in a dressin' of you, for you *are* a nice gal and nothin' but it.'"

"That's a werry pretty sentiment," said the elder Mr. Weller, removing his pipe to make way for the remark.

"Yes, I think it is rayther good," observed Sam, highly flattered.

"Wot I like in that 'ere style of writin'," said the elder Mr. Weller, "is, that there ain't no callin' names in it,—no Wenuses, nor nothin' o' that kind. Wot's the good o' callin' a young 'ooman a Wenus or a angel, Sammy?"

"Ah! what, indeed?" replied Sam.

"You might jist as well call her a griffin, or a unicorn, or a king's arms at once, which is werry well known to be a collection o' fabulous animals," added Mr. Weller.

"Just as well," replied Sam.

"Drive on, Sammy," said Mr. Weller. Sam complied with the request, and proceeded as follows; his father continuing to smoke, with a mixed expression of wisdom and complacency, which was particularly edifying.

"'Afore I see you, I thought all women was alike.'"

"So they are," observed the elder Mr. Weller, parenthetically.

"'But now,' continued Sam, 'now I find what a reg'lar soft-headed, inkred'lous turnip I must ha' been; for there

ain't nobody like you, though I like you better than nothin' at all." I thought it best to make that rayther strong," said Sam, looking up.

Mr. Weller nodded approvingly, and Sam resumed.

"So I take the privilage of the day, Mary, my dear—as the gen'l'm'n in difficulties did, ven he valked out of a Sunday,—to tell you that the first and only time I see you, your likeness was took on my hart in much quicker time and brighter colors than ever a likeness was took by the profeel macheen (wich p'raps you may have heerd on, Mary, my dear), altho' it *does* finish a portraitt and put the frame and glass on complete, with a hook at the end to hang it up by, and all in two minutes and a quarter."

"I am afeerd that werges on the poetical, Sammy," said Mr. Weller, dubiously.

"No, it don't," replied Sam, reading on very quickly, to avoid contesting the point:

"Except of me, Mary, my dear, as your valentine, and think over what I've said.—My dear Mary I will now conclude.' That's all," said Sam.

"That's rather a sudden pull up, ain't it, Sammy?" inquired Mr. Weller.

"Not a bit on it," said Sam; "she'll vish there wos more, and that's the great art o' letter writin'."

"Well," said Mr. Weller, "there's somethin' in that; and I wish your mother-in-law 'ud only conduct her conversation on the same gen-teel principle. Ain't you a goin' to sign it?"

"That's the difficulty, I don't know what to sign it."

"Sign it Veller," said the oldest surviving proprietor of that name.

"Won't do," said Sam. "Never sign a valentine with your own name."

"Sign it 'Pickvick,' then," said Mr. Weller; "it's a werry good name, and an easy one to spell."

"The werry thing," said Sam, "I *could* end with a werse; what do you think?"

"I don't like it, Sam," rejoined Mr. Weller. "I never know'd a respectable coachman as wrote poetry, 'cept one, as made an affectin' copy o' worses the night afore he wos hung for a highway robbery; and *he* wos only a Cambervell man, so even that's no rule."

But Sam was not to be dissuaded from

the poetical idea that had occurred to him, so he signed the letter,

"Your love-sick  
Pickwick."

And having folded it in a very intricate manner, squeezed a down-hill direction in one corner: "To Mary, Housemaid, at Mr. Nupkins's Mayor's, Ipswich, Suffolk;" and put it into his pocket, wafered, and ready for the General Post. This important business having been transacted, Mr. Weller the elder proceeded to open that on which he had summoned his son.

"The first matter relates to your governor, Sammy," said Mr. Weller. "He's a goin' to be tried to-morrow, ain't he?"

"The trial's a comin' on," replied Sam.

"Vell," said Mr. Weller, "now I s'pose he'll want to call some witnesses to speak to his character, or p'raps to prove a alleybi. I've been a turnin' the bis'ness over in my mind, and he may make hisself easy, Sammy. I've got some friends as'll do either for him, but my advice 'ud be this here—never mind the character, and stick to the alleybi. Nothing like an alleybi, Sammy, nothing." Mr. Weller looked very profound as he delivered this legal opinion; and burying his nose in his tumbler, winked over the top thereof, at his astonished son.

"Why, what do you mean?" said Sam; "you don't think he's a goin' to be tried at the Old Bailey, do you?"

"That ain't no part of the present consideration, Sammy," replied Mr. Weller. "Verever he's a goin' to be tried, my boy, a alleybi's the thing to get him off. Ve got Tom Vildspark off that 'ere manslaughter, with a alleybi, ven all the big vigs to a man said as nothing couldn't save him. And my 'pinion is, Sammy, that if your governor don't prove a alleybi, he'll be what the Italians call reg'larly flummoxed, and that's all about it."

As the elder Mr. Weller entertained a firm and unalterable conviction that the Old Bailey was the supreme court of judicature in this country, and that its rules and forms of proceeding regulated and controlled the practice of all other courts of justice whatsoever, he totally disregarded the assurances and arguments of his son, tending to show that the alibi was inadmissible; and vehemently protested that Mr. Pickwick was being

"wictimised." Finding that it was of no use to discuss the matter further, Sam changed the subject, and inquired what the second topic was, on which his revered parent wished to consult him.

"That's a pint o' domestic policy, Sammy," said Mr. Weller. "This here Stiggins—"

"Red-nosed man?" inquired Sam.

"The very same," replied Mr. Weller.

"This here red-nosed man, Sammy, visits your mother-in-law with a kindness and constancy as I never see equalled. He's sitch a friend o' the family, Sammy, that wen he's away from us, he can't be comfortable unless he has somethin' to remember us by."

"And I'd give him somethin' as 'ud turpentine and bees-vax his memory for the next ten years or so, if I wos you," interposed Sam.

"Stop a minute," said Mr. Weller; "I was a going to say, he always brings now, a flat bottle as holds about a pint and a-half, and fills it vith the pine-apple rum afore he goes away."

"And empties it afore he comes back, I s'pose?" said Sam.

"Clean!" replied Mr. Weller; "never leaves nothin' in it but the cork and the smell; trust him for that, Sammy. Now, these here fellows, my boy, are a goin' to-night to get up the monthly meetin' o' the Brick Lane Branch o' the United Grand Junction Ebenezer Temperance Association. Your mother-in-law was a goin', Sammy, but she's got the rheumatics, and can't; and I, Sammy—I've got the two tickets as wos sent her." Mr. Weller communicated this secret with great glee, and winked so indefatigably after doing so, that Sam began to think he must have got the *tic douloureux* in his right eye-lid.

"Well?" said that young gentleman.

"Well," continued his progenitor, looking round him very cautiously, "You and I'll go, punctiwal to the time. The deputy shepherd won't, Sammy; the deputy shepherd won't." Here Mr. Weller was seized with a paroxysm of chuckles, which gradually terminated in as near an approach to a choke as an elderly gentleman can, with safety, sustain.

"Well, I never see sitch an old ghost in all my born days," exclaimed Sam, rubbing the old gentleman's back hard enough to set him on fire with the fric-

tion. "What are you a laughin' at, corpilence?"

"Hush! Sammy," said Mr. Weller, looking round him with increased caution, and speaking in a whisper: "Two friends o' mine, as works the Oxford Road, and is up to all kinds o' games, has got the deputy shepherd safe in tow, Sammy; and ven he does come to the Ebenezer Junction (vich he's sure to do—for they'll see him to the door, and shove him in if necessary), he'll be as far gone in rum and water as ever he wos at the Markis o' Granby, Dorkin', and that's not sayin' a little neither." And with this, Mr. Weller once more laughed immoderately, and once more relapsed into a state of partial suffocation in consequence.

Nothing could have been more in accordance with Sam Weller's feelings, than the projected exposure of the real propensities and qualities of the red-nosed man; and it being very near the appointed hour of meeting, the father and son took their way at once to Brick Lane—Sam not forgetting to drop his letter into a general post-office as they walked along.

The monthly meetings of the Brick Lane Branch of the United Grand Junction Ebenezer Temperance Association, were held in a large room, pleasantly and airily situated at the top of a safe and commodious ladder. The president was the straight-walking Mr. Anthony Humm, a converted fireman, now a schoolmaster, and occasionally an itinerant preacher; and the secretary was Mr. Jonas Mudge, chandler's shopkeeper, an enthusiastic and disinterested vessel, who sold tea to the members. Previous to the commencement of business, the ladies sat upon forms, and drank tea, till such time as they considered it expedient to leave off; and a large wooden money-box was conspicuously placed upon the green baize cloth of the business table, behind which the secretary stood, and acknowledged, with a gracious smile, every addition to the rich vein of copper which lay concealed within.

On this particular occasion the women drank tea to a most alarming extent; greatly to the horror of Mr. Weller, senior, who, utterly regardless of all Sam's admonitory nudgings, stared about him in every direction with the most undisguised astonishment.

"Sammy," whispered Mr. Weller, "if

some o' these here people don't want tap-pin' to-morrow mornin', I ain't your father, and that's wot it is. Why, this here old lady next me is a drowndin' herself in tea."

"Be quiet, can't you?" murmured Sam.

"Sam," whispered Mr. Weller, a moment afterwards, in a tone of deep agitation, "mark my words, my boy. If that 'ere secretary fellow keeps on for only five minutes more, he'll blow hisself up with toast and water."

"Well, let him, if he likes," replied Sam; "it ain't no bis'ness o' yourn."

"If this here lasts much longer, Sammy," said Mr. Weller, in the same low voice, "I shall feel it my duty, as a human bein', to rise and address the cheer. There's a young 'ooman on the next form but two, as has drunk nine breakfast cups and a half; and she's swellin' wisibly before my wery eyes."

There is little doubt that Mr. Weller would have carried his benevolent intention into immediate execution, if a great noise occasioned by putting up the cups and saucers, had not very fortunately announced that the tea-drinking was over. The crockery having been removed, the table with the green baize cover was carried out in the centre of the room, and the business of the evening was commenced by a little emphatic man, with a bald head and drab shorts, who suddenly rushed up the ladder, at the imminent peril of snapping the two little legs encased in the drab shorts, and said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I move our excellent brother Mr. Anthony Humm into the chair."

The ladies waved a choice collection of pocket handkerchiefs at this proposition; and the impetuous little man literally moved Mr. Humm into the chair, by taking him by the shoulders and thrusting him into a mahogany-frame which had once represented that article of furniture. The waving of handkerchiefs was renewed; and Mr. Humm, who was a sleek, white faced man, in a perpetual perspiration, bowed meekly, to the great admiration of the females, and formally took his seat. Silence was then proclaimed by the little man in the drab shorts, and Mr. Humm rose and said—That with the permission of his Brick Lane Branch brothers and sisters, then and there present, the secretary would

read the report of the Brick Lane Branch committee; a proposition which was again received with a demonstration of pocket-handkerchiefs.

The secretary having sneezed in a very impressive manner, and the cough which always seizes an assembly, when anything particular is going to be done, having been duly performed, the following document was read:

**"REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE OF THE BRICK LANE BRANCH OF THE UNITED GRAND JUNCTION EBENEZER TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION.**

"Your committee having pursued their grateful labors during the past month, have the unspeakable pleasure of reporting the following additional cases of converts to temperance.

"H. Walker, tailor, wife, and two children. When in better circumstances, owns to having been in the constant habit of drinking ale and beer; says he is not certain whether he did not twice a week, for twenty years, taste 'dog's nose,' which your committee find upon inquiry, to be compounded of warm porter, moist sugar, gin, and nutmeg (a groan, and 'So it is!' from an elderly female). Is now out of work and penniless; thinks it must be the porter (cheers) or the loss of the use of his right hand; is not certain which, but thinks it very likely that, if he had drank nothing but water all his life, his fellow workman would never have stuck a rusty needle in him, and thereby occasioned his accident (tremendous cheering). Has nothing but cold water to drink, and never feels thirsty (great applause).

"Betsy Martin, widow, one child and one eye. Goes out charing and washing, by the day; never had more than one eye, but knows her mother drank bottled stout, and shouldn't wonder if that caused it (immense cheering). Thinks it not impossible that if she had always abstained from spirits, she might have had two eyes by this time (tremendous applause). Used, at every place she went to, to have eighteen pence a day, a pint of porter, and a glass of spirits; but since she became a member of the Brick Lane Branch, has always demanded three and sixpence instead (the announcement of this most interesting fact was received with deafening enthusiasm.)

"Henry Beller was for many years

toast-master at various corporation dinners, during which time he drank a great deal of foreign wine; may sometimes have carried a bottle or two home with him; is not quite certain of that, but is sure if he did, that he drank the contents. Feels very low and melancholy, is very feverish, and has a constant thirst upon him; thinks it must be the wine he used to drink (cheers). Is out of employ now; and never touches a drop of foreign wine by any chance (tremendous plaudits).

"Thomas Burton is purveyor of cat's meat to the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs, and several members of the Common Council (the announcement of this gentleman's name was received with breathless interest). Has a wooden leg; finds a wooden leg expensive, going over the stones; used to wear second-hand wooden legs, and drink a glass of hot gin and water regularly every night—sometimes two (deep sighs). Found the second-hand wooden legs split and rot very quickly; is firmly persuaded that their constitution was undermined by the gin and water (prolonged cheering). Buys new wooden legs now, and drinks nothing but water and weak tea. The new legs last twice as long as the others used to do, and he attributes this solely to his temperate habits (triumphant cheers)."

Anthony Humm now moved that the assembly do regale itself with a song. With a view to their rational and moral enjoyment, brother Mordlin had adapted the beautiful words of "Who hasn't heard of a Jolly Young Waterman?" to the tune of the Old Hundredth, which he would request them to join in singing (great applause). He might take that opportunity of expressing his firm persuasion that the late Mr. Dibdin, seeing the errors of his former life, had written that song to show the advantages of abstinence. It was a temperance song (whirlwinds of cheers). The neatness of the young man's attire, the dexterity of his feathering, the enviable state of mind which enabled him in the beautiful words of the poet, to

"Row along, thinking of nothing at all,"

all combined to prove that he must have been a water-drinker (cheers). Oh, what a state of virtuous jollity! (rapturous cheering). And what was the young

man's reward? Let all young men present mark this:

"The maidens all flock'd to his boat so readily."

(Loud cheers, in which the ladies joined). What a bright example! The sisterhood, the maidens, flocking round the young waterman, and urging him along the stream of duty and of temperance. But, was it the maidens of humble life only, who soothed, consoled, and supported him? No!

"He was always first oars with the fine city ladies."

(Immense cheering). The soft sex to a man—he begged pardon, to a female—rallied round the young waterman, and turned with disgust from the drinker of spirits (cheers). The Brick Lane Branch brothers were watermen (cheers and laughter). That room was their boat; that audience were the maidens; and he (Mr. Anthony Humm), however unworthily, was "first oars" (unbounded applause).

"Wot does he mean by the soft sex, Sammy?" inquired Mr. Weller, in a whisper.

"The woinin," said Sam, in the same tone.

"He ain't far out there, Sammy," replied Mr. Weller; "they *must* be a soft sex,—a wery soft sex, indeed—if they let themselves be gammoned by such fellers as him."

Any further observations from the indignant old gentleman were cut short by the announcement of the song, which Mr. Anthony Humm gave out, two lines at a time, for the information of such of his hearers as were unacquainted with the legend. While it was being sung, the little man with the drab shorts disappeared; he returned immediately on its conclusion, and whispered Mr. Anthony Humm, with a face of the deepest importance.

"My friends," said Mr. Humm, holding up his hand in a deprecatory manner, to bespeak the silence of such of the stout old ladies as were yet a line or two behind; "my friends, a delegate from the Dorking branch of our society, Brother Stiggins, attends below."

Out came the pocket-handkerchiefs

again, in greater force than ever; for Mr. Stiggins was excessively popular among the female constituency of Brick Lane.

"He may approach, I think," said Mr. Humm, looking round him, with a fat smile. "Brother Tadger, let him come forth and greet us."

The little man in the drab shorts who answered to the name of Brother Tadger, bustled down the ladder with great speed, and was immediately afterwards heard tumbling up with the reverend Mr. Stiggins.

"He's a comin', Sammy," whispered Mr. Weller, purple in the countenance with suppressed laughter.

"Don't say nothin' to me," replied Sam, "for I can't bear it. He's close to the door. I hear him a-knockin' his head again the lath and plaster now."

As Sam Weller spoke, the little door flew open, and brother Tadger appeared, closely followed by the reverend Mr. Stiggins, who no sooner entered, than there was a great clapping of hands, and stamping of feet, and flourishing of handkerchiefs; to all of which manifestations of delight, Brother Stiggins returned no other acknowledgment than staring with a wild eye, and a fixed smile, at the extreme top of the wick of the candle on the table: swaying his body to and fro, meanwhile, in a very unsteady and uncertain manner.

"Are you unwell, brother Stiggins?" whispered Mr. Anthony Humm.

"I am all right, sir," replied Mr. Stiggins, in a tone in which ferocity was blended with an extreme thickness of utterance; "I am all right, sir."

"Oh, very well," rejoined Mr. Anthony Humm, retreating a few paces.

"I believe no man here has ventured to say that I am *not* all right, sir?" said Mr. Stiggins.

"Oh, certainly not," said Mr. Humm.

"I should advise him not to, sir; I should advise him not," said Mr. Stiggins.

By this time the audience were perfectly silent, and waited with some anxiety for the resumption of business.

"Will you address the meeting, brother?" said Mr. Humm, with a smile of invitation.

"No, sir," rejoined Mr. Stiggins; "no, sir. I will not, sir."

The meeting looked at each other with

raised eye-lids; and a murmur of astonishment ran through the room.

"It's my opinion, sir," said Mr. Stiggins, unbuttoning his coat, and speaking very loudly; "it's my opinion, sir, that this meeting is drunk, sir. Brother Tadger, sir!" said Mr. Stiggins, suddenly increasing in ferocity, and turning sharp round on the little man in the drab shorts, "*you* are drunk, sir!" With this, Mr. Stiggins, entertaining a praiseworthy desire to promote the sobriety of the meeting, and to exclude therefrom all improper characters, hit brother Tadger on the summit of the nose with such unerring aim, that the drab shorts disappeared like a flash of lightning. Brother Tadger had been knocked, head first, down the ladder.

Upon this, the women set up a loud and dismal screaming, and rushing in small parties before their favorite brothers, flung their arms around them to preserve them from danger. An instance of affection, which had nearly proved fatal to Humm, who, being extremely popular, was all but suffocated, by the crowd of female devotees that hung about his neck, and heaped caresses upon him. The greater part of the lights were quickly put out, and nothing but noise and confusion resounded on all sides.

"Now, Sammy," said Mr. Weller, taking off his great coat with much deliberation, "just you step out, and fetch in a watchman."

"And wot are you a goin' to do, the while?" asked Sam.

"Never you mind me, Sammy," replied the old gentleman: "I shall ockipy myself in havin' a small settlement with that 'ere Stiggins." Before Sam could interfere to prevent it, his heroic parent had penetrated into a remote corner of the room, and attacked the reverend Mr. Stiggins with manual dexterity.

"Come off!" said Sam.

"Come on!" cried Mr. Weller; and without further invitation he gave the reverend Mr. Stiggins a preliminary tap on the head, and began dancing round him in a buoyant and cork-like manner, which in a gentleman at his time of life was a perfect marvel to behold.

Finding all remonstrance unavailing, Sam pulled his hat firmly on, threw his father's coat over his arm, and taking the old man round the waist, forcibly dragged

him down the ladder, and into the street; never releasing his hold, or permitting him to stop, until they reached the corner. As they gained it, they could hear the shouts of the populace, who were witnessing the removal of the reverend Mr. Stiggins to strong lodgings for the night.

#### THE TRIAL.

"I wonder what the foreman of the jury, whoever he'll be, has got for breakfast," said Mr. Snodgrass, by way of keeping up a conversation on the eventful morning of the fourteenth of February.

"Ah!" said Perker, "I hope he's got a good one."

"Why so?" inquired Mr. Pickwick.

"Highly important; very important, my dear sir," replied Perker. "A good, contented, well-breakfasted jurymen, is a capital thing to get hold of. Discontented or hungry jurymen, my dear sir, always find for the plaintiff."

"Bless my heart," said Mr. Pickwick, looking very blank; "what do they do that for?"

"Why, I don't know," replied the little man coolly; "saves time, I suppose. If it's near dinner-time, the foreman takes out his watch when the jury has retired, and says, 'Dear me, gentlemen, ten minutes to five, I declare! I dine at five, gentlemen.' 'So do I,' says every body else, except two men who ought to have dined at three, and seem more than half disposed to stand out in consequence. The foreman smiles, and puts up his watch:—'Well, gentlemen, what do we say, plaintiff or defendant, gentlemen? I rather think, so far as I am concerned, gentlemen,—I say, I rather think,—but don't let that influence you—I *rather* think the plaintiff's the man.' Upon this, two or three other men are sure to say that they think so too—as of course they do; and then they get on very unanimously and comfortably. Ten minutes past nine?" said the little man, looking at his watch. "Time we were off, my dear sir; breach of promise trial—court is generally full in such cases. You had better ring for a coach, my dear sir, or we shall be rather late."

Mr. Pickwick immediately rang the bell; and a coach having been procured,

the four Pickwickians and Mr. Perker ensconced themselves therein, and drove to Guildhall; Sam Weller, Mr. Lowten, and the blue bag, following in a cab.

"Lowten," said Perker, when they reached the outer hall of the court, "put Mr. Pickwick's friends in the students' box; Mr. Pickwick himself had better sit by me. This way, my dear sir, this way." Taking Mr. Pickwick by the coat-sleeve, the little man led him to the low seat just beneath the desks of the King's Counsel, which is constructed for the convenience of attorneys, who from that spot can whisper into the ear of the leading counsel in the case, any instructions that may be necessary during the progress of the trial. The occupants of this seat are invisible to the great body of spectators, inasmuch as they sit on a much lower level than either the barristers or the audience, whose seats are raised above the floor. Of course they have their backs to both, and their faces towards the judge.

"That's the witness-box, I suppose?" said Mr. Pickwick, pointing to a kind of pulpit, with a brass rail, on his left hand.

"That's the witness-box, my dear sir," replied Perker, disinterring a quantity of papers from the blue bag which Lowten had just deposited at his feet.

"And that," said Mr. Pickwick, pointing to a couple of enclosed seats on the right, "that's where the jurymen sit, is it not?"

"The identical place, my dear sir," replied Perker, tapping the lid of his snuff-box.

Mr. Pickwick stood up in a state of great agitation, and took a glance at the court. There were already a pretty large sprinkling of spectators in the gallery, and a numerous muster of gentlemen in wigs, in the barristers' seats: who presented, as a body, all that pleasing and extensive variety of nose and whisker for which the bar of England is so justly celebrated. Such of the gentlemen as had a brief to carry, carried it in as conspicuous a manner as possible, and occasionally scratched their noses therewith, to impress the fact more strongly on the observation of the spectators. Other gentlemen, who had no briefs to show, carried under their arms goodly octavos, with a red label behind, and that underdone-pie-crust-colored cover, which is technically known as "law calf." Others,



who had neither briefs nor books, thrust their hands into their pockets, and looked as wise as they conveniently could; others, again, moved here and there with great restlessness and earnestness of manner, content to awaken thereby the admiration and astonishment of the uninitiated strangers. The whole, to the great wonderment of Mr. Pickwick, were divided into little groups, who were chatting and discussing the news of the day in the most unfeeling manner possible,—just as if no trial at all were coming on.

A bow from Mr. Phunky, as he entered, and took his seat behind the row appropriated to the King's Counsel, attracted Mr. Pickwick's attention; and he had scarcely returned it, when Mr. Serjeant Snubbin appeared, followed by Mr. Mallard, who half hid the Serjeant behind a large crimson bag, which he placed on his table, and, after shaking hands with Perker, withdrew. Then there entered two or three more Serjeants; and among them, one with a fat body and a red face, who nodded in a friendly manner to Mr. Serjeant Snubbin, and said it was a fine morning.

"Who's that red-faced man, who said it was a fine morning, and nodded to our counsel?" whispered Mr. Pickwick.

"Mr. Serjeant Buzfuz," replied Perker. "He's opposed to us; he leads on the other side. That gentleman behind him is Mr. Skimpin, his junior."

Mr. Pickwick was on the point of inquiring, with great abhorrence of the man's cold-blooded villany, how Mr. Serjeant Buzfuz, who was counsel for the opposite party, dared to presume to tell Mr. Serjeant Snubbin, who was counsel for him, that it was a fine morning, when he was interrupted by a general rising of the barristers, and a loud cry of "Silence!" from the officers of the court. Looking round he found that this was caused by the entrance of the judge.

Mr. Justice Stareleigh (who sat in the absence of the Chief Justice, occasioned by indisposition) was a most particularly short man, and so fat, that he seemed all face and waistcoat. He rolled in, upon two little turned legs, and having bobbed gravely to the bar, who bobbed gravely to him, put his little legs underneath his table, and his little three-cornered hat upon it; and when Mr. Justice Stareleigh had done this, all you could see

of him was two queer little eyes, one broad pink face, and somewhere about half of a big and very comical-looking wig.

The judge had no sooner taken his seat, than the officer on the floor of the court called out "Silence!" in a commanding tone, upon which another officer in the gallery cried "Silence!" in an angry manner, whereupon three or four more ushers shouted "Silence!" in a voice of indignant remonstrance. This being done, a gentleman in black, who sat below the judge, proceeded to call over the names of the jury, and after a great deal of bawling, it was discovered that only ten special jurymen were present. Upon this, Mr. Serjeant Buzfuz prayed a *tales*; the gentleman in black then proceeded to press into the special jury, two of the common jurymen; and a green-grocer and a chemist were caught directly.

"Answer to your names, gentlemen, that you may be sworn," said the gentleman in black. "Richard Upwitch."

"Here," said the green-grocer.

"Thomas Groffin."

"Here," said the chemist.

"Take the book, gentlemen. You shall well and truly try—"

"I beg this court's pardon," said the chemist, who was a tall, thin, yellow-visaged man, "but I hope this court will excuse my attendance."

"On what grounds, sir?" said Mr. Justice Stareleigh.

"I have no assistant, my Lord," said the chemist.

"I can't help that, sir," replied Mr. Justice Stareleigh. "You should hire one."

"I can't afford it, my Lord," rejoined the chemist.

"Then you ought to be able to afford it, sir," said the judge, reddening; for Mr. Justice Stareleigh's temper bordered on the irritable, and brooked not contradiction.

"I know I *ought* to do, if I got on as well as I deserved, but I don't, my Lord," answered the chemist.

"Swear the gentleman," said the judge, peremptorily.

The officer had got no further than the "You shall well and truly try," when he was again interrupted by the chemist.

"I am to be sworn, my Lord, am I?" said the chemist.

"Certainly, sir," replied the testy little judge.

"Very well, my Lord," replied the chemist, in a resigned manner. "Then there'll be murder before this trial's over; that's all. Swear me, if you please, sir;" and sworn the chemist was, before the judge could find words to utter.

"I merely wanted to observe, my Lord," said the chemist, taking his seat with great deliberation, "that I've left nobody but an errand-boy in my shop. He is a very nice boy, my Lord, but he is not acquainted with drugs; and I know that the prevailing impression on his mind is, that Epsom salts means oxalic acid; and syrup of senna, laudanum. That's all, my Lord." With this, the tall chemist composed himself into a comfortable attitude, and, assuming a pleasant expression of countenance, appeared to have prepared himself for the worst.

Mr. Pickwick was regarding the chemist with feelings of the deepest horror, when a slight sensation was perceptible in the body of the court; and immediately afterwards Mrs. Bardell, supported by Mrs. Cluppins, was led in, and placed, in a drooping state, at the other end of the seat on which Mr. Pickwick sat. An extra sized umbrella was then handed in by Mr. Dodson, and a pair of pattens by Mr. Fogg, each of whom had prepared a most sympathizing and melancholy face for the occasion. Mrs. Sanders then appeared, leading in Master Bardell. At sight of her child, Mrs. Bardell started: suddenly recollecting herself, she kissed him in a frantic manner; then relapsing into a state of hysterical imbecility, the good lady requested to be informed where she was. In reply to this, Mrs. Cluppins and Mrs. Sanders turned their heads away and wept, while Messrs. Dodson and Fogg entreated the plaintiff to compose herself. Serjeant Buzfuz rubbed his eyes very hard with a large white handkerchief, and gave an appealing look towards the jury, while the judge was visibly affected, and several of the beholders tried to cough down their emotions.

"Very good notion that, indeed," whispered Perker to Mr. Pickwick. "Capital fellows those Dodson and Fogg; excellent ideas of effect, my dear sir, excellent."

As Perker spoke, Mrs. Bardell began to recover by slow degrees, while Mrs. Cluppins, after a careful survey of Master

Bardell's buttons and the button-holes to which they severally belonged, placed him on the floor of the court in front of his mother,—a commanding position in which he could not fail to awaken the full commiseration and sympathy of both judge and jury. This was not done without considerable opposition, and many tears, on the part of the young gentleman himself, who had certain inward misgivings that the placing him within the full glare of the judge's eye was only a formal prelude to his being immediately ordered away for instant execution, or for transportation beyond the seas, during the whole term of his natural life, at the very least.

"Bardell and Pickwick," cried the gentleman in black, calling on the case, which stood first on the list.

"I am for the plaintiff, my Lord," said Mr. Serjeant Buzfuz.

"Who is with you, brother Buzfuz?" said the judge. Mr. Skimpin bowed, to intimate that he was.

"I appear for the defendant, my Lord," said Serjeant Snubbin.

"Anybody with you, brother Snubbin?" inquired the court.

"Mr. Phunky, my Lord," replied Serjeant Snubbin.

"Serjeant Buzfuz and Mr. Skimpin for the plaintiff," said the judge, writing down the names in his note-book, and reading as he wrote; "for the defendant, Serjeant Snubbin and Mr. Monkey."

"Beg your Lordship's pardon, Phunky."

"Oh, very good," said the judge; "I never had the pleasure of hearing the gentleman's name before." Here Mr. Phunky bowed and smiled, and the judge bowed and smiled too, and then Mr. Phunky, blushing into the very whites of his eyes, tried to look as if he didn't know that everybody was gazing at him: a thing which no man ever succeeded in doing yet, or in all reasonable probability, ever will.

"Go on," said the judge.

The ushers again called silence, and Mr. Skimpin proceeded to "open the case;" and the case appeared to have very little inside it when he had opened it, for he kept such particulars as he knew, completely to himself, and sat down, after a lapse of three minutes, leaving the jury in precisely the same advanced stage of wisdom as they were in before.

Serjeant Buzfuz then rose with all the majesty and dignity which the grave nature of the proceedings demanded, and having whispered to Dodson, and conferred briefly with Fogg, pulled his gown over his shoulders, settled his wig, and addressed the jury.

Serjeant Buzfuz began by saying, that never, in the whole course of his professional experience—never, from the very first moment of his applying himself to the study and practice of the law—had he approached a case with feelings of such deep emotion, or with such a heavy sense of the responsibility imposed upon him—a responsibility, he would say, which he could never have supported, were he not buoyed up and sustained by a conviction so strong, that it amounted to positive certainty that the cause of truth and justice, or, in other words, the cause of his much-injured and most oppressed client, must prevail with the high-minded and intelligent dozen of men whom he now saw in that box before him.

Counsel usually begin in this way, because it puts the jury on the very best terms with themselves, and makes them think what sharp fellows they must be. A visible effect was produced immediately; several jurymen beginning to take voluminous notes with the utmost eagerness.

"You have heard from my learned friend, gentlemen," continued Serjeant Buzfuz, well knowing that, from the learned friend alluded to, the gentlemen of the jury had heard just nothing at all—"you have heard from my learned friend, gentlemen, that this is an action for a breach of promise of marriage, in which the damages are laid at £1,500. But you have not heard from my learned friend, inasmuch as it did not come within my learned friend's province to tell you, what are the facts and circumstances of the case. Those facts and circumstances, gentlemen, you shall hear detailed by me, and proved by the unimpeachable female whom I will place in that box before you.

Here Mr. Serjeant Buzfuz, with a tremendous emphasis on the word "box," smote his table with a mighty sound, and glanced at Dodson and Fogg, who nodded admiration of the serjeant, and indignant defiance of the defendant.

"The plaintiff, gentlemen, continued Serjeant Buzfuz, in a soft and melancholy

voice, "the plaintiff is a widow; yes, gentlemen, a widow. The late Mr. Bardell, after enjoying, for many years, the esteem and confidence of his sovereign, as one of the guardians of his royal revenue, glided almost imperceptibly from the world, to seek elsewhere for that repose and peace which a custom-house can never afford."

At this pathetic description of the decease of Mr. Bardell, who had been knocked on the head with a quart-pot in a public-house cellar, the learned serjeant's voice faltered, and he proceeded with emotion.

"Sometime before his death, he had stamped his likeness upon a little boy. With this little boy, the only pledge of her departed exciseman, Mrs. Bardell shrunk from the world, and courted the retirement and tranquility of Goswell Street; and here she placed in her front parlor window a written placard, bearing this inscription—'Apartments furnished for single gentlemen.' Inquire within.'" Here Serjeant Buzfuz paused, while several gentlemen of the jury took a note of the document.

"There is no date to that, is there, sir?" inquired a juror.

"There is no date, gentlemen," replied Serjeant Buzfuz; "but I am instructed to say that it was put in the plaintiff's parlor-window just this time three years. I entreat the attention of the jury to the wording of this document. 'Apartments furnished for a single gentleman!' Mrs. Bardell's opinions of the opposite sex, gentlemen, were derived from a long contemplation of the inestimable qualities of her lost husband. She had no fear, she had no distrust, she had no suspicion, all was confidence and reliance. 'Mr. Bardell,' said the widow; 'Mr. Bardell was a man of honor, Mr. Bardell was a man of his word, Mr. Bardell was no deceiver, Mr. Bardell was once a single gentleman himself; to single gentlemen I look for protection, for assistance, for comfort, and for consolation; in single gentlemen I shall perpetually see something to remind me of what Mr. Bardell was when he first won my young and untried affections; to a single gentleman, then, shall my lodgings be let.' Actuated by this beautiful and touching impulse (among the best impulses of our imperfect nature, gentlemen,) the lonely

and desolate widow dried her tears, furnished her first floor, caught the innocent boy to her maternal bosom, and put the bill up in her parlor-window. Did it remain there long? No. The serpent was on the watch, the train was laid, the mine was preparing, the sapper and miner was at work. Before the bill had been in the parlor-window three days—three days—gentlemen—a Being, erect upon two legs, and bearing all the outward semblance of a man, and not of a monster, knocked at the door of Mrs. Bardell's house. He inquired within; he took the lodgings; and on the very next day he entered into possession of them. This was Pickwick—Pickwick, the defendant."

Serjeant Buzfuz, who had proceeded with such volubility that his face was perfectly crimson, here paused for breath. The silence awoke Mr. Justice Stareleigh, who immediately wrote down something with a pen without any ink in it, and looked unusually profound, to impress the jury with the belief that he always thought most deeply with his eyes shut. Serjeant Buzfuz proceeded.

"Of this man Pickwick I will say little; the subject presents but few attractions, and I, gentlemen, am not the man, nor are you, gentlemen, the men, to delight in the contemplation of revolting heartlessness, and of systematic villany."

Here Mr. Pickwick, who had been writing in silence for some time, gave a violent start, as if some vague idea of assaulting Serjeant Buzfuz, in the august presence of justice and law, suggested itself to his mind. An admonitory gesture from Perker restrained him, and he listened to the learned gentleman's continuation with a look of indignation, which contrasted forcibly with the admiring faces of Mrs. Cluppins and Mrs. Sanders.

"I say systematic villany, gentlemen," said Serjeant Buzfuz, looking through Mr. Pickwick, and talking at him; "and when I say systematic villany, let me tell the defendant Pickwick, if he be in court, as I am informed he is, that it would have been more decent in him, more becoming, in better judgment, and in better taste, if he had stopped away. Let me tell him, gentlemen, that any gestures of dissent or disapprobation in which he may indulge in this court will not go down with you; that you will know how to value and how to appreciate them:

and let me tell him further, as my lord will tell you, gentlemen, that a counsel, in the discharge of his duty to his client, is neither to be intimidated nor bullied, nor put down; and that any attempt to do either the one or the other, or the first, or the last, will recoil on the head of the attempter, be he plaintiff or be he defendant, be his name Pickwick, or Noakes, or Stoakes, or Stiles, or Brown, or Thompson."

This little divergence from the subject in hand, had of course, the intended effect of turning all eyes to Mr. Pickwick. Serjeant Buzfuz, having partially recovered from the state of moral elevation into which he had lashed himself, resumed:

"I shall show you, gentlemen, that for two years Pickwick continued to reside constantly, and without interruption or intermission, at Mrs. Bardell's house. I shall show you that Mrs. Bardell during the whole of that time, waited on him, attended to his comforts, cooked his meals, looked out his linen for the washer-woman when it went abroad, darned, aired, and prepared it for wear, when it came home, and, in short, enjoyed his fullest trust and confidence. I shall show you that, on many occasions, he gave half-pence, and on some occasions even six-pences, to her little boy; and I shall prove to you, by a witness whose testimony it will be impossible for my learned friend to weaken or controvert, that on one occasion he patted the boy on the head, and, after inquiring whether he had won any *alley tors* or *commonneys* lately (both of which I understand to be a particular species of marbles much prized by the youth of this town), made use of this remarkable expression: 'How should you like to have another father?' I shall prove to you, gentlemen, that about a year ago, Pickwick suddenly began to absent himself from home, during long intervals, as if with the intention of gradually breaking off from my client; but I shall show you also, that his resolution was not at that time sufficiently strong, or that his better feelings conquered, if better feelings he has, or that the charms and accomplishments of my client prevailed against his unmanly intentions; by proving to you, that on one occasion, when he returned from the country, he distinctly and in terms of

ferred her marriage: previously however, taking special care that there should be no witness to their solemn contract; and I am in a situation to prove to you, on the testimony of three of his own friends,—most unwilling witnesses, gentlemen—most unwilling witnesses—that on that morning he was discovered by them holding the plaintiff in his arms, and soothing her agitation by his caresses and endearments.”

A visible impression was produced upon the auditors by this part of the learned serjeant's address. Drawing forth two very small scraps of paper, he proceeded: “And now, gentlemen, but one word more. Two letters have passed between these parties, letters which are admitted to be in the handwriting of the defendant, and which speak volumes indeed. These letters, too, bespeak the character of the man. They are not open, fervent, eloquent epistles, breathing nothing but the language of affectionate attachment. They are covert, sly, underhanded communications, but, fortunately, far more conclusive than if couched in the most glowing language and the most poetic imagery—letters that must be viewed with a cautious and suspicious eye—letters that were evidently intended at the time, by Pickwick, to mislead and delude any third parties into whose hands they might fall. Let me read the first: ‘Garraway's, twelve o'clock. Dear Mrs. B.—Chops and Tomato sauce. Yours. PICKWICK.’ Gentlemen, what does this mean? Chops and Tomato sauce. Yours, Pickwick! Chops! Gracious heavens! and Tomato sauce! Gentlemen, is the happiness of a sensitive and confiding female to be trifled away by such shallow artifices as these? The next has no date whatever, which is in itself suspicious. ‘Dear Mrs. B., I shall not be at home till to-morrow. Slow coach.’ And then follows this very remarkable expression. ‘Don't trouble yourself about the warming-pan.’ The warming-pan! Why, gentlemen, who *does* trouble himself about a warming-pan? When was the peace of mind of man or woman broken or disturbed by a warming-pan, which is in itself a harmless, a useful, and I will add, gentlemen, a comforting article of domestic furniture? Why is Mrs. Bardell so earnestly entreated not to agitate herself about this warming-pan, unless (as is no

doubt the case) it is a mere cover for hidden fire—a mere substitute for some endearing word or promise, agreeably to a preconceived system of correspondence, artfully contrived by Pickwick with a view to his contemplated desertion, and which I am not in a condition to explain? And what does this allusion to the slow coach mean? For aught I know, it may be a reference to Pickwick himself, who has most unquestionably been a criminally slow coach during the whole of this transaction, but whose speed will now be very unexpectedly accelerated, and whose wheels, gentlemen, as he will find to his cost, will very soon be greased by you!”

Mr. Serjeant Buzfuz paused in this place, to see whether the jury smiled at his joke; but as nobody took it but the green-grocer, whose sensitiveness on the subject was very probably occasioned by his having subjected a chaise-cart to the process in question on that identical morning, the learned serjeant considered it advisable to undergo a slight relapse into the dismals before he concluded.

“But enough of this, gentlemen,” said Mr. Serjeant Buzfuz; “it is difficult to smile with an aching heart; it is ill jesting when our deepest sympathies are awakened. My client's hopes and prospects are ruined, and it is no figure of speech to say that her occupation is gone indeed. The bill is down—but there is no tenant. Eligible single gentlemen pass and repass—but there is no invitation for them to inquire within or without. All is gloom and silence in the house; even the voice of the child is hushed; his infant sports are disregarded when his mother weeps; his ‘alley tors’ and his ‘commoneys’ are alike neglected; he forgets the long familiar cry of ‘knuckle down,’ and at tip-cheese, or odd and even, his hand is out. But Pickwick, gentlemen, Pickwick, the ruthless destroyer of this domestic oasis in the desert of Goswell Street—Pickwick, who has choked up the well, and thrown ashes on the sward—Pickwick, who comes before you to-day with his heartless Tomato sauce and warming-pans—Pickwick still rears his head with unblushing effrontery, and gazes without a sigh on the ruin he has made. Damages, gentlemen—heavy damages is the only punishment with which you can visit him; the only recompense you can award to my client. And for

those damages she now appeals to an enlightened, a high-minded, a right-feeling, a conscientious, a dispassionate, a sympathizing, a contemplative jury of her civilized countrymen." With this beautiful peroration, Mr. Serjeant Buzfuz sat down, and Mr. Justice Stareleigh woke up.

"Call Elizabeth Cluppins," said Serjeant Buzfuz, rising a minute afterwards, with renewed vigor.

The nearest usher called for Elizabeth Tuppins; another one, at a little distance off, demanded Elizabeth Jupkins; and a third rushed in a breathless state into King Street, and screamed for Elizabeth Muffins till he was hoarse.

Meanwhile Mrs. Cluppins, with the combined assistance of Mrs. Bardell, Mrs. Sanders, Mr. Dodson, and Mr. Fogg, was hoisted into the witness-box; and when she was safely perched on the top-step, Mrs. Bardell stood on the bottom one, with the pocket-handkerchief and pattens in one hand, and a glass bottle that might hold about a quarter of a pint of smelling salts in the other, ready for any emergency. Mrs. Sanders, whose eyes were intently fixed on the judge's face, planted herself close by, with the large umbrella—keeping her right thumb pressed on the spring with an earnest countenance, as if she were fully prepared to put it up at a moment's notice.

"Mrs. Cluppins," said Serjeant Buzfuz, "pray compose yourself, ma'am." Of course, directly Mrs. Cluppins was desired to compose herself she sobbed with increased vehemence, and gave divers alarming manifestations of an approaching fainting fit, or, as she afterwards said, of her feelings being too many for her.

"Do you recollect, Mrs. Cluppins?" said Serjeant Buzfuz, after a few unimportant questions, "do you recollect being in Mrs. Bardell's back one pair of stairs, on one particular morning in July last, when she was dusting Pickwick's apartment?"

"Yes, my Lord and Jury, I do," replied Mrs. Cluppins.

"Mr. Pickwick's sitting-room was the first-floor front, I believe?"

"Yes, it were, sir," replied Mrs. Cluppins.

"What were you doing in the back room, ma'am?" inquired the little judge.

"My Lord and Jury," said Mrs. Clup-

pins, with interesting agitation, "I will not deceive you."

"You had better not, ma'am," said the little judge.

"I was there," resumed Mrs. Cluppins, "unknown to Mrs. Bardell; I had been out with a little basket, gentlemen, to buy three pound of red kidney purtates, which was three pound tuppense ha'penny, when I see Mrs. Bardell's street door on the jar."

"On the what?" exclaimed the little judge.

"Partly open, my Lord," said Serjeant Snubbin.

"She said on the jar," said the little judge, with a cunning look.

"It's all the same, my Lord," said Serjeant Snubbin. The little judge looked doubtful, and said he'd make a note of it. Mrs. Cluppins then resumed:

"I walked in, gentlemen, just to say good mornin,' and went, in a permissive manner, up stairs, and into the back room. Gentlemen, there was a sound of voices in the front room, and—"

"And you listened, I believe, Mrs. Cluppins?" said Serjeant Buzfuz.

"Beggin' your pardon, sir," replied Mrs. Cluppins, in a majestic manner, "I would scorn the haction. The voices was very loud, sir, and forced themselves upon my ear."

"Well, Mrs. Cluppins you were not listening, but you heard the voices. Was one of those voices Pickwick's?"

"Yes, it were, sir."

And Mrs. Cluppins, after distinctly stating that Mr. Pickwick addressed himself to Mrs. Bardell, repeated, by slow degrees, and by dint of many questions, the conversation with which our readers are already acquainted.

The jury looked suspicious, and Mr. Serjeant Buzfuz smiled and sat down. They looked positively awful when Serjeant Snubbin intimated that he should not cross-examine the witness, for Mr. Pickwick wished it to be distinctly stated that it was due to her to say, that her account was in substance correct.

Mrs. Cluppins having once broken the ice, thought it a favorable opportunity for entering into a short dissertation on her own domestic affairs; so she straightway proceeded to inform the court that she was the mother of eight children at that present speaking, and that she

entertained confident expectations of presenting Mr. Cluppins with a ninth, somewhere about that day six months. At this interesting point, the little judge interposed most irascibly; and the effect of the interposition was, that both the worthy lady and Mrs. Sanders were politely taken out of court, under the escort of Mr. Jackson, without further parley.

"Nathaniel Winkle!" said Mr. Skimpin. "Here!" replied a feeble voice. Mr. Winkle entered the witness-box, and having been duly sworn, bowed to the judge with considerable deference.

"Don't look at me, sir," said the judge, sharply in acknowledgment of the salute; "look at the jury."

Mr. Winkle obeyed the mandate, and looked at the place where he thought it most probable the jury might be; for seeing anything in his then state of intellectual complication was wholly out of the question.

Mr. Winkle was then examined by Mr. Skimpin, who, being a promising young man of two and three and forty, was of course anxious to confuse a witness who was notoriously predisposed in favor of the other side, as much as he could.

"Now, sir," said Mr. Skimpin, "have the goodness to let his Lordship and the jury know what your name is, will you?" and Mr. Skimpin inclined his head on one side to listen with great sharpness to the answer, and glanced at the jury meanwhile, as if to imply that he rather expected Mr. Winkle's natural taste for perjury would induce him to give some name which did not belong to him.

"Winkle," replied the witness.

"What's your Christian name, sir?" angrily inquired the little judge.

"Nathaniel, sir."

"Daniel,—any other name?"

"Nathaniel, sir—my Lord, I mean."

"Nathaniel Daniel, or Daniel Nathaniel?"

"No, my Lord, only Nathaniel; not Daniel at all."

"What did you tell me it was Daniel for, then, sir?" inquired the judge.

"I didn't, my Lord," replied Mr. Winkle.

"You did, sir," replied the judge, with a severe frown. "How could I have got Daniel on my notes, unless you told me so, sir?"

This argument, was, of course, unanswerable.

"Mr. Winkle has rather a short memory, my Lord," interposed Mr. Skimpin, with another glance at the jury. "We shall find means to refresh it before we have quite done with him, I dare say."

"You had better be careful, sir," said the little judge, with a sinister look at the witness.

Poor Mr. Winkle bowed, and endeavored to feign an easiness of manner, which, in his then state of confusion, gave him rather the air of a disconcerted pick-pocket.

"Now, Mr. Winkle," said Mr. Skimpin, "attend to me, if you please, sir; and let me recommend you, for your own sake, to bear in mind his Lordship's injunction to be careful. I believe you are a particular friend of Pickwick, the defendant, are you not?"

"I have known Mr. Pickwick now, as well as I recollect at this moment, nearly —"

"Pray, Mr. Winkle, do not evade the question. Are you, or are you not, a particular friend of the defendant's?"

"I was just about to say that—"

"Will you, or will you not, answer my question, sir?"

"If you don't answer the question you'll be committed, sir," interposed the little judge, looking over his note-book.

"Come, sir," said Mr. Skimpin, "yes or no, if you please."

"Yes, I am," replied Mr. Winkle.

"Yes, you are. And why couldn't you say that at once, sir? Perhaps you know the plaintiff, too? Eh, Mr. Winkle?"

"I don't know her; I've seen her."

"Oh, you don't know her, but you've seen her? Now have the kindness to tell the gentlemen of the jury what you mean by *that*, Mr. Winkle."

"I mean that I am not intimate with her, but I have seen her when I went to call on Mr. Pickwick in Goswell Street."

"How often have you seen her, sir?"

"How often?"

"Yes, Mr. Winkle, how often? I'll repeat the question for you a dozen times, if you require it, sir." And the learned gentleman, with a firm and steady frown, placed his hands on his hips, and smiled suspiciously at the jury.

On this question there arose the edifying brow-beating, customary on such

points. First of all, Mr. Winkle said it was quite impossible for him to say how many times he had seen Mrs. Bardell. Then he was asked if he had seen her twenty times, to which he replied, "Certainly,—more than that." Then he was asked whether he hadn't seen her a hundred times—whether he couldn't swear he had seen her more than fifty times—whether he didn't know that he had seen her at least seventy-five times—and so forth; the satisfactory conclusion which was arrived at being, that he had better take care of himself, and mind what he was about. The witness having been by these means reduced to the requisite ebb of nervous perplexity, the examination was continued as follows:

"Pray, Mr. Winkle, do you remember calling on the defendant Pickwick at these apartments in the plaintiff's house in Goswell Street, on one particular morning, in the month of July last?"

"Yes, I do."

"Were you accompanied on that occasion by a friend of the name of Tupman, and another of the name of Snodgrass?"

"Yes, I was."

"Are they here?"

"Yes, they are," replied Mr. Winkle, looking very earnestly towards the spot where his friends were stationed.

"Pray attend to me, Mr. Winkle, and never mind your friends," said Mr. Skimpin, with another expressive look at the jury. "They must tell their stories without any previous consultation with you, if none has yet taken place (another look at the jury). Now, sir, tell the gentlemen of the jury what you saw on entering the defendant's room, on this particular morning. Come; out with it, sir, we must have it, sooner or later."

"The defendant, Mr. Pickwick, was holding the plaintiff in his arms, with his hands clasping her waist," replied Mr. Winkle with natural hesitation, "and the plaintiff appeared to have fainted away."

"Did you hear the defendant say anything?"

"I heard him call Mrs. Bardell a good creature, and I heard him ask her to compose herself, for what a situation it was, if any body should come, or words to that effect."

"Now, Mr. Winkle, I have only one more question to ask you, and I beg you

to bear in mind his lordship's caution. Will you undertake to swear that Pickwick, the defendant, did not say on the occasion in question, 'My dear Mrs. Bardell, you're a good creature; compose yourself to this situation, for to this situation you must come, or words to that effect?'"

"I—I didn't understand him so, certainly," said Mr. Winkle, astounded at this ingenious dove-tailing of the few words he had heard. "I was on the staircase, and couldn't hear distinctly; the impression on my mind is—"

"The gentlemen of the jury want none of the impressions on your mind, Mr. Winkle, which I fear would be of little service to honest, straightforward men," interposed Mr. Skimpin. "You were on the staircase, and didn't distinctly hear; but you will not swear that Pickwick did not make use of the expressions I have quoted? Do I understand that?"

"No, I will not," replied Mr. Winkle; and down sat Mr. Skimpin with a triumphant countenance.

Mr. Pickwick's case had not gone off in so particularly happy a manner, up to this point, that it could very well afford to have any additional suspicion cast upon it. But as it could afford to be placed in a rather better light, if possible, Mr. Phunky rose for the purpose of getting something important out of Mr. Winkle in cross-examination. Whether he did get anything important out of him, will immediately appear.

"I believe, Mr. Winkle," said Mr. Phunky, "that Mr. Pickwick is not a young man?"

"Oh no," replied Mr. Winkle; "old enough to be my father."

"You have told my learned friend that you have known Mr. Pickwick a long time. Had you ever any reason to suppose or believe that he was about to be married?"

"Oh no; certainly not;" replied Mr. Winkle with so much eagerness, that Mr. Phunky ought to have got him out of the box with all possible dispatch. Lawyers hold that there are two kinds of particularly bad witnesses; a reluctant witness, and a too-willing witness; it was Mr. Winkle's fate to figure in both characters.

"I will even go further than this, Mr. Winkle," continued Mr. Phunky in a



most smooth and complacent manner. "Did you ever see anything in Mr. Pickwick's manner and conduct towards the opposite sex, to induce you to believe that he ever contemplated matrimony of late years, in any case?"

"Oh no; certainly not," replied Mr. Winkle.

"Has his behavior, when females have been in the case, always been that of a man, who, having attained a pretty advanced period of life, content with his own occupations and amusements, treats them only as a father might his daughters?"

"Not the least doubt of it," replied Mr. Winkle, in the fulness of his heart. "That is—yes—oh yes—certainly."

"You have never known anything in his behavior towards Mrs. Bardell, or any other female, in the least degree suspicious?" said Mr. Phunky, preparing to sit down; for Serjeant Snubbin was winking at him.

"N—n—no," replied Mr. Winkle, "except on one trifling occasion, which, I have no doubt, might be easily explained."

Now, if the unfortunate Mr. Phunky had sat down when Serjeant Snubbin winked at him, or if Serjeant Buzfuz had stopped this irregular cross-examination at the outset (which he knew better than to do; observing Mr. Winkle's anxiety, and well knowing it would, in all probability, lead to something serviceable to him), this unfortunate admission would not have been elicited. The moment the words fell from Mr. Winkle's lips, Mr. Phunky sat down, and Serjeant Snubbin rather hastily told him he might leave the box, which Mr. Winkle prepared to do with great readiness, when Serjeant Buzfuz stopped him.

"Stay Mr. Winkle, stay!" said Serjeant Buzfuz: "will your lordship have the goodness to ask him, what this one instance of suspicious behavior towards females on the part of this gentleman, who is old enough to be his father, was?"

"You hear what the learned counsel says, sir," observed the judge, turning to the miserable and agonized Mr. Winkle. "Describe the occasion to which you refer."

"My lord," said Mr. Winkle, trembling with anxiety, "I—I'd rather not."

"Perhaps so," said the little judge; "but you must."

Amid the profound silence of the whole court, Mr. Winkle faltered out, that the trifling circumstance of suspicion was Mr. Pickwick's being found in a lady's sleeping apartment at midnight; which had terminated, he believed, in the breaking off of the projected marriage of the lady in question, and had led, he knew, to the whole party being forcibly carried before George Nupkins, Esq., magistrate and justice of the peace, for the borough of Ipswich!

"You may leave the box, sir," said Serjeant Snubbin. Mr. Winkle *did* leave the box, and rushed with delirious haste to the George and Vulture, where he was discovered some hours after, by the waiter, groaning in a hollow and dismal manner, with his head buried beneath the sofa cushions.

Tracy Tupman, and Augustus Snodgrass, were severally called into the box; both corroborated the testimony of their unhappy friend; and each was driven to the verge of desperation by excessive badgering.

Susannah Sanders was then called, and examined by Serjeant Buzfuz, and cross-examined by Serjeant Snubbin. Had always said and believed that Pickwick would marry Mrs. Bardell; knew that Mrs. Bardell's being engaged to Pickwick was the current topic of conversation in the neighborhood, after the fainting in July; had been told it herself by Mrs. Mudberry which kept a mangle, and Mrs. Bunkin which clear-starched, but did not see either Mrs. Mudberry or Mrs. Bunkin in court. Had heard Pickwick ask the little boy how he should like to have another father. Did not know that Mrs. Bardell was at that time keeping company with the baker, but did know that the baker was then a single man and is now married. Couldn't swear that Mrs. Bardell was not very fond of the baker, but should think that the baker was not very fond of Mrs. Bardell, or he wouldn't have married somebody else. Thought Mrs. Bardell fainted away on the morning in July, because Pickwick asked her to name the day; knew that she (witness) fainted away stone dead when Mr. Sanders asked *her* to name the day, and believed that everybody as called herself a lady would do the same, under similar cir-

cumstances. Heard Pickwick ask the boy the question about the marbles, but upon her oath did not know the difference between an alley tor and a commoney.

By the COURT.—During the period of her keeping company with Mr. Sanders, had received love letters, like other ladies. In the course of their correspondence Mr. Sanders had often called her a "duck," but never "chops," nor yet "tomato sauce." He was particularly fond of ducks. Perhaps if he had been as fond of chops and tomato sauce, he might have called her that, as a term of affection.

Serjeant Buzfuz now rose with more importance than he had yet exhibited, if that were possible, and vociferated: "Call Samuel Weller."

It was quite unnecessary to call Samuel Weller; for Samuel Weller stepped briskly into the box the instant his name was pronounced; and placing his hat on the floor, and his arms on the rail, took a bird's-eye view of the bar, and a comprehensive survey of the bench, with a remarkably cheerful and lively aspect.

"What's your name, sir," inquired the judge.

"Sam Weller, my lord," replied that gentleman.

"Do you spell it with a 'V' or a 'W'?" inquired the judge.

"That depends upon the taste and fancy of the speller, my lord," replied Sam, "I never had occasion to spell it more than once or twice in my life, but I spells it with a 'V'."

Here a voice in the gallery exclaimed aloud, "quite right too, Samivel, quite right. Put it down a we, my lord, put it down a we."

"Who is that, who dares to address the court?" said the little judge, looking up. "Usher."

"Yes, my lord."

"Bring that person here instantly."

"Yes, my lord."

But as the usher didn't find the person, he didn't bring him; and, after a great commotion, all the people who had got up to look for the culprit, sat down again. The little judge turned to the witness as soon as his indignation would allow him to speak, and said,

"Do you know who that was, sir?"

"I rayther suspect it was my father, my lord," replied Sam.

"Do you see him here now?" said the judge.

"No, I don't, my lord," replied Sam, staring right up into the lantern in the roof of the court.

"If you could have pointed him out, I would have committed him instantly," said the judge.

Sam bowed his acknowledgments and turned, with unimpaired cheerfulness of countenance, towards Serjeant Buzfuz.

"Now, Mr. Weller," said Serjeant Buzfuz.

"Now, sir," replied Sam.

"I believe you are in the service of Mr. Pickwick, the defendant in this case. Speak up, if you please, Mr. Weller."

"I mean to speak up, sir," replied Sam; "I am in the service o' that 'ere gen'l'man, and a wery good service it is."

"Little to do, and plenty to get, I suppose?" said Serjeant Buzfuz, with jocularity.

"Oh, quite enough to get, sir, as the soldier said ven they ordered him three hundred and fifty lashes," replied Sam.

"You must not tell us what the soldier, or any other man, said, sir," interposed the judge; "it's not evidence."

"Wery good, my lord," replied Sam.

"Do you recollect anything particular happening on the morning when you were first engaged by the defendant; eh, Mr. Weller?" said Serjeant Buzfuz.

"Yes I do, sir," replied Sam.

"Have the goodness to tell the jury what it was."

"I had a reg'lar new fit out o' clothes that mornin', gen'l'men of the jury" said Sam, "and that was a wery partickler and uncommon circumstance vith me in those days."

Hereupon there was a general laugh; and the little judge, looking with an angry countenance over his desk, said, "you had better be careful, sir."

"So Mr. Pickwick said at the time, my lord," replied Sam; "and I was wery careful o' that 'ere suit o' clothes; wery careful indeed, my lord."

The judge looked sternly at Sam for full two minutes, but Sam's features were so perfectly calm and serene that the judge said nothing, and motioned Serjeant Buzfuz to proceed.

"Do you mean to tell me, Mr. Weller," said Serjeant Buzfuz, folding his arms

emphatically, and turning half-round to the jury, as if in mute assurance that he would bother the witness yet: "do you mean to tell me, Mr. Weller, that you saw nothing of this fainting on the part of the plaintiff in the arms of the defendant, which you have heard described by the witnesses?"

"Certainly not," replied Sam, "I was in the passage till they called me up, and then the old lady was not there."

"Now, attend, Mr. Weller, said Serjeant Buzfuz, dipping a large pen into the inkstand before him, for the purpose of frightening Sam with a show of taking down his answer. "You were in the passage, and yet saw nothing of what was going forward. Have you a pair of eyes, Mr. Weller?"

"Yes, I have a pair of eyes," replied Sam, "and that's just it. If they was a pair o' patent double million magnifyin' gas microscopes of hextra power, p'raps I might be able to see through a flight o' stairs and a deal door; but bein' only eyes, you see, my wision's limited."

At this answer, which was delivered without the slightest appearance of irritation, and with the most complete simplicity and equanimity of manner, the spectators tittered, the little judge smiled and Serjeant Buzfuz looked particularly foolish. After a short consultation with Dodson and Fogg, the learned Serjeant again turned towards Sam, and said with a painful effort to conceal his vexation, "Now, Mr. Weller, I'll ask you a question on another point, if you please."

"If you please, sir," rejoined Sam, with the utmost good humor.

"Do you remember going up to Mrs. Bardell's house, one night in November last?"

"Oh yes, very well."

"Oh, you *do* remember that, Mr. Weller," said Serjeant Buzfuz, recovering his spirits; "I thought we should get at something at last."

"I rayther thought that, too, sir," replied Sam; and at this the spectators tittered again.

"Well; I suppose you went up to have a little talk about this trial—eh, Mr. Weller?" said Serjeant Buzfuz, looking knowingly at the jury.

"I went up to pay the rent; but we *did* get a talkin' about the trial," replied Sam.

"Oh you did get a talking about the trial," said Serjeant Buzfuz, brightening up with the anticipation of some important discovery. "Now what passed about the trial; will you have the goodness to tell us, Mr. Weller?"

"Vith all the pleasure in life, sir," replied Sam. "Arter a few unimportant observations from the two virtuous females as has been examined here to-day, the ladies gets into a very great state o' admiration at the honorable conduct of Mr. Dodson and Fogg—they two gen'l'men as is settin' near you now." This, of course, drew general attention to Dodson and Fogg, who looked as virtuous as possible.

"The attorneys for the plaintiff," said Mr. Serjeant Buzfuz. "Well! they spoke in high praise of the honorable conduct of Messrs. Dodson & Fogg, the attorneys for the plaintiff, did they?"

"Yes," said Sam, "they said what a very gen'rous thing it was o' them to have taken up the case on spec, and to charge nothing at all for costs, unless they got 'em out of Mr. Pickwick."

At this very unexpected reply, the spectators tittered again, and Dodson and Fogg, turning very red, leant over to Serjeant Buzfuz, and in a hurried manner whispered something in his ear.

"You are quite right," said Serjeant Buzfuz aloud, with affected composure. "It's perfectly useless, my lord, attempting to get any evidence through the impenetrable stupidity of this witness. I will not trouble the court by asking him any more questions. Stand down, sir."

"Would any other gen'l'man like to ask me anythin'?" inquired Sam, taking up his hat, and looking round most deliberately.

"Not I, Mr. Weller, thank you," said Serjeant Snubbin, laughing.

"You may go down, sir," said Serjeant Buzfuz, waving his hand impatiently. Sam went down accordingly, after doing Messrs. Dodson and Fogg's case as much harm as he conveniently could, and saying just as little respecting Mr. Pickwick as might be, which was precisely the object he had in view all along.

"I have no objection to admit, my lord," said Serjeant Snubbin, "it will save the examination of another witness, that Mr. Pickwick has retired from business,

and is a gentleman of considerable independent property."

"Very well," said Serjeant Buzfuz, putting in the two letters to be read, "then that's my case, my lord."

Serjeant Snubbin then addressed the jury on behalf of the defendant; and a very long and a very emphatic address he delivered, in which he bestowed the highest possible eulogiums on the conduct and character of Mr. Pickwick; but inasmuch as our readers are far better able to form a correct estimate of that gentleman's merits and deserts, than Serjeant Snubbin could possibly be, we do not feel called upon to enter at any length into the learned gentleman's observations. He attempted to show that the letters which had been exhibited, merely related to Mr. Pickwick's dinner, or to the preparations for receiving him in his apartments on his return from some country excursion. It is sufficient to add in general terms, that he did the best he could for Mr. Pickwick; and the best, as every body knows, on the infallible authority of the old adage, could do no more.

Mr. Justice Stareleigh summed up, in the old established and most approved form. He read as much of his notes to the jury as he could decipher on so short a notice, and made running comments on the evidence as he went along. If Mrs. Bardell were right, it was perfectly clear that Mr. Pickwick was wrong, and if they thought the evidence of Mrs. Cluppins worthy of credence they would believe it, and if they didn't, why they wouldn't. If they were satisfied that a breach of promise of marriage had been committed, they would find for the plaintiff with such damages as they thought proper; and if, on the other hand, it appeared to them that no promise of marriage had ever been given, they would find for the defendant with no damages at all. The jury then retired to their private room to talk the matter over, and the judge retired to his private room, to refresh himself with a mutton chop and a glass of sherry.

An anxious quarter of an hour elapsed; the jury came back; the judge was fetched in. Mr. Pickwick put on his spectacles, and gazed at the foreman with an agitated countenance and a quickly beating heart.

"Gentlemen," said the individual in black, "are you all agreed upon your verdict?"

"We are," replied the foreman.

"Do you find for the plaintiff, gentlemen, or the defendant?"

"For the plaintiff."

"With what damages, gentlemen?"

"Seven hundred and fifty pounds."

Mr. Pickwick took off his spectacles, carefully wiped the glasses, folded them into their case, and put them in his pocket; then having drawn on his gloves with great nicety, and stared at the foreman all the while, he mechanically followed Mr. Perker and the blue bag out of the court.

They stopped in a side room while Perker paid the court fees; and here, Mr. Pickwick was joined by his friends. Here, too, he encountered Messrs. Dodson and Fogg, rubbing their hands with every token of outward satisfaction.

"Well, gentlemen," said Mr. Pickwick.

"Well, sir," said Dodson: for self and partner.

"You imagine you'll get your costs, don't you, gentlemen?" said Mr. Pickwick.

Fogg said they thought it rather probable. Dodson smiled, and said they'd try.

"You may try, and try, and try again, Messrs. Dodson and Fogg," said Mr. Pickwick vehemently, "but not one farthing of costs or damages do you ever get from me, if I spend the rest of my existence in a debtor's prison."

"Ha, ha!" laughed Dodson. "You'll think better of that, before next term, Mr. Pickwick."

"He, he, he! We'll soon see about that, Mr. Pickwick," grinned Fogg.

Speechless with indignation, Mr. Pickwick allowed himself to be led by his solicitor and friends to the door, and there assisted into a hackney-coach, which had been fetched for the purpose, by the ever watchful Sam Weller.

Sam had put up the steps, and was preparing to jump upon the box, when he felt himself gently touched on the shoulder; and looking round, his father stood before him. The old gentleman's countenance wore a mournful expression, as he shook his head gravely, and said, in warning accents:

"I know'd what 'ud come o' this here mode o' doin' b'isness. Oh Sammy, Sammy, vy worn't there a alleybi!"

"But surely, my dear sir," said little Perker, as he stood in Mr. Pickwick's apartment on the morning after the trial: "Surely you don't really mean—really and seriously, now, and irritation apart—that you won't pay these costs and damages?"

"Not one halfpenny," said Mr. Pickwick, firmly; "not one halfpenny."

"Hooroar for the principle, as the money-lender said ven he wouldn't renew the bill," observed Mr. Weller, who was clearing away the breakfast things.

"Sam," said Mr. Pickwick, "have the goodness to step down stairs."

"Cert'nly, sir," replied Mr. Weller; and acting on Mr. Pickwick's gentle hint, Sam retired.

"No, Perker," said Mr. Pickwick, with great seriousness of manner, "my friends here have endeavored to dissuade me from this determination, but without avail. I shall employ myself as usual, until the opposite party have the power of issuing a legal process of execution against me; and if they are vile enough to avail themselves of it, and to arrest my person, I shall yield myself up with perfect cheerfulness and content of heart. When can they do this?"

"They can issue execution, my dear sir, for the amount of the damages and taxed costs, next term," replied Perker, "just two months hence, my dear sir."

"Very good," said Mr. Pickwick. "Until that time, my dear fellow, let me hear no more of the matter. And now," continued Mr. Pickwick, looking round on his friends with a good-humored smile, and a sparkle in the eye which no spectacles could dim or conceal, "the only question is, Where shall we go next?"

Mr. Tupman and Mr. Snodgrass were too much affected by their friend's heroism to offer any reply. Mr. Winkle had not yet sufficiently recovered the recollection of his evidence at the trial, to make any observation on any subject, so Mr. Pickwick paused in vain.

"Well," said that gentleman, "if you leave me to suggest our destination, I say Bath. I think none of us have ever been there."

Nobody had; and as the proposition

was warmly seconded by Perker, who considered it extremely probable that if Mr. Pickwick saw a little change and gaiety he would be inclined to think better of his determination, and worse of a debtor's prison, it was carried unanimously; and Sam was at once dispatched to the White Horse Cellar, to take five places by the half-past seven o'clock coach, next morning.

CHARLES DICKENS.

### THE JESTER CONDEMNED TO DEATH.

One of the Kings of Scanderoon,  
A royal jester,  
Had in his train a gross buffoon,  
Who used to pester  
The Court with tricks inopportune,  
Venting on the highest folks his  
Scurvy pleasantries and hoaxes.

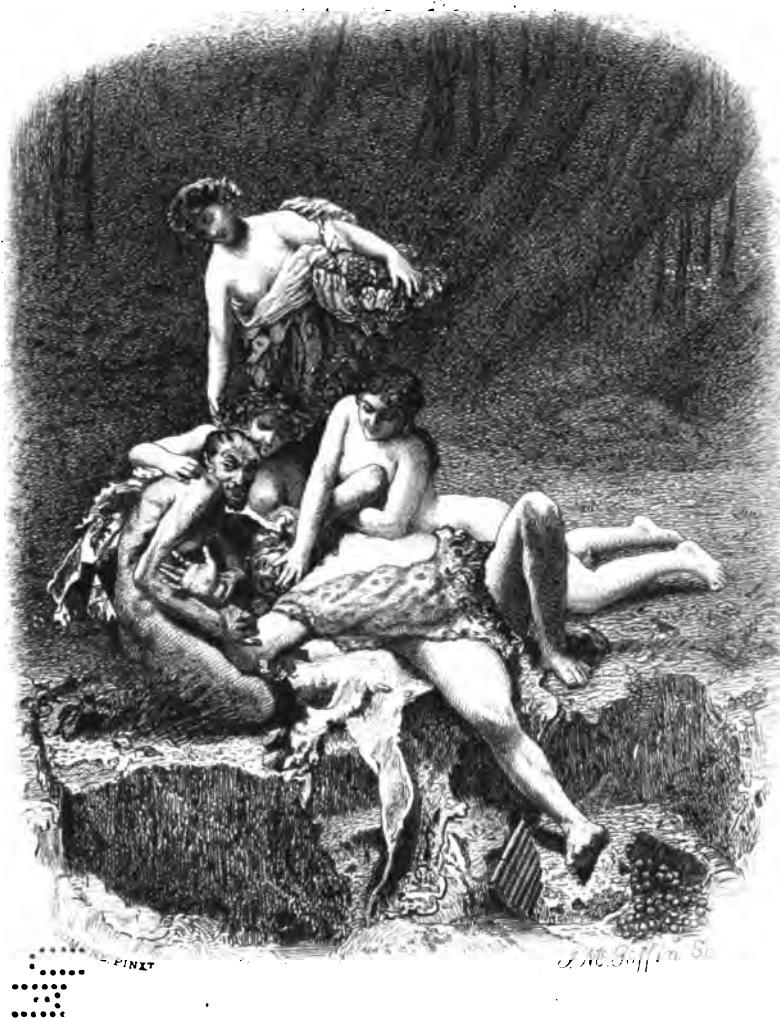
It needs some sense to play the fool,  
Which wholesome rule  
Occurred not to our jackanapes,  
Who consequently found his freaks  
Lead to innumerable scrapes,  
And quite as many kicks and tweaks,  
Which only seemed to make him faster  
Try the patience of his master.

Some sin, at last, beyond all measure,  
Incurred the desperate displeasure  
Of his serene and raging highness:  
Whether he twitched his most revered  
And sacred beard,  
Or had intruded on the shyness  
Of the seraglio, or let fly  
An epigram at royalty,  
None knows: his sin was an occult one,  
But records tell us that the Sultan,  
Meaning to terrify the knave,  
Exclaimed, "'Tis time to stop that breath:  
Thy doom is sealed, presumptuous slave!  
Thou stand'st condemned to certain death:  
Silence, base rebel! no replying!  
But such is my indulgence still,  
That, of my own free grace and will,  
I leave to thee the mode of dying."

"Thy royal will be done—'tis just,"  
Replied the wretch, and kissed the dust;  
"Since, my last moments to assuage,  
Your majesty's humane decree  
Has deigned to leave the choice to me,  
I'll die, so please you, of old age!"

HORACE SMITH.





*Silenus and Bacchantes.*

THE ENGRAVER VOL III

GEORGE & CO







## SILENUS.

[PUBLIUS VIRGILIUS MARO—such was the full name of Virgil the prince of Latin Poets—was born at Pietola, near Mantua, 70 B.C., and died at Rome at the age of 51.]

It is not the province of this book to enumerate his glorious works, indeed it is merely the chance of Comerre's picture that reminded us of our ability to give Virgil a place in the LIBRARY OF WIT AND HUMOR.

The Pastoral into which Virgil introduces this story is addressed to his friend Verus—a man evidently of high rank—and seems meant as an apology for not complying with his request to write a poem on his exploit.]

## SILENUS.

"I thought to sing how heroes fought and bled,  
But that Apollo pinched my ear, and said—  
'Shepherds, friend Tityrus, I would have  
you know,  
Feed their sheep high, and pitch their verses  
low.'"

Then he goes on to tell his story:—

"Two Bacchantes and a Faun, the story runs,  
one day  
Came on the cave where old Silenus lay;  
Filled to the skin, as was his wont to be,  
With last night's wine, and sound asleep was  
he;

The garland from his head had fallen aside,  
And his round bottle hanging near they spied.  
Now was their time—both had been cheated  
long

By the ely god with promise of a song;  
They tied him fast—fit bonds his garland  
made—

And lo! a fair accomplice comes to aid:  
Loveliest of Naiad-nymphs, and merriest too,  
Æglè did what they scarce had dared to do;  
Just as the god unclosed his sleepy eyes,  
She daubed his face with blood of mulberries.  
He saw their joke, and laughed—'Now loose  
me, lad!

Enough—you've caught me—tying is too bad.  
A song you want?—Here goes. For Æglè,  
mind,

I warrant me I'll pay her out in kind.'

So he began. The listening Fauns drew near,  
The beasts beat time, the stout oaks danced to  
hear.

So joy Parnassus when Apollo sings—  
So through the dancing hills the lyre of Or-  
pheus rings."

[Silenus's strain is a poetical lecture on natural philo-  
sophy. He is as didactic in his waking soberness as  
some of his disciples are in their cups. He describes  
how the world sprang from the four original elements,

and narrates the old fables of the cosmogonists—the  
Deluge of Deucalion, the new race of men who sprang  
from the stones which he and Pyrrha cast behind  
them, the golden reign of Saturn, the theft of fire by  
Prometheus, and a long series of other legends, with  
which he charms his listeners until the falling shadows  
warn them to count their flocks, and the evening-star  
comes out, as the poet phrases it, "over the unwilling  
heights of Olympus"—loath yet to lose the fascinating  
strain.]

## A RECTIFYING ESTABLISHMENT.

Judge Craig Biddle of Philadelphia is  
celebrated among his friends for his wit,  
as well as for his legal learning.

Riding one day in the cars from New  
York with a stranger, who touched the  
Judge on the shoulder, and pointing  
to the extensive brick buildings on the  
Pennepack, which constitute the House  
of Correction, said:

"Excuse me, sir, is that a distillery?"

"Well," said the Judge, with a twinkle  
in his eye, "I believe it is somehow con-  
nected with the liquor business, it is a  
*rectifying establishment!*"

## ASK AND HAVE.

"Oh, 'tis time I should talk to your mother,  
Sweet Mary," says I;

"Oh, don't talk to my mother," says Mary,  
Beginning to cry:

"For my mother says men are deceivers,  
And never, I know, will consent;  
She says girls in a hurry who marry,  
At leisure repent."

"Then, suppose I would talk to your father,  
Sweet Mary," says I;

"Oh, don't talk to my father," says Mary,  
Beginning to cry:

"For my father, he loves me so dearly,  
He'll never consent I should go—  
If you talk to my father," says Mary,  
"He'll surely say, 'No.'"

"Then how shall I get you, my jewel?  
Sweet Mary," says I;

"If your father and mother's so cruel,  
Most surely I'll die!"

"Oh, never say die, dear," says Mary;  
"A way now to save you I see;

Since my parents are both so contrary—  
You'd better ask me!"

SAMUEL LOVER.

## THREE BLIND TIPPLERS.

THOMAS MOORE.

Three sightless inmates of the sky,  
Whose names were Justice—Fortune—  
Cupid,  
Finding their public life on high  
Somewhat monotonous and stupid,  
Resolved one morning to unite  
Their powers in an Alliance Holy,  
And purify the earth, whose plight  
They all agreed was melancholy.

Quoth Justice—of the world below  
I doubtless have the best idea,  
Since, in the golden age, you know,  
I ruled it jointly with Astrea;  
While, therefore, we on earth abide,  
For fear our forces should be parted,  
Let us be your perpetual guide:—  
Agreed *nem. con.* and off they started.

Love first, and Fortune next descends,  
Then Justice, though awhile she tarried,  
Then Cupid cries—This flight, my friend,  
Has made my throttle somewhat arid:  
Beneath each wing, before our trip,  
I popp'd a golden vase of nectar,  
And I for one should like to sip—  
What says our worshipful director?

The proposition, 'twas decreed,  
Redounded to the mover's glory,  
So down they sat upon the mead,  
And plied the flagon *con amore*;  
But not reflecting that the draught  
With air of earth was mix'd and muddled,  
Before the second vase was quaff'd  
They all became completely fuddled.

Now reeling, wrangling, they proceed,  
Each loudly backing his opinion,  
And 'stead of letting Justice lead,  
All struggle fiercely for dominion;  
Whereat her sword in wrath she draws,  
And throws it in her scales with fury,  
Maintaining that the rightful cause  
Requires no other judge and jury.

Fortune purloining Cupid's darts,  
Tips them with gold for sordid suitors,  
Making sad havoc in the hearts  
Of matrimonial computers;  
While Love on Fortune's wheel apace  
Plagues mortals with incessant changes,  
Gives flying glimpses of his face,  
Then presto!—pass! away he ranges.

Their pranks, their squabbles, day by day  
Gave censors a better handle,  
Till Jove, impatient of their stay,  
And anxious to arrest the scandal,  
Bade Fortune—Justice—Love return;  
But to atone for their miscarriage,  
Lest men for substitutes should yearn,  
He sent them down Luck, Law, and Mar-  
riage.

## POMMERY GRÈNO.

Dining with Malvine,  
Captain of Militia,  
Ne'er was dinner seen,  
Soupier or fishier.  
Said to me, my host,  
Man of wit and brain, "Oh,  
In this club we boast  
Excellent champagne." "Oh,  
Not for me," I frowned;  
"This Amontillado  
Suits me to the ground,  
He'd to please be hard, who  
Wanted better drink."  
"Come, now drop that flummery,"  
Said he, with a wink,  
"And let us try the Pommery."

I could ne'er refuse  
In past times or present,  
Any person whose  
Invitation's pleasant!  
Doubt I never long,  
But go a moral cropper,  
Though what's proposed is wrong,  
Or not too strictly proper,  
When a man says "Wine!"  
Straight I drain the flagon;  
When a girl says "Thine!"  
I ne'er put virtue's drag on.  
Feeling thus inclined,  
I to cry was fain, "Oh,  
Hang it, never mind,  
Produce your Pommery Grèno!

Dry as Compton's fun,  
Dry as author's pocket;  
Bright as that loved one  
Whose face adorns my locket;  
At the beaker's brim  
Beading brittle bubbles,  
Sea in which to swim,  
And cast away all troubles;  
Sea, where sorrow sinks,  
Ne'er to rise again—oh,  
Blessedest of drinks,  
Welcome, Pommery Grèno!

EDMUND YATES.

## A STAGE-COACH STORY.

ANON.

IN all the changes which have taken place in this changeable world, since I had the pleasure of making acquaintance with it, the greatest is in travelling. When I was a youngster, I remember my father, who was Mayor of Cork in the year of grace '97, setting out for Dublin with the address from the Corporation of that loyal city to the Viceroy of the day. I remember it as it were but yesterday. It was thought at that time to be a great journey, and the leave-taking of friends and relatives was not without tears. They took two days to reach Limerick; on the third they proceeded to Tullamore, where they slept; and on the fourth, taking ship in the canal boat, they arrived in the metropolis late at night. But now-a-days, what between railroad and steam-coaches, men go—

The old gentleman gave a sweep of his hand from his breast till he stretched it at arm's length, and then let it drop by his side. How wonderful is the eloquence of action! Words were invented but to help it out. I have seen an Italian gather up the points of his fingers till his hand looked like a pineapple, and shake it with a grimace that would have done honor to an ape. I have seen a Frenchman elevate his shoulders till he endangered his ears; but old Moonshine's motion was altogether in a great scale. It was magnificent; it was natural—such as I should suppose Adam to have made to Eve when he showed her the world was all before them. The very form of expression was grand; it was incomplete; it savored somewhat of infinity. "Men go," said he, with a wave of his hand—had he said "to the ends of the earth" it would have been nothing.

After a moment's pause, the narrator proceeded: "I shall never forget my first journey from Limerick to Dublin. A day-coach had been established, which was considered a marvel of celerity. It left Swinburne's hotel early in the morning, and contrived to accomplish half of the journey that day, arriving late in the evening at Mountrath, where the travellers slept, whence, starting next morning, after an early breakfast, it entered the

metropolis by the light of the old oil lamps, upon the second day. You may yet see the old roadside inn a little way outside the town of Mountrath—a large, high house, retired a short way from the road, having a spacious sweep of gravelled space before it, and a multitude of windows; but, alas! it is now falling fast into decay; and one never sees the bustling face of the white-aproned waiter standing at the door, or hears the crack of the postilion's whip as he leads out his posters to horse a gentleman's travelling-carriage.

"Well, all that is past and gone. On the second day of our journey, we had all assembled drowsily in the parlor, which smelled villainously of the preceding night's supper, and had sat down to our hurried breakfast. By the time we had half finished our meal, a car drove up to the door, and in a few moments after, a gentleman entered in a large drab travelling coat, with half-a-dozen capes, and a huge red shawl wound around his neck. He deposited a travelling-case leisurely on the sideboard, and then looked keenly around him. The survey did not seem to give him much gratification. The eggs had all disappeared, and the cold beef was in a very dilapidated condition. However, he sat down, took off his coat and shawl, and addressed himself to the cold meat like a hungry man. The waiter made his appearance.

"Just five minutes more, gentlemen; the horses are putting to."

The traveller looked up quietly. He was not a man to be put out of his way. He ordered some eggs, and desired the waiter to make fresh tea.

"Are you going by the coach, sir?" inquired the attendant.

"Yes, certainly," was the reply, in an English accent (he was a traveller from a London house,) "but I must have my breakfast first; so, be quick, will you?"

The waiter left the room, and immediately after we heard the fellow telling the guard to be expeditious; an exhortation to which that worthy responded by a clamorous blast of his horn that made us all start from our seats, and hurry out of the room, leaving the English gentleman alone to finish his breakfast, which, to do him justice, he seemed by no means disposed to neglect. The waiter, meantime, brought in the tea, and retired: but was

speedily summoned back by a vigorous ringing of the bell.

"A spoon, please," said the gentleman.

The waiter advanced to the table to procure the article, but, to his astonishment, there was not a spoon to be seen; nay, even those which had been in the cups had all disappeared.

"Blessed Virgin!" ejaculated the dismayed attendant, "what's become of all the spoons?"

"That's just what I want to know, you blockhead," said the other.

"Two dozen and a half—real silver," cried Tom.

"I want only one," said the gentleman. "Haven't you a spoon in your establishment, my man?"

Tom made no reply, but rushed distractedly out of the room, and running up to the coachman, cried out, "stop, Dempsey, for the love of Heaven!"

"All right!" said Dempsey, with a twirl of his whip, gathering up the reins and preparing to start—for we had all taken our places.

"'Tisn't all right," cried Tom, "where are the spoons?"

"What spoons? Arrah! don't be bothering us, man; and we five minutes behind time. Joey, hold that off-leader's head, till she goes on a bit."

By this time, the master of the inn had come out to learn what all the hubbub was about. Tom, half blubbering, poor fellow, made him acquainted with the fact, that all his silver spoons had vanished. The landlord cried out "robbery!" the housemaids screamed out "murder!" and a variety of other exclamations, too dreadful to contemplate. When silence was restored, the inn-keeper insisted on stopping the coach till he ascertained if the report of Tom was true. Ere many moments he returned, as pale as ghost, and said—

"Gentlemen, I'm sorry to trouble you; but I must beg you'll come down, till a search is made for my property. Tom, here, will swear that there was a spoon in every tea-cup this morning as usual—won't you, Tom?"

"Be-dad, I'll take my Bible-oath of that same, sure enough," replied Tom; "and sure I didn't swallow them."

The passengers all indignantly refused to submit to the search proposed by the landlord. An old lady inside went off in

hysterics when the inn-keeper opened the door, and proposed to turn her pockets inside out. There was an officer with a wooden leg on the box-seat, who swore, in the most awful manner, that he would run the first man through the body that attempted to lay a hand on him—by the way, he hadn't a sword, but he forgot that in his fury. There was a justice of the peace for the county, who protested that he would commit the host for contempt; and a Dublin attorney in the back-seat intimated his determination to indict Tom, who had laid hold of his leg, for an assault; and, moreover, to commence an action against his master for defamation. As I was but a youngster then, and the weakest of the party, the landlord chuckled me down in a twinkling, and hauled me into the parlor, half dead with fright; and thereupon the rest of the passengers, including the wooden-legged captain, scrambled down, and followed, determined to make common cause and protect me from insult with their lives, if necessary. And now we were all again in the breakfast-room, clamoring and remonstrating, while to add to the din, the guard kept up a continual brattle with his horn. All this time the English gentleman was steadily prosecuting his work upon the eggs and toast, with a cup of tea before him, which he was leisurely sipping, quite at his ease like.

"What the deuce is the matter?" said he, looking up, "can't you let a man take his breakfast with comfort?"

"The plate!" said the master.

"The silver spoons!" cried the butler.

"Robbery!" shouted the mistress.

"Murder!" etc., screamed the housemaids.

"Search every one," demanded the host; "come, let us begin with this young chap," diving his hand into my breeches pocket.

"I think," said the English gentleman, coolly, "'twould be as well first to search the premises. Is the waiter long in your service?"

"Fifteen years last Shrovetide, and I defy any man to lay as much as the big of his nail to my charge."

By this time, the English gentleman had finished his breakfast, and, wiping his mouth most deliberately, he commenced to search the room. He opened every drawer of the sideboard, then he looked

under the table, then behind the window-shutters, but all in vain. After that, he stopped a moment to reflect, when a bright thought seemed to cross his mind, and he raised the lid of one of the teapots, but with as little success as before; nevertheless, he continued his examination of the teapots, and when he came to the last, what do you think, but he thrust in his hand, and drew out first one spoon, and then another, till he laid a number of them on the table. Tom rushed up, and began to count—"Two, four, six," till at length he exclaimed—

"May I never see glory but they're all right, everyone. The Lord be between us and harm, but this bangs all that ever I seen!"

"I tell you what, my man," said the gentleman, looking sternly at the astonished waiter, "I strongly suspect you have been playing tricks upon your master. A nice haul you'd have had of it when the company was gone away! I don't like the look of the fellow, I tell you," he continued, addressing himself to the host; "and if it wasn't for the fortunate circumstances of my coming in a little late and wanting a spoon, you would have lost your property, sir. You may count it a lucky day that I came to your house."

The landlord was struck dumb with amazement; even the mistress hadn't a word to say, though she looked wickedly at poor Tom, and the housemaids began to cry and bless themselves.

"Gentlemen," proceeded the Englishman, "I hope you will overlook the insult you have received; as, after all, the landlord is not to be blamed; and if he will insist on this blackguard waiter making an ample apology, I will take upon me to say for you all, that you will not take any proceedings."

All cheerfully expressed their assent to the proposition, except the attorney, who still muttered something about assault and defamation, which so terrified Tom that he most humbly entreated pardon of the whole company, though he still protested that he was innocent of the crime laid to his charge.

"Gammon!" said the gentleman; "but as you have made proper submission, and nothing has been lost, I shall make it a further condition with your master that we won't turn you adrift on the world with a thief's character, but give you an

opportunity of reforming. Keep a sharp eye on him, however, sir, I advise you. And now, gentlemen, I think we'd better be moving."

We all hurried out and took our places, the English gentleman getting up to the seat behind the coachman. Dempsey "threw the silk" into the horses; the guard blew an impatient blast on his horn, and off we went at a slapping pace, the host bowing humbly to us until we were out of sight.

"I'm driving on this road these ten years," said Dempsey, when he slackened his pace up a hill; "and I never knew such a thing as that happen before."

"Very likely," said the Englishman, quietly, "and never will again."

"I always thought Tom Reilly was as honest a fellow, man and boy, as any in the parish."

"I make no doubt he is," replied the other; "he has a very honest countenance."

"I thought, sir," said the captain, "you said you didn't like his look?"

"Maybe I did say so," was the reply.

"And pray, sir, do you still think 'twas he hid the spoons?"

"Not a bit of it."

"Then who the d—l did?"

"I did. Do you think I'm green enough to travel so cold a morning as this without having a comfortable breakfast?"

"Well," said Dempsey, "that's the knowingest trick I ever heard of in my life."

"Not bad," replied the gentleman with great *sang froid*, "but it won't do to be repeated."

When we arrived at Portlinton, the gentleman—who, by the way, turned out to be a very pleasant fellow, and up to all sorts of life—got off the coach, and ordered his travelling-case to be taken into the inn.

"Do you stop here, sir?" asked the coachman.

"Yes, for the present. I have a little business to do here, as well as at Mountrath."

The gentleman, having given the usual gratuity to the guard and coachman, and also a slip of paper to Dempsey, which he directed him to give to the host at Mountrath, passed into the inn; the coach drove on, and I never saw him again.

Dempsey having pocketed the shilling, looked at the paper with some curiosity, in which, to say the truth, we all shared.

"There's no harm in reading it, as it is open," said the Captain, taking it from Dempsey.

They were a few lines, written in pencil, on the leaf of a pocket-book, and the Captain read them out—I remember them to this day:—

"This is to certify that Tom Reilly put nothing in the teapot this morning except hot water and sloe-leaves, and that the other ingredients, the spoons, were added by me, for the purpose of giving the composition some strength. I further certify that the said spoons are capital for making a 'stir.'

"Given under my hand,

"ELKANAH SMITHERS, JUN."

You may be sure we all enjoyed this finish to the joke, and Dempsey forwarded the paper by the down coach, that poor Tom Reilly's character might be cleared with the least possible delay. Tom was fully reinstated in the confidence of his employers; but the landlady had got such a fright that she determined that her silver spoons should never again be placed at the mercy of any traveller. Accordingly, she transferred them to the private part of the establishment, substituting for them in the public room a set of very neat pewter articles—there was no German silver or albata, or such things in those days—which, when cleaned, look nearly as well as silver. Many a time I stirred my tea at breakfast with one of them, and thought of "Elkanah Smithers, jun."

#### THE PEEP.

A "PEEP" is a very abject and idiotic little bird found in New England. He is to the feathered what the "Scallywag" is to the finny creation. Occasionally when he is caught the housewives will condescend to put him into pies, but in general he is condemned, and "left out in the cold." He is weak on the wing, and weaker on his legs; and when the miserable little object alights on earth, he is given to staggering about in an imbecile and helpless manner, suggesting the idea of extreme intoxication. The sharp New

England mind, ever on the look-out for similes, has long since indorsed the locution "as tight as a peep," to express an utter state of tipsification. One of the best Yankee stories I ever heard is told, "in this connection," of Mr. Macready, the actor. Once when the great tragedian was starring at Boston, at the Howard Athenæum I think, there happened to be in the stalls a gentleman who, like Roger the Monk, had got "excessively drunk." His behaviour at last became so scandalous that he was forcibly expelled the theatre, not, however, before he had completely spoiled the effect of the "dagger" soliloquy in *Macbeth*. Mr. Macready was furious; and, the moment the act drop had descended, indignantly demanded who was the wretched man who had thus marred the performance. "Don't distress yourself, Mr. Macready," explained the manager, "it is but an untoward accident. A little too much wine, and that sort of thing. The fact is, the gentleman was 'as tight as a peep.'" "Titus A. Peep!" scornfully echoed the tragedian. "I'll tell you what it is, sir. *If Mr. Titus A. Peep had misconducted himself in this gross manner in any English theatre, he would have passed the night in the station-house.*" Mr. Macready's error was excusable. He had been introduced to so many gentlemen with strings of initials to their names, that he had taken the bird meant by the management to be name of a human being; and it must be confessed that "Titus A. Peep" *sounds* very human and very American.

#### AN INGENIOUS EVASION.

Two literary ladies were lately witnesses in a trial. One of them upon hearing the usual questions asked, "What is your name? and how old are you?" turned to her companion and said, "I do not like to tell my age; not that I object to its being known, but I don't want it published in all the newspapers." "Well," said the witty Mrs. —, "I will tell you how you can avoid it. You have heard the objections to all hearsay evidence; tell them you don't remember when you were born, and all you know about it is by hearsay." The *ruse* took, and the question was not pressed.

## O'CONNOR'S WAKE.

To the wake of O'Connor  
 Came lofty and low;  
 To do him the honour  
 No person was slow.  
 Two nights was the waking,  
 Till day began breaking,  
 And frolics past spaking,  
 To please him were done;  
 For himself in the middle,  
 With stick and with fiddle,  
 Stretch'd out at his ease was the King of the Fun.

With a dimity curtain overhead,  
 And the corpse lights shining round his bed,  
 Holding his fiddle and stick, and drest  
 Top to toe in his Sunday best,  
 For all the world he seem'd to be  
 Playing on his back to the companie!  
 On each of his sides was another light,  
 On his legs the tobacco-pipes were piled;  
 Cleanly washed in a shirt of white,  
 His gray hair brushed, his beard trimmed  
 right,  
 He lay in the midst of his friends, and  
 smiled.

At birth and bedding, at fair and feast,  
 Welcome as light or the smile of the priest,  
 Ninety winters up and down  
 O'Connor had fiddled in country and town.  
 Never a fiddler was clever as he  
 At dance or jig or *pater-o'-pee*;  
 The sound of his fiddle no words could paint,  
 'Twould fright the devil or please a saint,  
 Or bring the heart with a single skirl,  
 To the very mouth of a boy or girl.  
 He played—and his elbow was never done;  
 He drank—and his lips were never dry;  
 Ninety winters his life had run,

But God's above and we all must die,  
 As she stretched him out quoth Judy O'Roon,  
 "Sure life's like his music and ended soon—

There's dancing and crying,  
 There's kissing, there's prying,  
 There's smiling and sporting,  
 There's wedding and courting,

But the skirl of the wake is the end of the  
 tune!

"*Shin, suas, O'Connor,*"

Cried Kitty O'Bride—

Her best gown upon her,

Tim Bourke by her side—

All laughed out to hear her,

While Tim he crept near her,

To kiss her and cheer her

In the dark of the door;

But the corpse in the middle,

With stick and with fiddle,  
 All done with diversion, would never play  
 more!

On the threshold, as each man entered  
 there,

He knelt on his knee and said a prayer;  
 But first, before he took his seat

Among the company there that night,  
 He lifted a pipe from O'Connor's feet,  
 And lit it up by the bright corpse-light.  
 Chattering there in the cloud of smoke,  
 They waked him well with song and joke;  
 The gray old men and the *caulighs* told  
 Of all his doings in days of old;

The boys and girls, till night was done,  
 Played their frolics and took their fun,  
 And many a kiss was stolen sure  
 Under the window and behind the door  
 Andy Hagan and Kitty Delane

Hid in a corner and courted there,  
 "*Monamondioul!*" cried old Tim Blane,  
 Pointing them out, "they're a purty pair!"  
 But when they blushed and hung the head,  
 "Troth, never be shamed!" the old man  
 said;

"Sure love's as short as the flowers in June,  
 And life's like music and ended soon—

There's wooing and wedding,  
 There's birth and there's bedding,  
 There's grief and there's pleasure  
 To fill up the measure—

But the skirl of the wake is the end of the  
 tune!"

At the wake of O'Connor

Great matches were made,

To do him more honour

We joked and we played—

Two nights was the waking,

Till day began breaking,

The cabin was shaking

Before we were done,

And himself in the middle,

With stick and with fiddle,

As large as in life, was the King of the  
 Fun!

"Well I remember," said Tony Carduff,  
 Drawing the pipe from his lips with a puff,

"Well I remember at Ballyslough—

And troth and it's thirty years ago—

In the midst of the fair there fell a fight,

And who but O'Connor was in the middle?

Striking and crying with all his might,

And with what for weapon, the ould black  
 fiddle!

That day would have ended its music straight!

If it hadn't been strong as an iron pot;

Tho' the blood was on it from many a pate,

Troth, divil a bit of harm it got!"



Cried Michael na Chauliny, "And troth that's true—

Himself and the fiddle were matched by few,  
They went together thro' every weather,  
Full of diversion and tough as leather—  
I thought he'd never think of dying,  
But, Jesus keep us—there he's lying."  
Then the *cauliaghs* squatting round on the floor  
Began to *keenagh* and sob full sore;—  
"God be good to the ould gossoon!  
Sure, life's like music, and ended soon.

There's playing and plighting,  
There's frolic and fighting,  
There's singing and sighing,  
There's laughing and crying—

But the skirl of the wake is the end of the tune!"

At the wake of O'Connor,  
The merry ould man,  
To wail in his honour  
The *cauliaghs* began;  
And Rose, Donnell's daughter,  
From over the water,  
Began (sure saints taught her!)  
The sweet *drimindhu*;  
All was still;—in the middle,  
With stick and with fiddle,

O'Connor stretched silent, seemed hearkening too!

Oh, 'twas sweet as the crooning of fairies by night,

Oh, 'twas sad—as you listened, you smiled in delight,

With the tears in your eyes; it was like a shower falling,

When the rainbow shines thro' and the cuckoo is calling;

You might feel through it all, as the sweet notes were given,

The peace of the Earth and the promise of Heaven!

In the midst of it all the sweet singer did stand,

With a light on her hair, like the gleam of a hand;

She seemed like an angel to each girl and boy,  
But most to Tim Cregan, who watched her in joy,

And when she had ended he led her away,  
And whispered his love, till the dawning of day.

After that, cried Pat Rooney, the rogue of a lad,

"I'll sing something merry—the, last was too sad!"

And he struck up the song of the Piper of Clare,

How the bags of his pipes were beginning to tear,

And how when the cracks threatened fairly to end them

He cut up his own leather *breeches* to mend them!

How we laugh'd, young and old! "Well, beat that if you can."

Cried fat Tony Bourke, the potheen-making man—

"Who sings next?" Tony cried, and at that who came in,

Dancing this way and that way in midst of the din,

But poor Shamus the Fool! and he gave a great spring—

"By the cross, merry boys, 'tis myself that can sing?"

Then he stood by the corpse, and he folded his hands,

And he sang of the sea and the foam on the sands,

Of the shining *skiddawn* as it flies to and fro,  
Of the birds of the waves and their wings like the snow,

Then he sank his voice lower and sang with strange sound

Of the caves down beneath and the beds of the drown'd.

Till we wept for the boys who lie where the wave rolls,

With no kinsmen to stretch them and wake their poor souls.

When he ceased, Shamus looked at the corpse and he said,

"Sure a dacent man never died in his bed!"  
And at that the old *cauliaghs* began to croon:

"Sure life's like his music, and ended as soon—

There's dancing and sporting,

There's kissing and courting,

There's grief and there's pleasure

To fill up the measure—

But the skirl of the wake is the end of the tune!"

"A health to O'Connor!"

Fat Anthony said:

"We'll drink in the honour

Of him that is dead."

A two-gallon cag then,

Did Anthony drag then

From out his old bag then,

While all there grew keen.

'Twas sweet, strong and filling—

His own best distilling;

Oh, well had the dead man loved Tony's *potheen*!"

Then the fun brightened up; but of all that befell

It would take me a long day in summer to tell—

Of the dancing and singing, the leaping and sporting,  
 And sweetest of all the sly kissing and court-  
 ing!  
 Two nights was the waking; two long winter  
 nights  
 O'Connor lay smiling in the midst of the  
 lights,  
 In the cloud of the smoke like a cloud in the  
 skies,  
 The blessing upon him, to close his ould eyes.  
 Oh, when the time comes for myself to de-  
 part,  
 May I die full of days like the merry old  
 man!  
 I'll be willing to go with the peace on my  
 heart,  
 Contented and happy, since life's but a  
 span;  
 And O may I have, when my lips cease to  
 spake,  
 To help my poor soul, such an elegant wake!  
 The country all there, friends and kinsmen  
 and all,  
 And myself in the middle, with candle and  
 pall.  
 Came the dawn, and we put old Connor to  
 rest,  
 In his coffin of wood, with his hands on his  
 breast,  
 And we followed him all by the hundred and  
 more—  
 The boys all in black, and his friends sighing  
 sore.  
 We left him in peace, the poor sleeping gos-  
 soon,  
 Thinking "life's like his music, and ended  
 full soon.

There's laughing and sporting,  
 There's kissing and courting,  
 There's grief and there's pleasure  
 To fill up the measure—

But the wake and the grave are the end  
 of the tune!"

"Good-bye to O'Connor,"  
 "Cried Barnaby Blake,  
 May the saints do him honour  
 For the ould fiddle's sake!  
 If the saints love sweet playing—  
 It's the truth that I'm saying—  
 His sowl will be straying  
 And fiddling an air!  
 He'll pass through their middle,  
 With stick and with fiddle,

And they'll give him the *cead mille fearla* up  
 there!"

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

## JABBERWOCKY.

(From Alice's Adventures in Wonderland.)

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves  
 Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;  
 All mimsy were the borogoves,  
 And the mome raths outgrabe.

"Beware the Jabberwock, my son!  
 The jaws that bite, the claws that catch  
 Beware the Jubjub bird, and shun  
 The frumious Bandersnatch!"

He took his vorpal sword in hand:  
 Long time the manxome foe he sought—  
 So rested he by the Tumtum tree,  
 And stood awhile in thought.

And, as in uffish thought he stood,  
 The Jabberwock, with eyes of flame,  
 Came whiffing through the tulgey wood,  
 And burbled as it came!

One, two! One, two! And through and  
 through  
 The vorpal blade went snicker-snack!  
 He left it dead, and with its head  
 He went galumphing back.

"And hast thou slain the Jabberwock?  
 Come to my arms, my beamish boy!  
 O frabjous day! Callooh! Callay!"  
 He chortled in his joy.

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves  
 Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;  
 All mimsy were the borogoves,  
 And the mome raths outgrabe.

LEWIS CARROLL.

## A NEWSPAPER.

ORGANS that gentlemen play, my boy,  
 To answer the taste of the day, my boy;  
 Whatever it be,  
 They hit on the key,  
 And pipe in full concert away, my boy.

News from all countries and climes, my boy,  
 Advertisements, essays, and rhymes, my boy,  
 Mix'd up with all sorts  
 Of flying reports,  
 And published at regular times, my boy.

Articles able and wise, my boy.  
 At least in the editor's eyes, my boy,

A logic so grand  
That few understand  
To what in the world it applies, my boy.

Statistics, reflections, reviews, my boy,  
Little scraps to instruct and amuse, my boy,  
And lengthy debate  
Upon matters of State  
For wise-headed folk to peruse, my boy.

The funds as they were and are, my boy,  
The quibbles and quirks of the bar, my boy;  
And every week  
A clever critique  
On some rising theatrical star, my boy.

The age of Jupiter's moons, my boy,  
The stealing of somebody's spoons, my boy,  
The state of the crops,  
The style of the fops,  
And the wit of the public buffoons, my boy.

List of all physical ills, my boy,  
Banish'd by somebody's pills, my boy,  
Till you ask with surprise  
Why any one dies,  
Or what's the disorder that kills, my boy.

Who has got married, to whom, my boy,  
Who were cut off in their bloom, my boy,  
Who has had birth  
On this sorrow-stain'd earth,  
And who totters fast to their tomb, my boy.

The price of cattle and grain, my boy,  
Directions to dig and to drain, my boy,  
But 'twould take me too long  
To tell you in song  
A quarter of all they contain, my boy.

### WORMS.

[THE following lines were addressed by Alexander Pope, Author of the *Dunciad*, *Essay on Man*, etc., to 'The Ingenious Mr. Moore, inventor of the celebrated worm powder.']

How much, egregious Moore? are we,  
Deceived by shows and forms?  
Whate'er we think, whate'er we see,  
All human race are worms.

Man is a very worm by birth,  
Proud reptile, vile and vain,  
Awhile he crawls upon the earth,  
Then shrinks to earth again.

That woman is a worm, we find,  
E'er since our grannum's evil;

She first conversed with her own kind,  
That ancient worm, the Devil.

The fops are painted butterflies,  
That flutter for a day;  
First from a worm they took their rise,  
Then in a worm decay.

The flatterer an ear-wig grows,  
Some worms suit all conditions;  
Misers are muck-worms; silk-worms, beaux,  
And death-watches, physicians.

That statesmen have a worm, is seen  
By all their winding play;  
Their conscience is a worm within,  
That gnaws them night and day.

Ah, Moore! thy skill were well employ'd,  
And greater gain would rise  
If thou couldst make the courtier void  
The worm that never dies.

Thou only canst our fate adjourn  
Some few short years, no more;  
E'en Button's wits to worms shall turn,  
Who maggots were before.

ALEXANDER POPE.

### ROBIN GOODFELLOW.

[ROBIN GOODFELLOW, *alias* Hobgoblin, *alias* Puck, an English domestic sprite, who was, as Sir Walter Scott has written, 'the constant attendant upon the English fairy court, and, to the elves, acted in some measure as the clown or jester of the company,—a character then to be found in the establishment of every person of quality,—or, to use a more modern comparison, resembled the Pierrot of the pantomime. His jests were of the most simple, and, at the same time, of the broadest comic character; to mislead a clown on his path homeward, to disguise himself like a stool, in order to induce an old gossip to commit the egregious mistake of sitting down on the floor when she expected to repose on a chair, were his special employments.' In the writings of Shakespeare and Milton reference is made to this spirit. The following poem is attributed to Ben Jonson.]

FROM Oberon, in fairy land,  
The king of ghosts and shadows there,  
Mad Robin I, at his command,  
Am sent to view the night-sports here,  
What revel rout  
Is kept about,  
In every corner where I go,  
I will o'ersee,  
And merry be,  
And make good sport, with ho, ho, no!

More swift than lightning can I fly  
 About this airy welkin soon,  
 And in a minute's space, descry  
 Each thing that's done below the moon.  
 There's not a hag  
 Or ghost shall wag,  
 Or cry, 'ware goblins! where I go;  
 But Robin I  
 Their feasts will spy,  
 And send them home with ho, ho, ho!

Whene'er such wanderers I meet,  
 As from their night-sports they trudge home,  
 With counterfeiting voice I greet,  
 And call them on with me to roam:  
 Through woods, through lakes;  
 Through bogs, through brakes;  
 Or else, unseen, with them I go,  
 All in the nick,  
 To play some trick,  
 And frolic it, with ho, ho, ho!

Sometimes I meet them like a man,  
 Sometimes an ox, sometimes a hound;  
 And to a horse I turn me can,  
 To trip and trop about them round.  
 But if to ride  
 My back they stride,  
 More swift than wind away I go,  
 O'er hedge and lands,  
 Through pools and ponds,  
 I hurry, laughing, ho, ho, ho!

When lads and lasses merry be,  
 With possets and with junkets fine;  
 Unseen of all the company,  
 I eat their cakes and sip their wine!  
 And, to make sport,  
 I puff and snort:  
 And out the candles I do blow;  
 The maids I kiss,  
 They shriek—Who's this?  
 I answer nought, but ho, ho, ho!

Yet now and then, the maids to please,  
 At midnight I card up their wool;  
 And, while they sleep and take their ease,  
 With wheel to threads their flax I pull.  
 I grind at mill  
 Their malt up still;  
 I dress their hemp; I spin their tow;  
 If any wake,  
 And would me take,  
 I wend me, laughing, ho, ho, ho!

When house or hearth doth sluttish lie,  
 I pinch the maidens black and blue;  
 The bed-clothes from the bed pull I,  
 And lay them naked all to view.  
 'Twixt sleep and wake,

I do them take,  
 And on the key-cold floor them throw;  
 If out they cry,  
 Then forth I fly,  
 And loudly laugh out, ho, ho, ho!

When any need to borrow aught,  
 We lend them what they do require;  
 And, for the use, demand we nought;  
 Our own is all we do desire.  
 If to repay  
 They do delay,  
 Abroad amongst them then I go,  
 And night by night,  
 I them affright,  
 With pinchings, dreams, and ho, ho, ho!

When lazy queens have nought to do,  
 But study how to cog and lie:  
 To make debate and mischief too,  
 'Twixt one another secretly:  
 I mark their gloze,  
 And it disclose  
 To them whom they have wronged so;  
 When I have done,  
 I get me gone,  
 And leave them scolding, ho, ho, ho!

When men do traps and engines set  
 In loop-holes, where the vermin creep,  
 Who from their folds and houses get  
 Their ducks and geese, and lambs and sheep;  
 I spy the gin,  
 And enter in,  
 And seem a vermin taken so;  
 But when they there  
 Approach me near,  
 I leap out laughing, ho, ho, ho!

By wells and rills and meadows green,  
 We nightly dance our heyday guise;  
 And to our fairy king and queen,  
 We chant our moonlight minstrelsy  
 When larks 'gin sing,  
 Away we fling;  
 And babes new-born steal as we go;  
 And elf in bed  
 We leave instead,  
 And wend us laughing, ho, ho, ho!

From hag-bred Merlin's time, have I  
 Thus nightly revell'd to and fro;  
 And for my pranks men call me by  
 The name of Robin Good-fellow.  
 Fiends, ghosts, and sprites,  
 Who haunt the nights,  
 The hags and goblins do me know;  
 And beldames old  
 My feats have told,  
 So *Vale, vale*; ho, ho, ho!

## LONG ISLAND HUNTING.\*

[MR. W. L. ALDEN is (1884) and for some years has been, the humorous editor of the *New York Times*, and in 1878 some of his drollest articles were published under the title of "Shooting Stars," from which the following articles: *Long Island Hunting*, *The Six Button Principle*, and *Red Hair* are taken.]

MORE than six months have come and gone since the Long Island Hunt was organized. During that time the gallant hunters have chased the wild anise-seed bag at least twice every week. One would suppose that by this time every member of the hunt must have been in at the death, but, strange as it may seem, not a single anise-seed bag has been killed. A matter so serious as this cannot be passed over in silence, and it becomes necessary to inquire why the chase has in every instance proved unsuccessful.

It will not do to say that the hunters have abstained from killing anise-seed bags in order to avoid the premature extirpation of the animal. Although our most learned naturalists were until recently unaware of the existence of the anise-seed bag on Long Island, there can be no doubt that the animal is abundant in Queens and Suffolk Counties. In every instance the dogs have struck the scent without any difficulty. This shows conclusively that the covers of Long Island are full of anise-seed bags, and refutes the pretext that the hunters forbear to kill because they fear that the animal will be exterminated.

It is, perhaps, hardly worth while to notice the ludicrous mistake made by certain provincial papers, that the anise-seed bag is a literal cloth bag, filled with a supposed substance called anise-seed, and dragged on the ground by a mounted groom. The absurdity of this supposition is glaringly apparent. Is it probable that a dozen or more men would ride after a pack of hounds in pursuit of a miserable prosaic bag? Very small boys might agree to make believe that a bag is a live animal, just as very little girls sometimes make believe that a dust-brush wrapped in a towel is a living infant, but men have outgrown such childish plays. This postposterous mistake of the rural

press is mentioned here because it may be reiterated by Philadelphian or Oshkoshian papers in explanation of the failure to kill. Chasing wild animals may or may not be an improving occupation, but the supposition that the Long Island hunters deliberately chase a "make-believe" animal, does them a gross injustice.

The anise-seed bag is somewhat larger and fiercer than the fox, but rather smaller than the wolf. It is of a light brown color, with an enormous mouth and a fierce disposition. Nevertheless, it shuns the sight of man, and lurks in the depths of the forests, or makes its way across the country by availing itself of the shelter of ditches and stone walls. It is much fleetier than the fox, but a good pack of hounds can always run it down. The anise-seed bag, in spite of its fierceness when driven to bay, rarely attacks man except in numbers, and when suffering from hunger. In the early history of the Plymouth colonists the anise-seed bags were very numerous and bold. They would gather at the outskirts of the settlement in packs of several hundred, and sit on end howling dismally, and longing to stay their stomachs with even the most sour and angular pilgrim in all Plymouth. Still, it does not appear that any of the colonists were actually killed by these animals. True, we read in the journal of Capt. MILES STANDISH an entry to the effect that "it is said that Mr. JOHN ALDEN was last night devoured by anise-seed bags, and that his vain and fickle widow is in much tribulation. There are those who think that he hath received his deserts;" but it subsequently proved that the rumor was false. BUFFON asserts that the anise-seed bag will fight desperately when its means of escape are cut off, and that the hunter frequently pays for his temerity with his life. This, however, was written of the larger species which inhabits the desert of Gobi, and may not be true of the Long Island variety. The latter may be as dangerous as local legends claim that it is; but there is no well-authenticated case of the death of any Long Islander at the hands, or rather the teeth, of an anise-seed bag.

Can it be possible that the gallant huntsmen who have hitherto ridden so unsuccessfully are really afraid to bring the animal to bay, lest they or their dogs should suffer serious injury? Although

\* Published by G. PUTNAM'S SONS, New York

this supposition does no credit to their bravery, it cannot be said to be without some foundation. The huntsmen follow the flying anise-seed bag until the hounds are within a short distance of the animal, when the horses are pulled up, the dogs called off, and the panting anise-seed bag allowed to make its escape. The other day the hounds were so nearly successful in running the beast to earth, that a tame fox was let out of a bag expressly to divert their attention, while the anise-seed bag escaped. As the fox insisted upon lying down to sleep, it was necessary to whip him into activity, and even when this was done, he refused to run, and permitted the master of the hunt to kill him with a club. Why should all this trouble have been taken to prevent the hounds and the huntsmen from reaching the flying anise-seed bag, unless it was that the huntsmen feared to risk an encounter with the desperate animal?

This sort of thing cannot go on indefinitely. Man's dominion over the animals is due to their consciousness that he does not fear them. The smallest puppy will attack the largest man if the latter shows any signs of fear. The anise-seed bags will soon arrive at the opinion that the hunters are afraid of them, and will then introduce a pleasing variety into Long Island hunting. We shall witness the novel spectacle of a dozen scarlet-clad horsemen and a pack of dogs with down-cast tails flying across the country with a score of anise-seed bags in swift pursuit. The mind shudders to think what the consequences would be should the unfortunate huntsmen be overtaken, but we cannot shut our eyes to the possibility that such a catastrophe may occur.

The huntsmen must make up their minds to let no more anise-seed bags escape. At the end of the next hunt the brush of the dead animal must be taken. If they are afraid to close with the anise-seed bag at bay, let them abandon the sport at once. If they are not afraid, let them show it by bringing home the brush and pads of the next anise-seed bag that is driven from cover. Their reputation is at stake and it rests with themselves to redeem it.

W. L. ALDEN.

### THE SIX-BUTTON PRINCIPLE.

ALTHOUGH the female dress-reformers always demonstrate at their annual conventions that the practice of supporting stockings by what are deliberately termed ligatures insures the moral and physical ruin of the sex, no successful substitute for the denounced article of dress has yet been invented. Certain dress-reformers have, it is true, devised a system of halyards, brails, and downhauls, which they assert are far superior to the deadly ligature, but the intricacy of all this running rigging, and the difficulty which inexperienced persons find in its management, have prevented it from coming into use. The inexperienced woman when thus rigged is very apt to make mistakes, and to find herself scudding under bare poles, in consequence of having hauled away on the downhaul when she had merely intended to take a small pull at the halyards. Thus, few people except dress-reformers are rigged with the improved stocking gear, and even these confess that, for the purpose of catching an early morning train, the despised ligature has its manifest advantages.

About two months ago the ladies of three contiguous counties in Pennsylvania were successively visited by a slight, graceful, and unassuming young woman, who announced that she was the agent of a "Women's Dress-Reform Benevolent Association," and that she desired to call their attention to a new invention of immense hygienic value. The new invention consisted of the application of the six-button-glove principle to hosiery. Of course, this is a delicate subject, but, in the interest of reform and public morality, it must be discussed. It is idle for us to ignore the existence of stockings, and it is cowardly to shrink from a public duty because it involves an allusion to a delicate topic. Let us, then, go boldly forward and relate the strange conduct of the unassuming young woman, as reported among the police news of a Pennsylvania paper.

While the substitution of buttons for ligatures or running rigging struck the ladies of the three counties as an admirable invention, the amazing cheapness with which the agent of the alleged asso-

ciation offered to sell the improved garments created immense enthusiasm. She said that the only object of the association was to do good, and that it was therefore prepared to sell the best quality of six-buttoned goods at one half of their original cost. In confirmation of this statement she submitted lithographic copies of letters from President HAYES, Mr. TILDEN, PETER COOPER, STANLEY MATTHEWS, and other eminent statesmen, all of whom asserted that they felt that the introduction of six-buttoned hosiery was the greatest boon which could be conferred upon the women of America, and simultaneously ordered six dozen pairs of assorted sizes to be sent to their respective addresses. In addition to these letters, the agent exhibited a sample of the garment, in question, which appeared to be of the very best quality. The opportunity was one which no prudent lady could permit to pass unimproved, and nearly every one to whom the agent applied ordered at least half a dozen pairs, to be paid for upon delivery.

There was, however, one little preliminary which the agent insisted was indispensable, if she was to execute her orders to the satisfaction of her customers. The human mind shrinks from mentioning this preliminary, but it cannot be ignored. If the buttons were to be of any use, they must be so placed in relation to the button-holes that the garment would be neither too tight nor too loose. Hence, when the agent produced a tape-measure and a note-book, her view of the matter was at once conceded to be correct, and the agent's note-book was furnished with the required data. Thus, that unassuming agent went from house to house throughout almost the whole of the three counties, cheering the female population with the hope of miraculously cheap and beautiful hosiery, and filled her note-book with statistics. Unfortunately that otherwise astute agent drank too much whisky at the last town which she visited, and being arrested for disorderly conduct, confessed that she was a man.

When the ladies who had ordered six-button hosiery learned the truth as to the unassuming agent and the fate which had befallen him, they denounced the wretch with great vigor, and were unanimously of the opinion that a combination of wild horses and red-hot pincers could alone do

justice to him. To this outburst of indignation succeeded the terrible thought, what had the felonious agent done with his collection of statistics? Naturally, this thought led straight to hysterics, and for the next week the sale of *sal volatile* in Central Pennsylvania increased to an unprecedented extent.

A deputation of indignant fathers waited upon the inconceivable villain in jail, and demanded the immediate destruction of his note-book. To this request he declined to accede. He admitted that his pretended association did not exist, and that he had no intention of executing the orders which his deceived customers had given him, but he explained that he was an earnest reformer, and that he intended to publish the statistics in question, in order that the medical fraternity might become convinced of the blighting effect of the ordinary ligature. Nothing could shake his determination. He said that he had a great duty to perform, and that much as it pained him to grieve anybody, he must perform that duty. The indignant parents left his cell much cast down in spirits, and after vainly applying to the local court for an injunction forbidding the false agent to publish his statistics, went home and reported their failure to their wives and daughters.

The one question now agitating the public mind in Pennsylvania is whether that wretched felon will really publish his statistics. The contingency is one which cannot be contemplated without a shudder; but at the same time, it is possible that there is more or less merit in the pretended plan of adapting the six-button-glove principle to more esoteric garments, and that the pretended reformer has really solved the problem with which professional dress-reformers have proved themselves incompetent to grapple.

W. L. ALDEN.

## RED HAIR.

THE name of the lady who a few weeks since dropped her back hair on the sidewalk of a street in Clinton, Illinois, has never been ascertained. The hair in question was of a bright red color, and few persons imagined that it was dangerous when unconnected with its owner. Nevertheless, that seemingly innocent back hair

led to a tragedy that nearly ruined the peace of two happy and respectable families.

Messrs. Smith and Brown are two leading citizens engaged in the grocery business in Clinton. They are men of great worth of character, and have reached middle age without incurring the breath of slander. One evening Mr. Smith returned from the store and sitting down at the tea-table, produced a Chicago paper from his pocket and remarked with much indignation, "That revolting Beecher scandal has been revived, and its loathsome details are again polluting the press and corrupting the minds of the public."

Mrs. Smith replied that "it was a shameful outrage that the papers were allowed to publish such disgusting things," and asked her husband "which paper had the fullest account of the matter." That excellent man said that he believed the *Gazette* contained more about it than any other paper, and that after tea he would send one of the boys to get a copy of it. His wife thanked him, and was in the act of remarking that he was always thoughtful and considerate, when the oldest boy exclaimed, "Pa, you've got a long red hair on your coat collar!"

A prompt investigation made by Mrs. Smith confirmed the boy's accusation. There was an unmistakably female hair on the collar of Mr. Smith's coat, and it was obtrusively red. Mr. Smith said that it was a very extraordinary thing, and Mrs. Smith also remarking "very extraordinary, indeed," in a dry, sarcastic voice, expressed deep disgust at red hair, and a profound contempt for the "nasty creatures" who wore it.

About the same hour Mr. Brown was also seated at his tea-table, and was endeavoring to excuse himself to Mrs. Brown for having forgotten to bring home a paper. That lady, after having expressed the utmost indignation at the revival of the Beecher scandal, had asked for the paper in order to see who was dead and married, and was, of course, indignant because her husband had not brought it home. In the heat of the discussion she noticed a long red hair on Mr. Brown's coat-collar, and, holding it up before him, she demanded an explanation. In vain did Mr. Brown allege that he had not the least idea how the hair became attached to his collar. His wife replied that what he said was simply

ridiculous. "Red hair don't blow round like thistledown, and at your time of life, Mr. Brown, you ought be ashamed of yourself. The less you say the better, but I can tell you that you can't deceive me. I'm not a member of Plymouth Church, and you can't make me believe that black is white."

Now, both Mr. Brown and Mr. Smith were perfectly innocent. Of course, they were annoyed by the remarks of their respective wives, but like sensible men, they avoided any unnecessary discussion of the painful topic. The next day they each brought home all the Chicago papers that contained any reference to the Beecher matter, and, as the papers were received by Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Smith with many protestations of the disgust which they felt at hearing any mention of the scandal, they naturally supposed that they had made peace. But marital suspicion once awakened is not easily put to sleep. While Mr. Brown was handing his wife the bundle of newspapers, she was closely scrutinizing his coat-collar, and, after she had laid the papers on her plate and told the children not to touch them, she quietly took two long red hairs from her unfortunate husband's coat, and held them solemnly before his face.

"Mary, I give you my solemn word," began the alarmed Mr. Brown; but he was not permitted to finish his sentence, "Don't say one word," exclaimed Mrs. Brown. "Falsehoods won't help you; I am a faithful and loving wife, and I'll have you exposed and punished if there is any law in Illinois." Thus saying she gathered up her newspapers and rushing to her room, locked herself in. It was not until later in the evening that Mrs. Smith, as she was about to turn down her husband's lamp, which was smoking, perceived that two red hairs were attached to his shoulder. She said nothing, but after laying them on the table before him, burst into tears and refused to be comforted until Mr. Smith solemnly swore that he had not seen a red-haired girl for months and years, and offered to buy her a new parlor carpet the very next day.

Of the two ladies, Mrs. Brown was much the stronger and the more determined. The next evening, when Mr. Brown brought back from the store no less than five red hairs on his coat-collar, she broke a pie-plate over his head, and leaving



him weltering in dried apples, put on her bonnet and left the house. Mrs. Smith, on the same evening, found four of the mysterious red hairs on her husband's coat, but she refrained from violence, and merely telling him that she would not believe in his innocence if he was to swear till he was black in the face, called loudly for her sainted mother, and was about to faint when Mrs. Brown burst into the room. Mr. Smith, like a wise man, fled from the scene, and the two ladies soon confided their wrongs to one another.

When Mr. Brown and Mr. Smith met the next day, the former confessed to the latter that he was in a terrible scrape. Confidence begat confidence, and they soon became convinced that they were the victims of a frightful conspiracy to which some unknown wearer of red back-hair was a party. Their distress was increased early in the afternoon by the appearance of their respective wives, who walked up and down the opposite side of the street for hours, each carrying a conspicuous rawhide, and evidently lying in wait for the imaginary red-haired woman. Messrs. Smith and Brown felt that they were ruined men, and that a tremendous scandal was about to overwhelm them. They even wished that they were dead.

About 4 o'clock P. M. Mrs. Smith clutched her companion's arm and bade her listen to a small-boy who was relating one of his recent crimes to a youthful companion. "I just picked up that there hair," remarked the wicked youth, "and put some of it on old Smith's and old Brown's coats; I kep' a puttin' of it on every day, and you just bet they ketched it from their old women when they went home; Smith, he's as solemn as a nowl, and old Brown looks as if he was goin' to be hung."

The remains of the boy were removed by the constable, and the Smith and Brown families are once more united and happy.

W. L. ALDEN.

### A GOOD STORY OF A JUDGE.

On one of the many official excursions made by boat to Fortress Monroe and Chesapeake Bay, Chief Justice Waite, of

the Supreme Court, Judge Hall, of North Carolina, and other dignitaries of the bench were participants. When the government steamer had fairly got out of the Potomac and into the Atlantic the sea was very rough and the vessel pitched fearfully. Judge Hall was taken violently with sea-sickness. As he was retching over the side of the vessel and moaning aloud in his agony the Chief Justice stepped gently to his side and, laying a soothing hand on his shoulder, said: "My dear Hall, can I do anything for you? Just suggest what you wish." "I wish," said the sea-sick Judge, "your honor would overrule this motion!"

### TO MY NOSE.

[OLIVIER BASSELIN, "*le père joueur du Vaudeville*," was born at Vire in Normandy. He flourished in the fifteenth century, but the date of his birth and that of his death are equally unknown. He was proprietor of a fulling mill in the neighboring valleys, the *Vaux de Vire*; and gave this name to his convivial songs. The mill in which he worked is still standing, and bears upon its front a little sign-board with his name. Mr. Musgrave, in his "*Ramble through Normandy*," gives this description of the scene:—

"The valleys that surround Vire (the *Vaux de Vire*, as they are called) constitute its greatest charms, and, like most other scenery composed of a long-continuing ravine between abrupt and rocky crags and thickly planted declivities descending into a river stream, afford hour after hour of enjoyment to those who,

'Hid in the hollow of two neighboring hills,'

delight in wood and water, rills and rocks. . . .

"In the course of my evening stroll, I reached the old house with a water-mill attached to it, on a branch of the river (which is little else than a sinuous brook hereabouts), once occupied by Olivier Basselin, the originator of that peculiar species of ballad or song which eventually gave a name to the little musical pieces played to this day on the French stage, under the well-known denomination of *Vaudevilles*.

"Basselin, a native of Vire, was a cleaner of cloth, or scourer in the middle of the fifteenth century, and occupied this very mill at the period of the final expulsion of the English from France. He not only was a calendar of credit and renown, but

'A train-band captain eke was he,'

of the town of Vire, and served under the Count de Clermont, at Formigny, in the battle which recovered Normandy from our countrymen. The blended duties of the fulling mill and garrison did not however, interfere with his musical taste, which exercised itself prin-

especially in the composition of certain rural ballads and drinking choruses, lauding the hill and valley, wine and cider, by turns; and infusing a relish of vocal harmony among the inhabitants of the valleys which filled those pleasant places with song, and, in the course of a brief period of time, created a celebrity for those merry strains from the *Vaux de Vire*, the Valleys of the Vire, (corrupted, eventually and with great absurdity, into *Ville*), which led to their more extensive use throughout entire France. Nearly two centuries had elapsed since Basselin's day of fame, before the musical dramatic writers of this country began to appropriate the light cheerful measure of the ballads of Vire to the comédiettes in one or two acts, whose business (to use a stage phrase) is carried on from the rise to the fall of the curtain, through frequently recurring little songs, thrown off in a manner peculiar, in its pleasing sprightliness, to the French; and serving on many an occasion, to reconcile the most critical of audiences to a large amount of flimsy and frivolous matters."

This theory, that the modern word *Vaudeville* is a corruption of *Vaux de Vire*, is combated by M. Le Renaudière in the *Biographie Universelle*. A handsome edition of Basselin's songs was published at Vire, 1811. The following is a specimen of his broad and rollicking humor.]

#### TO MY NOSE.

FAIR Nose! whose rubies red have cost me  
many a barrel  
Of claret wine and white,  
Who wearest in thy rich and sumptuous ap-  
parel  
Such red and purple light!

Great Nose! who looks at thee through some  
huge glass at revel,  
More of thy beauty thinks:  
For thou resemblest not the nose of some poor  
devil  
Who only water drinks.

The turkey-cock doth wear, resembling thee,  
his wattles,  
How many rich men now  
Have not so rich a nose! To paint thee, many  
bottles  
And much time I allow.

The glass my pencil is for thine illumination;  
My color is the wine,  
With which I've painted thee more red than  
the carnation,  
By drinking of the fine.

'T is said it hurts the eyes; but shall they be  
the masters?  
Wine is the cure for all;  
Better the windows both should suffer some  
disasters,  
Than have the whole house fall.

VOL. III—W. H.

#### APOLOGY FOR CIDER.

Oxenford, "Book of French Songs."

THOUGH Frenchmen at our drink may laugh,  
And think their taste is wondrous fine,  
The Norman cider, which we quaff,  
Is quite the equal of his wine,—  
When down, down, down it freely goes,  
And charms the palate as it flows.

Whene'er a potent draught I take,  
How dost thou bid me drink again?  
Yet, pray, for my affection's sake,  
Dear Cider, do not turn my brain.  
O, down, down, down it freely goes,  
And charms the palate as it flows.

I find I never lose my wits,  
However freely I carouse,  
And never try in angry fits  
To raise a tempest in the house;  
Though down, down, down the cider goes,  
And charms the palate as it flows.

To strive for riches is all stuff,  
Just take the good the gods have sent:  
A man is sure to have enough  
If with his own he is content;  
As down, down, down, the cider goes,  
And charms the palate as it flows.

In truth that was a hearty bout;  
Why, not a drop is left,—not one;  
I feel I've put my thirst to rout;  
The stubborn foe at last is gone.  
So down, down, down the cider goes,  
And charms the palate as it flows.

BASSELIN.

#### CHICKEN CONUNDRUMS.

Why is a hen immortal? Her son never  
sets.

Why have chickens no hope in the fu-  
ture? They have their next world (necks  
twirled) in this.

Why is a hen on a fence like a cent?  
Head on one side, tail on the other.

Why don't hens lay at night? Then  
they are roosters.

Why is the first chicken of a brood like  
the mainmast of a ship? A little forward  
of the main hatch.

A chicken just hatched like a cow's  
tail? Never seen before.

Why should not a chicken cross the  
road? It would be a fowl proceeding.

To conclude, a hen is a poor economist,  
because for every grain she takes she  
gives a peck.

## IT BROKE UP THE PARTY.

## AN EXCITING SCENE IN A VIRGINIA SENATOR'S ROOM.

A Washington correspondent relates the following:—

Senator Mahone has had considerable trouble with his whisky. It has mysteriously disappeared from his rooms at his hotel. A week or so ago he directed his servant to keep a sharp lookout and try and discover the reason for the rapid consumption of his liquor. The servant was successful. A bell boy was caught in the act of helping himself to some of the Senator's best sour mash. Since then Mr. Mahone's servants have been particularly vigilant. How vigilant is shown in the following incident which took place a few evenings ago.

A card party gathered in the Senator's rooms. About 12 o'clock a gentleman suggested that a little whisky would not be out of order. It would serve to settle the salad and sandwiches they had partaken of. A messenger was sent to the bar, but he brought back the startling information that the bar was closed. The Virginia statesman thought that he had some whisky upstairs and would go after it. He soon returned with a bottle of "Overholz, distilled in 1860." The production of the "old rye" interrupted the game instantaneously, and four of the distinguished party got up, helped themselves and touched their glasses, each of which was supplied with the regulation quantity known as a "snorter," and drank to the health and happiness of all present. They were hardly warm in their seats again, when they suddenly stared at each other with a painful inquisitive look, as if each was waiting for the other to speak. A sickly pallor spread over their features, and with simultaneous expedition they rose and rushed to the corner of the room, where their heads bumped together over the window-sill. Each was afflicted with deathly illness for five minutes, accompanied by writhings, groans, and contortions of the victims.

"What is the matter with the whisky?" was the first exclamation.

"It has made us fearful sick."

Senator Mahone, (who, by-the-way,

never drinks spirituous liquors, always confining his libations to beer) looked dumbfounded at the gyrations of his friends. The whisky was "cherry, old stock," sent him by a valued friend in Pennsylvania. He immediately had his servant, John, who has charge of the Senator's apartments, hunted up. As he entered the room, the Senator remarked:—

"John, what in the name of great Cæsar is the matter with my whisky? I brought a bottle from my room, and these gentlemen after taking a drink of it were suddenly taken violently sick."

"Yo' whisky made 'em sick?" uttered John, apparently not fully comprehending the situation.

"Make us sick! I should say so. And this room resembles a ward in a cholera hospital," remarked one of the victims. Observing a private mark on the label his eyes enlarged and protruded like the moon passing from behind a dark cloud as he exclaimed:—

"Fo' God! Massa Mahone, dat am de bottle of liquor I put them ibbegags in to sicken de nigger what had bin toten off the whisky from yo' room."

## GAUTIER'S CAT AND PARROT.

Gautier, the French writer, had a cat which slept on his bed nights, on the arms of his chair day times, followed him when he walked, and always kept him company at meals.

One day a friend left his parrot in Gautier's charge during his absence. The poor bird sat disconsolate on the top of his stand, while the cat stared at the strange sight.

Gautier followed her thoughts, and read there clearly, "It must be a green chicken."

Thereupon she jumped from his writing table, crouched flat with head low, back stretched out at full length, and eyes fixed immovably on the bird.

Parrot followed all her movements; raised his feathers, sharpened his bill, stretched out his claws and evidently prepared for war.

The cat lay still but Gautier read again in her eyes, "No doubt, though green, the chicken must be good to eat."

Suddenly her back was arched, and with one superb bound she was on the perch, when the parrot screamed out, "Have your breakfast, Jack?"

Pussy was almost frightened out of her wits. She cast one anxious glance at her master, leaped down and hid under the bed, from which no threat or caress could bring her out for the day.—*Dumb Animals.*

### CLIMBED HIM AT LAST.

"Ever in Californy?" asked a long, lank, lean, lantern-jawed tramp of a man on Centre street the other day. "No." "Wa'n't in the boom o' '49, eh?" "No." "Never war in the mines of Colorado or New Mexico, eh?" "No." "Don't know nuthin' 'bout minin' a tall?" "No." "Wall, I be darned!" said the tramp. "Never was in the war, was ye?" "Never." "Knock every button off my pants, if this don't beat all! Ain't a member of the melish?" "I am not a member of the melish." "Well, blast my hat, if you ain't the hardest man to work for a drink I ever struck. Say, pard, ain't yer never been in the penitentiary?" "Never have." "Well, try me for a hoss thief if I ever see the like. Yer the fust man I ever struck, that hadn't done suthin' mean or been to Californy, or in the war, one or t'other. Say, pard, what's yer business?" "I am a bank cashier from New Jersey." "Jewhillikens! I knowd I'd climb yer yit. An ye've never been in quad? Well, by jinks, yer orter set 'em up!" And he did.

### AN AGONIZING SUSPENSE.

Among the numerous applications for pensions received by the commissioners of pensions is one sent the other day by an ex-soldier, who has discovered an entirely new ground for relief. He stated that he had no wounds and was not disabled by disease, but while fighting in the Union ranks, at the battle of Antietam, he lost his coat, vest, and one suspender. "The other suspender," he wrote, "was my only stay and support. Imagine my dismay, when a bullet came along,

and, slightly scorching my skin as it passed, cut the last precious suspender clean in two. There I stood in the presence of many thousands of men. My emotions cannot be described. You, Mr. Commissioner, can imagine them. I am certainly entitled to a pension for the wounds given to my feelings on that occasion. Possibly you may not decide that a large pension should be given me, but, at least, I ought to have enough to keep me in strong, reliable suspenders all my life."

### FLUSH TIMES IN ALABAMA.

[Nearly forty years ago, 1850, a series of humorous articles under the above title appeared in the *Southern Literary Messenger*, and were subsequently collected in book form and published by D. Appleton & Co. with the author's name on the Title Page, Joseph G. Baldwin, of Livingston, Alabama.]

#### MAJOR WORMLY.

My memory, however, fixes itself on one, the noblest of the noble, the best of the good. Old Major Willis Wormley had come in long before the *new era*. He belonged to the old school of Virginians. Nothing could have torn him from the Virginia he loved, as Jacopi Foscari, Venice, but the marrying of his eldest daughter, Mary, to a gentleman of Alabama. The Major was something between, or made out of equal parts, of Uncle Toby and Mr. Pickwick, with a slight flavor of Mr. Micawber. He was the soul of kindness, disinterestedness and hospitality. Love to everything that had life in it, burned like a flame in his large and benignant soul; it flowed over in his countenance, and glowed through every feature, and moved every muscle in the frame it animated. The Major lived freely, was rather corpulent, and had not a lean thing on his plantations; the negroes; the dogs; the horses; the cattle; the very chickens, wore an air of corpulent complacency, and bustled about with a good-humored rotundity. There was more laughing, singing and whistling at "Hollywood," than would have set up a dozen Irish fairs. The Major's wife had, from a long life of affection, and the practice of the same pursuits, and the indulgence of the same feelings and tastes, got so much like him, that she seemed a feminine and modest edition of himself. Four

daughters were all that remained in the family—two had been married off—and they had no son. The girls ranged from sixteen to twenty-two, fine, hearty, wholesome, wholesome, cheerful lasses, with constitutions to last, and a flow of spirits like mountain springs—not beauties, but good housewife girls, whose open countenances, and neat figures, and rosy cheeks, and laughing eyes, and frank and cordial manners, made them, at home, abroad, on horseback or on foot, at the piano or discoursing on the old English books, or Washington Irving's Sketch Book, a favorite in the family ever since it was written, as entertaining and as well calculated to fix solid impressions on the heart, as any four girls in the country. The only difficulty was, they were so much alike, that you were put to fault which to fall in love with. They were all good housewives, or women, rather. But Mrs. Wormley, or Aunt Wormley, as we called her, was as far ahead of any other woman in that way, as could be found this side of the Virginia border. If there was any thing good in the culinary line that she couldn't make, I should like to know it. The Major lived on the main stage road, and if any decently dressed man ever passed the house after sundown, he escaped by sheer accident. The house was greatly visited. The Major knew every body and everybody near him knew the Major. The stage coach couldn't stop long, but in the hot summer days, about noon, as the driver tooted his horn at the top of the red hill, two negro boys stood opposite the door, with trays of the finest fruit, and a pitcher of cider for the refreshment of the wayfarers. The Major himself being on the look-out, with his hands over his eyes bowing—as he only could bow—vaguely into the coach, and looking wistfully to find among the passengers an acquaintance whom he could prevail upon to get out and stay a week with him. "There wasn't a poor neighbor to whom the Major had not been as good as an insurer, without premium, for his stock, or for his crop; and from the way he rendered the service, you would think he was the party obliged—as he was."

This is not, in any country I have ever been in, a moneymaking business; and the Major, though he always made good crops, must have broke at it long ago, but

for the fortunate death of a few Aunts, after whom the girls were named, who, paying their several debts of nature, left the Major the means to pay his less serious, but still weighty obligations.

The Major—for a wonder, being a Virginian—had no partisan politics. He could not have. His heart could not hold any thing that implied a warfare upon the thoughts or feelings of others. He voted all the time for his friend, that is, the candidate living nearest to him, regretting, generally, that he did not have another vote for the other man.

It would have done a Camanche Indian's heart good to see all the family together—grand-children and all—of a winter evening, with a guest or two, to excite sociability a little—not company enough to embarrass the manifestations of affection. Such a concordance—as if all hearts were attuned to the same feeling—the old lady knitting in the corner—the old man smoking his pipe opposite—both of their fine faces radiating in the pauses of the laugh, the jest, or the caress, the infinite satisfaction within.

It was enough to convert an abolitionist, to see the old Major when he came home from a long journey of two days to the country town; the negroes running in a string to the buggy; this one to hold the horse, that one to help the old man out, and the others to inquire how he was; and to observe the benignity with which—the kissing of the girls and the old lady hardly over—he distributed a piece of calico here, a plug of tobacco there, or a card of *town* ginger-bread to the little snow-balls that grinned around him; what was given being but a small part of the gift, divested of the kind, cheerful, rollicking way the old fellow had of giving it.

The Major had given out his autograph (as had almost every body else) as endorser on three several bills of exchange, of even tenor and date, and all maturing at or about the same time. His friend's friend failed to pay as he or his firm agreed, the friend himself did no better, and the Major, before he knew any thing at all of his danger, found a writ served upon him, and was told by his friend that he was dead broke, and all he could give him was his sympathy; the which, the Major as gratefully received as if it was a legal tender and would pay the debt.

The Major's friends advised him he could get clear of it; that notice of protest not having been sent to the Major's post-office, released him; but the Major wouldn't hear of such a defence; he said his understanding was, that he was to pay the debt if his friend didn't; and to slip out of it by a quibble, was little better than pleading the gambling act. Besides, what would the lawyers say? And what would be said by his old friends in Virginia, when it reached their ears, that he had plead want of notice, to get clear of a debt, when every body knew it was the same thing as if he had got notice. And if this defence were good at law, it would not be in equity; and if they took it into chancery, it mattered not what became of the case, the property would all go, and he never could expect to see the last of it. No, no; he would pay it, and had as well set about it at once.

The rumor of the Major's condition spread far and wide. It reached old N. D., "an angel," whom the Major had "entertained," and one of the few that ever travelled that road. He came, post haste, to see into the affair; saw the creditor; made him, upon threat of defence, agree to take half the amount, and discharge the Major; advanced the money, and took the Major's negroes—except the houseservants—and put them on his Mississippi plantation to work out the debt.

The Major's heart pained him at the thought of the negroes going off; he couldn't witness it; though he consoled himself with the idea of the discipline and exercise being good for the health of sundry of them who had contracted secondary diseases.

The Major turned his house into a tavern—that is changed its name—put up a sign, and three weeks afterwards, you couldn't have told that any thing had happened. The family were as happy as ever—the Major never having put on airs of arrogance in prosperity, felt no humiliation in adversity; the girls were as cheerful, as bustling, and as light-hearted as ever, and seemed to think of the duties of hostesses as mere bagatelles, to enliven the time. The old Major was as profuse of anecdotes as ever, and never grew tired of telling the same ones to every new guest; and yet, the Major's anecdotes were all of Virginia growth, and not one of them under the legal age of twenty-

one. If the Major had worked his negroes as he had those anecdotes, he would have been able to pay off the bills of exchange without any difficulty.

The old lady and the girls laughed at the anecdotes, though they must have heard them at least a thousand times, and knew them by heart; for the Major told them without the variations; and the other friends of the Major laughed too; indeed, with such an air of thorough benevolence, and in such a truly social spirit did the old fellow proceed "the tale to unfold," that a Cassius like rascal that wouldn't laugh, whether he saw any thing to laugh at or not, ought to have been sent to the Penitentiary for life—half of the time to be spent in solitary confinement.

#### SHARP FINANCIERING.

IN the times of 1836, there dwelt in the pleasant town of T. a smooth oily-mannered gentleman, who diversified a commonplace pursuit by some exciting episodes of finance—dealing occasionally in exchange, buying and selling uncurrent money, &c. We will suppose this gentleman's name to be Thompson. It happened that a Mr. Ripley of North Carolina, was in T., having some \$1200, in North Carolina money, and desiring to return to the old North State with his funds, not wishing to encounter the risk of robbery through the Creek country, in which there were rumors of hostilities between the whites and the Indians, he bet thought him of buying exchange on Raleigh, as the safest mode of transmitting his money. On inquiry he was referred to Mr. Thompson, as the only person dealing in exchange in that place. He called on Mr. T. and made known his wishes. With his characteristic politeness, Mr. Thompson agreed to accommodate him with a slight bill on his correspondent in Raleigh, charging him the moderate premium of five per cent. for it. Mr. Thompson retired into his counting-room, and in a few minutes returned with the bill and a letter, which he delivered to Mr. Ripley, at the same time receiving the money from that gentleman plus the exchange. As the interlocutors were exchanging valedictory compliments, it oc-

curred to Mr. Thompson that it would be a favor to him if Mr. Ripley would be so kind as to convey to Mr. T.'s correspondent a package he was desirous of sending, which request Mr. Ripley assured Mr. T. it would afford him great pleasure to comply with. Mr. Thompson then handed Mr. Ripley a package, strongly enveloped and sealed, addressed to the Raleigh Banker, after which the gentleman parted with many polite expressions of regard and civility.

Arriving without any accident or hindrance at Raleigh, Mr. Ripley's first care was to call on the Banker and present his documents. He found him at his office, presented the bill and letter to him, and requested payment of the former. That, said the Banker, will depend a good deal upon the contents of the package. Opening which, Mr. Ripley found the identical bills, minus the premium, he had paid Mr. T. for his bill: and which the Banker paid over to that gentleman, who was not a little surprised to find that the expert Mr. Thompson had charged him five per cent. for carrying his own money to Raleigh, to avoid the risk and trouble of which he had bought the exchange.

T. used to remark that that was the safest operation, all around, he ever knew. He had got his exchange—the buyer had got his bill and the money, too,—and the drawee was fully protected! There was profit without outlay or risk.

J. G. BALDWIN.

### THE GRIDIRON;

OR, PADDY MULLOWNEY'S TRAVELS IN FRANCE.

A certain old gentleman in the west of Ireland, whose love of the ridiculous quite equalled his taste for claret and fox-hunting, was wont, upon certain festive occasions when opportunity offered, to amuse his friends by *drawing out* one of his servants who was exceedingly fond of what he termed his "*thravels*," and in whom a good deal of whim, some queer stories, and perhaps, more than all, long and faithful services, had established a right of loquacity. He was one of those few trusty and privileged domestics, who, if his master unheedingly uttered a rash thing in a fit of passion, would venture to

set him right. If the squire said, "I'll turn that rascal off," my friend Pat would say, "throth you won't sir;" and Pat was always right, for if any altercation arose upon the subject matter in hand, he was sure to throw in some good reason, either from former service—general good conduct—or the delinquent's "wife and childher," that always turned the scale.

But I am digressing; on such merry meetings as I have alluded to, the master, after making certain "approaches," as a military man would say, as the preparatory steps in laying siege to some *extravaganza* of his servant, might, perchance, assail Pat thus: "By the by, Sir John (addressing a distinguished guest), Pat has a very curious story, which something you told me to-day reminds me of. You remember Pat (turning to the man evidently pleased at the notice paid to himself)—you remember that queer adventure you had in France?"

"Throth I do, sir," grins forth Pat.

"What!" exclaims Sir John, in feigned surprise, "was Pat ever in France?"

"Indeed he was," cries mine host; and Pat adds, "ay, and farther, plase your honor."

"I assure you, Sir John," continues my host, "Pat told me a story once that surprised me very much, respecting the ignorance of the French."

"Indeed!" rejoins the baronet; "really, I always supposed the French to be a most accomplished people."

"Throth then, they're not, sir," interrupts Pat.

"Oh, by no means," adds mine host, shaking his head emphatically.

"I believe, Pat, 'twas when you were crossing the Atlantic?" says the master, turning to Pat with a seductive air, and leading into the "full and true account"—(for Pat had thought fit to visit *North Amerikay*, for "a raison he had" in the autumn of the year ninety-eight.)

"Yes, sir," says Pat, "the broad Atlantic," a favorite phrase of his, which he gave with a brogue as broad, almost, as the Atlantic itself.

"It was the time I was lost in crassin' the broad Atlantic, comin' home," began Pat, decoyed into the recital; "whin the winds began to blow, and the sae to rowl, that you'd think the *Colleen dhas* (that was her name) would not have a mast left but what would rowl out of her.

"Well, sure enough, the masts went by the board, at last, and the pumps was choak'd, (divil choak them for that same), and av coorse the wather gained an us, and throth, to be filled with wather is neither good for man or baste; and she was sinkin' fast, settlin' down, as the sailors calls it, and faith I never was good at settlin' down in my life, and I liked it then less nor ever; accordingly we prepared for the worst, and put out the boat, and got a sack o' bishkits, and a cashk o' pork, and a kag o' wather, and a thrifle o' rum aboard, and any other little mathers we could think iv in the mortal hurry we wor in—and, faith, there was no time to be lost, for my darlint, the *Colleen dhas*, went down like a lump o' lead, afore we wor many sthrokes o' the oar away from her.

"Well, we dhripped away all that night, and next mornin' we put up a blanket and the ind av a pole as well as we could, and thin we sailed illegant, for we darn't show a stitch o' canvas the night before, bekase it was blowin' like bloody murther, savin' your presence, and sure it's the wondher of the world we worn't swally'd alive by the ragin' sae.

"Well, away we wint for more nor a week, and nothin' before our two good-looking eyes but the canophy iv heaven, and the wide ocean—the broad Atlantic—not a thing was to be seen but the sae and the sky; and though the sae and the sky is mighty purty things in themselves, throth they're no great things whin you've nothin' else to look at for a week together—and the barest rock in the world, so it was land, would be more welkim. And then, sure enough, throth, our provisions began to run low, the bishkits, and the wather, and the rum—throth *that* was gone first of all—God help uz—and oh! it was thin that starvation began to stare us in the face—'Oh, murther, murther, captain, darlint,' says I, 'I wish we could see land any where,' says I.

"More power to your elbow, Paddy, my boy,' says he, 'for sitch a good wish, and throth, it's myself wishes the same.'

"Oh,' says I, 'that it may plaze you, sweet queen in heaven, supposing it was only a *dissolute* island,' says I, 'inhabited wid Turks, sure they wouldn't be such bad Christians as to refuse uz a bit and a sup.'

"Whisht, whisht, Paddy,' says the

captain, 'don't be talkin' bad of any one,' says he; 'you don't know how soon you may want a good word put in for yourself, if you should be called to quarters in th' other world all of a sudden,' says he.

"Thru for you, captain, darlint,' says I—I called him darlint, and made free wid him, you see, bekase disthress makes uz all equal—'thru for you, captain, jewel—God betune uz and harm, I owe no man any spite'—and throth, that was only truth. Well, the last bishkit was sarved out, and by gor the *wather itself* was all gone at last, and we passed the night mighty cowl'd—well, at the brake o' day the sun riz most beautiful out o' the waves, that was as bright as silver and as clear as cryshthal. But it was only the more crule upon uz, for we wor beginin' to feel *terrible* hungry; when all at wanst I thought I spied the land—by gor, I thought I felt my heart up in my throat in a minnit, and 'thundher and turf, captain,' says I, 'look to leeward,' says I.

"What for?' says he.

"I think I see the land,' says I. So he ups with his bring'-um-near—(that's what the sailors call a spy-glass, sir), and looks out, and, sure enough, it was.

"Hurra!' says he, 'we're all right now; pull away my boys,' says he.

"Take care you're not mistaken,' says I; 'may be it's only a fog-bank, captain, darlint,' says I.

"Oh, no,' says he, 'it's the land in airnest.'

"Oh, then, whereabouts in the wide world are we, captain?' says I, 'maybe it id be in *Rossia* or *Proosia*, or the Garman Ocean,' says I.

"Tut, you fool,' says he—for he had that consaited way wid him—thinkin' himself cleverer nor any one else—'tut, you fool,' says he, 'that's *France*,' says he.

"Tare an ouns,' says I, 'do you tell me so? and how do you know it's France it is, captain, dear,' says I.

"Bekase this is the Bay o' Bishky we're in now,' says he.

"Throth, I was thinkin' so myself,' says I, 'by the rowl it has; for I often heerd av it in regard o' that same;' and throth, the likes av it I never seen before nor since, and, with the help o' God, never will.

"Well, with that, my heart begun to



grow light, and when I seen my life was safe, I began to grow twice hungrier nor ever—so says I, 'captain, jewel, I wish we had a gridiron.'

"'Why then,' says he, 'thundher and turf,' says he, 'what puts a gridiron into your head?'

"'Bekase I'm starvin' with the hunger,' says I.

"'And sure, bad luck to you,' says he, 'you couldn't ate a gridiron,' says he, 'barrin' you wor a *pelican o' the wildherness*,' says he.

"'Ate a gridiron!' says I; 'och, in troth, I'm not such a *gommo* all out as that, any how. But sure if we had a gridiron we could dress a beefsteak,' says I.

"'Arrah! but where's the beef-steak?' says he.

"'Sure, couldn't we cut a slice aff the pork?' says I.

"'By gor, I never thought o' that,' says the captain. "You're a clever fellow, Paddy,' says he, laughin'.

"'Oh, there's many a thrue word said in joke,' says I.

"'Thru for you, Paddy,' says he.

"'Well, then,' says I, 'if you put me ashore there beyant,' (for we were nearin' the land all the time,) 'and sure I can ask thim for to lind me the loan of a gridiron,' says I.

"'Oh, by gor, the butther's comin' out o' the strabout in airnest, now,' says he; 'you gommo,' says he, 'sure I towld you before that's France—and sure they're all furriners there,' says the captain.

"'Well,' says I, 'and how do you know but I'm as good a furriner myself as any o' thim?'

"'What do you mane?' says he.

"'I mane,' says I, 'what I towld you, that I'm as good a furriner myself as any o' thim.'

"'Make me sinsible,' says he.

"'By dad, maybe that's more nor me, or greater nor me, could do,' says I—and we all began to laugh at him, for I thought I'd pay him off for his bit o' con-sait about the Garman Oceant.

"'Lave aff your humbuggin',' says he, 'I bid you, and tell me what it is you mane at all, at all.'

"'Parly voo frongsay,' says I.

"'Oh, your humble sarvant,' says he; 'Why, by gor, you're a scholar, Paddy.'

"'Throth, you may say that,' says I.

"'Why, you're a clever fellow, Paddy,' says the captain, jeerin' like.

"'You're not the first that said that,' says I, 'whether you joke or no.'

"'Oh, but I'm in airnest,' says the captain—and do you tell me, Paddy,' says he, 'that you spake Frinch?'

"'Parly voo frongsay,' says I.

"'By gor, that bangs Banagher, and all the world knows Banagher bangs the devil—I never met the likes o' you, Paddy,' says he—'pull away boys, and put Paddy ashore, and maybe we won't get a good bellyful before long.'

"So with that, it was no sooner said nor done—they pulled away and got close into shore in less than no time, and run the boat up in a little creek; and a beautiful creek it was, with a lovely white sstrand, and iligant place for ladies to bathe in the summer—and out I got, and it's stiff enough in my limbs I was ather bein' cramp'd up in the boat, and perished with the cowl and hunger; but I contrived to scramble on, one way or the other, tow'rds a little bit iv a wood that was close to the shore, and the smoke curlin' out of it, quite timpting like.

"'By the powdher's o' war, I'm all right,' says I; 'there's a house there'—and sure enough there was, and a parcel of men, women, and childher, ating their dinner round a table quite convenient. And so I wint up to the dure, and I thought I'd be very civil to thim, as I heerd the Frinch was always mighty p'lite intirely—and I thought I'd show them I knew what good manners was.

"So I took off my hat, and making a low bow, says I, 'God save all here,' says I.

"Well, to be sure, they all stopt ating at wanst, and begun to stare at me, and faith they almost looked me out of countenance—and I thought to myself it was no good manners at all—more be token from furriners, which they call so mighty p'lite; but I never minded that, in regard of wantin' the gridiron; 'and so,' says I, 'I beg your pardon,' says I, 'for the liberty I take, but its only bein' in disthress in regard of ating,' says I, 'that I make bowld to throuble yez, and if you could lind me the loan of a gridiron,' says I, 'I'd be intirely obleeged to ye.'

"By gor, they all stared at me twice worse nor before, and with that, says I,

(knowing what was in their minds), 'indeed it's thrue for you,' says I; 'I'm tattered to pieces, and God knows I look quare enough, but it's by raison of the storm,' says I, 'which dhruv us ashore here below, and we're all starvin',' says I.

"So then they began to look at each other agin, and myself, seeing at wanst dirty thoughts was in their heads, and that they tuk me for a poor beggar comin' to crave charity—with that, says I, 'Oh! not at all,' says I, 'by no manes, we have plenty o' mate ourselves, there below, and we'll dhress it,' says I, 'if you would be plased to lind us the loan of a gtidiron,' says I, makin' a low bow.

"Well, sir, with that throth they stared at me twice worse nor ever, and faith I began to think that maybe the captain was wrong, and that it was not France at all at all—and so says I—'I beg pardon, sir,' says I, to a fine ould man, with a head of hair as white as silver—'maybe I'm undher a mistake,' says I, 'but I thought I was in France, sir; aren't you furriners?' says I—'*Parly voo frongsay?*'

"We, munseer,' says he.

"Then would you lind me the loan of a gridiron,' says I, 'if you plase?'

"Oh, it was thin that they stared at me as if I had siven heads; and faith myself began to feel flustered like, and onaisy—and so says I, making a bow and scrape agin, 'I know it's a liberty I take, sir,' says I, 'but it's only in the regard of bein' cast away, and if you plaze, sir,' says I, '*Parly voo Frongsay?*'

"We munseer,' says he, mighty sharp.

"Then would you lind me the loan of a gridiron?' says I, 'and you'll obleege me.'

"Well, sir, the ould chap begun to munseer me, but the divil a bit of a gridiron he'd gie me; and so I began to think they were all neygars, for all their fine manners; and throth my blood began to rise, and says I, 'By my sowl, if it was you was in disthress,' says I, 'and if it was to ould Ireland you kem, it's not only the gridiron they'd give you if you ax'd it, but something to put an it too, and a dhrop of dhrink into the bargain, and *cead mille failte.*'

"Well, the word *cead mille failte* seemed to stchreck his heart, and the ould chap cocked his ear, and so I thought I'd give him another offer, and make him

sinsible at last; and so says I, wanst more, quite slow, that he might understand—'*Parly—voo—Frongsay*, munseer?'

"We, munseer,' says he.

"Then lind me the loan of a gridiron,' says I, 'and bad scram to you.'

"Well, bad win' to the bit of it he'd gi' me, and the ould chap begins bowin' and scrapin', and said something or other about a long tongs.

"Phoo!—the devil sweep yourself and your tongs,' says I, 'I don't want a tongs at all at all; but can't you listen to raison,' says I—'*Parly voo Frongsay?*'

"We, munseer.'

"Then lind me the loan of a gridiron,' says I, 'and howld your prate.'

"Well, what would you think but he shook his owld noddle, as much as to say he wouldn't; and so says I, 'Bad cess to the likes o' that I ever seen—throth if you were in my country, it's not that-away they'd use you; the curse o' the crows on you, you ould sinner,' says I, 'the divil a longer I'll darken your dure.'

"So he seen I was vex'd, and I thought as I was turnin' away, I seen him begin to relint, and that his conscience throubled him; and says I, turnin' back, 'Well, I'll give you one chance more—you ould thief—are you a Chrishtan at all at all? are you a furriner,' says I, 'that all the world calls so p'lite? Bad luck to you, do you undherstand your own language?'—'*Parly voo Frongsay*,' says I.

"We, munseer,' says he.

"Then, thundher and turf,' says I, 'will you lind me the loan of a gridiron?'

"Well, sir, the devil resave the bit of it he'd gi' me—and so with that, 'the curse o' the hungry on you, you owld negardly villain,' says I; 'the back o' my hand and the sowl o' my foot to you; that you may want a gridiron yourself yet,' says I; 'and wherever I go, high and low, rich and poor, shall hear o' you,' says I; and with that I lift them there, sir, and kem away—and in throth it's often since, that I thought that it was remarkable."

SAMUEL LOVER.

## GOOD AND BAD LUCK.

Good Luck is the gayest of all gay girls;  
 Long in one place she will not stay:  
 Back from your brow she strokes your curls,  
 Kisses you quick and flies away.  
 But Madame Bad Luck soberly comes  
 And stays—no fancy has she for flitting,—  
 Snatches of true-love songs she hums,  
 And sits by your bed, and brings her  
 knitting.

JOHN HAY.

## DRIVING A HEN.

WHEN a woman has a hen to drive into the coop, she takes hold of her hoops with both hands, and shakes them quietly toward the delinquent, and says, "Shew, there!" The hen takes one look at the object, to convince herself that it's a woman, and then stalks majestically into the coop, in perfect disgust of the sex. A man don't do that way. He goes out of doors and says, "It is singular nobody in this house can drive a hen but myself." And, picking up a stick of wood, hurls it at the offending biped, and observes, "Get in there, you thief." The hen immediately loses her reason, and dashes to the opposite end of the yard. The man straightway dashes after her. She comes back again with her head down, her wings out, and followed by an assortment of stove-wood, fruit-cans, and coal-klinkers, with a much-puffing and very mad man in the rear. Then she skims up on the stoop, and under the barn, and over a fence or two, and around the house, and back again to the coop, all the while talking as only an excited hen can talk, and all the while followed by things convenient for handling, and by a man whose coat is on the sawbuck, and whose hat is on the ground, and whose perspiration and profanity appear to have no limit. By this time the other hens have come out to take a hand in the debate, and help dodge the missiles—and then the man says every hen on the place shall be sold in the morning, and puts on his things and goes down the street, and the woman dons her hoops, and has every one of those hens housed and contented in two minutes, and the only sound heard on the premises is the hammering by the eldest boy as he mends the broken pickets.

DANBURY NEWS MAN.

## A BIT O' SLY COORTEN.

## JOHN AND FANNY.

JOHN.

Now, Fanny, 'tis too bad, you teazèn ma'ld!  
 How leäte you be a' come! Where have ye stay'd?  
 How long you have a-meäde me wait about!  
 I thought you werden gwaïn to come ageän;  
 If you want to go though, don't ye stay  
 This idden when you promis'd to come out.

FANNY.

Now 'tidden any good to meäke a row,  
 Upon my word, I cooden come till now.  
 Vor I've a-been kept in all day by mother,  
 At work about woone little job an' t'other.  
 If you want to go though, don't ye stay  
 Vor me a minute longer, I do pray.

JOHN.

I thought you mid be out wi' Jemmy Bleäke.

FANNY.

An' why be out wi' him, vor goodness' seäke?

JOHN.

You walk'd o' Zunday evenèn wi'n, d'ye know,  
 You went vrom church a-hitch'd up in his eärm.

FANNY.

Well, if I did, that werden any harm.  
 Lauk! that is some'at to teäke notice o'.

JOHN.

He took ye roun' the middle at the stile,  
 An' kiss'd ye twice within the half a mile.

FANNY.

Ees, at the stile, because I shou'den vall,  
 He took me hold to help me down, that's all;  
 An' I can't see what very mighty harm  
 He could ha' done a-lendèn me his eärm.  
 An' as vor kissen o' me, if he did,  
 I didden ax en to, nor zay he mid:  
 An' if he kiss'd me drie times, or a dozen,  
 What harm wer it? Why, idden he my  
 cousin?  
 An' I can't see, then, what there is amiss  
 In Cousin Jem's jist gi'en me a kiss.

JOHN.

Well, he shan't kiss ye, then; you shan't be  
 kiss'd  
 By his gre't ugly chope, a lanky houn'!

If I do see'n, I'll jist wring up my vist  
 An' knock en down.  
 I'll squot his gre't pug-nose, if I don't miss  
 en;  
 I'll warn' I'll sqweil his pretty lips vor kis-  
 sèn!

FANNY.

Well, John, I'm sure I little thought to vind  
 That you had ever sich a jealous mind.  
 What then! I s'pose that I must be a dum-  
 my,  
 An' mussen goo about nor wag my tongue  
 To any soul, if he's a man, an' young;  
 Or else you'll work yourself up mad wi' pas-  
 sion,  
 An' talk away o' gi'en vo'k a drashèn,  
 An' breakèn bwones, an' beàten heads to  
 pummy!  
 If you've a-got sich jealous ways about ye,  
 I'm sure I should be better off 'ithout ye.

JOHN.

Well if gre't Jemmy have a-won your heart,  
 We'd better break the coortship off, an' peàrt.

FANNY.

He won my heart! There, John, don't talk  
 sich stuff;  
 Don't talk noo mwore, vor you've a-zaid  
 enough.  
 If I'd a-liked another mwore than you,  
 I'm sure I shouldn't come to meet ye zoo;  
 Vor I've a-twold to father many a storry,  
 An' took o' mother many a scwolden for ye.  
 [weeping.]  
 But 'twull be over now, vor you shan't see me.  
 Out wi' ye noo mwore, to pick a quarrel wi'  
 me.

JOHN.

Well, Fanny, I woon't say noo mwore, my  
 dear.  
 Let's meäke it up. Come, wipe off thik  
 there tear.  
 Let's goo an' zit o' top o' theäse here stile,  
 An' rest, an' look about a little while.

FANNY.

Now goo away, you crabbed jealous chap!  
 You shan't kiss me—you shan't! I'll gi' ye  
 a slap.

JOHN.

Then you look smilèn; don't you pout an'  
 toss  
 Your head so much, an' look so very cross.

FANNY.

Now, John! don't squeeze me roun' the  
 middle zoo.  
 I woon't stop here noo longer if you do.  
 Why, John! be quiet, wull ye? Fie upon it!  
 Now see how you've a-wrump'd up my  
 bonnet.  
 Mother 'ill see it after I'm at hwome,  
 An' gi'e a guess directly how it come.

JOHN.

Then don't you say that I be jealous, Fanny.

FANNY.

I wull; vor you be jealous, Mister Jahnnny.  
 There's somebody a-comèn down the groun'  
 Towards the stile. Who is it? Come, get  
 down.  
 I must run hwome, upon my word then, now;  
 If I do stäy, they'll kick up sich a row.  
 Good night. I can't stay now.

JOHN

Then good night, Fanny!  
 Come out a-bit to-morrow evenen, can ye?

WILLIAM BARNES.

## LILLIPUT LAND.

WHERE does Pinafore Palace stand?  
 Right in the middle of Lilliput-land!  
 There the queen eats bread and honey,  
 There the king counts up his money!

Oh, the glorious Revolution!  
 Oh, the Provisional Constitution!  
 Now that the children, clever bold folks,  
 Have turned the table upon the old folks!

Easily the thing was done,  
 For the children were more than two to one;  
 Brave as lions, quick as foxes.  
 With hoards of wealth in their money-boxes.

They seized the keys, they patrolled the  
 street,  
 They drove the policeman off his beat,  
 They built barricades, they stationed sen-  
 tries—  
 You must give the word when you come to  
 the entries!

They dressed themselves in the Riflemen's  
 clothes,  
 They had pea-shooters, they had arrows and  
 bows,  
 So as to put resistance down:  
 Order reigns in Lilliput-town!

They made the baker bake hot rolls,  
They made the wharfinger send in coals,  
They made the butcher kill the calf,  
They cut the telegraph wires in half.

They went to the chemist's, and with their  
feet  
They kicked the physic all down the street;  
They went to the school-room and tore the  
books,  
They munched the puffs at the pastry-cook's.

They sucked the jam, they lost the spoons,  
They sent up several fire-balloons,  
They let off crackers, they burnt a guy,  
They piled a bonfire ever so high.

They offered a prize for the laziest boy,  
And one for the most magnificent toy,  
They split or burnt the canes off-hand,  
They made new laws in Lilliput-land.

*Never do to-day what you can  
Put off till to-morrow, one of them ran;  
Late to bed and late to rise,  
Was another law which they did devise.*

They passed a law to have always plenty  
Of beautiful things: we shall mention twen-  
ty—  
A magic lantern for all to see,  
Rabbits to keep, and a Christmas-tree;

A boat, a house that went on wheels,  
And organ to grind, and sherry at meals,  
Drums and wheelbarrows, Roman candles,  
Whips with whistles let into the handles;

A real live giant, a roc to fly,  
A goat to tease, a copper to sky,  
A garret of apples, a box of paints,  
A saw and a hammer, and no complaints.

Nail up the door, slide down the stairs,  
Saw off the legs of the parlour chairs—  
That was the way in Lilliput-land,  
The children having the upper hand.

They made the old folks come to school,  
All in pinafores—that was the rule—  
Saying, *Eeener—deener—diner—duss,  
Kattler—wheeler—whiler—wuss;*

They made them learn all sorts of things  
That nobody liked. They had catechisings:  
They kept them in, they sent them down  
In class, in school in Lilliput-town.

O but they gave them tit-for-tat!  
Thick bread-and-butter, and all that;  
Stick-jaw pudding that tires your chin  
With the marmalade spread ever so thin!

They governed the clock in Lilliput-land,  
They altered the hour or the minute hand,  
They made the day fast, they made the day  
slow,  
Just as they wished the time to go.

They never waited for king or for cat;  
They never wiped their shoes on the mat;  
Their fun was great; their joy was greater;  
They rode in the baby's perambulator!

There was a levee in Lilliput town,  
At Pinafore-Palace. Smith and Brown,  
Jones and Robinson had to attend—  
All to whom they cards did send.

Every one rode in a cab to the door,  
Every one came in a pinafore;  
Lady and gentleman, rat-tat-tat,  
Loud knock, proud knock, opera hat!

The place was covered with silver and gold,  
The place was as full as it ever could hold;  
The ladies kissed her Majesty's hand:  
Such was the custom in Lilliput-land.

Her Majesty knighted eight or ten,  
Perhaps a score, of the gentlemen,  
Some of them short, and some of them tall—  
*Arise, Sirs! What's-a-name! What-do-you-call!*

Nuts, and nutmeg (that's in the negus);  
The bill of fare would perhaps fatigue us;  
Forty-five fiddlers to play the fiddle;  
Right foot, left foot, down the middle.

Conjuring tricks with the poker and tonga,  
Riddles and forfeits, singing of songs;  
One fat man, too fat by far,  
Tried "Twinkle, twinkle, little star!"

His voice was gruff, his pinafore tight,  
His wife said, "Mind, dear, sing it right,"  
But he forgot, and said Fa-la-la!  
The Queen of Lilliput's own papa!

She frowned and ordered him up to bed;  
He said he was sorry; she shook her head;  
His clean shirt-front with his tears was  
stained—  
But discipline had to be maintained.

The Constitution! The law! The crown!  
Order reigns in Lilliput-town!  
The Queen is Jill, and the King is John;  
I trust the Government will get on.

MATTHEW BROWNE.

## MARTIAL IN LONDON.

EXQUISITE wines and comestibles,  
 From Slater, and Fortnum and Mason  
 Billiard, écarté, and chess tables;  
 Water in vast marble basin;  
 Luminous books (not voluminous)  
 To read under beech-trees cacuminous;  
 One friend, who is fond of a distich,  
 And doesn't get too syllogistic;  
 A valet, who knows the complete art  
 Of service—a maiden, my sweetheart:  
 Give me these, in some rural pavilion,  
 And I'll envy no Rothschild his million.

MORTIMER COLLINS.

## GERALDINE GREEN.

## MY LIFE IS A—

At Worthing; an exile from Geraldine G—,  
 How aimless, how wretched an exile is he!  
 Promenades are not even prunella and leather  
 To lovers, if lovers can't foot them together.

He flies the parade:—by ocean he stands;  
 He traces a "Geraldine G." on the sands;  
 Only "G." though her loved patronymic  
 is "Green,"—  
 "I will not betray thee, my own Geraldine."

The fortunes of men have a time and a tide,  
 And Fate, the old fury, will not be denied;  
 That name was, of course, soon wiped out by  
 the sea;  
 She jilted the exile, did Geraldine G.

They meet, but they never have spoken since  
 that;  
 He hopes she is happy,—he knows she is fat;  
 She, woo'd on the shore, now is wed in the  
 Strand,—  
 And I—it was I wrote her name on the sand.

FREDERICK LOCKER.

## MRS. SMITH.

LAST year I trod these fields with Di,  
 Fields fresh with clover and with rye;  
 They now seem arid!  
 Then Di was fair and single; how  
 Unfair it seems on me, for now  
 Di's fair—and married!

A blissful swain—I scorn'd the song  
 Which says that though young love is strong,  
 The Fates are stronger;  
 Breezes then blew a boon to men,  
 The buttercups were bright, and then  
 This grass was longer.

That day I saw and much esteem'd  
 Di's ankles, which the clover seem'd  
 Inclined to smother;  
 It twitch'd, and soon untied (for fun)  
 The ribbon of her shoes, first one,  
 And then the other.

I'm told that virgins augur some  
 Misfortune if their shoe-strings come  
 To grief on Friday:  
 And so did Di, and then her pride  
 Decreed that shoe-strings so untied  
 Are "so untidy!"

Of course I knelt; with fingers deft  
 I tied the right and then the left;  
 Says Di, "The stubble  
 Is very stupid!—as I live,  
 I'm quite ashamed!—I'm shock'd to give  
 You so much trouble!"

For answer I was fain to sink  
 To what we all would say and think  
 Were Beauty present:  
 "Don't mention such a simple act—  
 A trouble? not the least! In fact  
 It's rather pleasant!"

I trust that Love will never tease  
 Poor little Di, or prove that he's  
 A graceless rover.  
 She's happy now as *Mrs. Smith*—  
 And less polite when walking with  
 Her chosen lover!

Heigh-ho! Although no moral clings  
 To Di's blue eyes, and sandal strings,  
 We've had our quarrels!—  
 I think that Smith is thought an ass;  
 I know that when they walk in grass  
 She wears *balmorals*.

FREDERICK LOCKER.

No, THANK YOU!—"Come down,"  
 said the boat-swain of a man-of-war, to a  
 mischievous young son of Erin who had  
 been idling in the main-top. "Come  
 down, I say, or I'll give you a good round  
 dozen with the cat, you rascal."  
 "Throth, sir, and I wouldn't come  
 down if you'd give me two dozen."

## DISAPPOINTED AMBITION.

From Balzac's *Petites Mœurs de la Vie Conjugale*.

[HONORÉ DE BALZAC, the greatest of French novelists, was born in 1799 at Tours, and died at Paris in 1850. His early training was in the office of an advocate, where he acquired that intimate knowledge of commercial and notarial business which appears so frequently in his novels. After ten years of poverty and hard toil, in which he literally lived on "three sous for bread, two for milk, and three for firing," working for the press without success and devouring books at the public libraries, Balzac conceived a great scheme of making his fortune at the business of printing. With borrowed money and a partner, he brought out some one-volume editions of French classics, which fell dead from the press, and Balzac became bankrupt. At about the age of thirty, he produced the first of that series of successful novels of every day life which have made his name famous. Under the general title of *La Comédie Humaine*, he wrote the most true and graphic pictures of the nineteenth century as seen in French life and character in city and country which have ever appeared. With great minuteness and sometimes tedious fidelity, his books abound in subtle portraiture of character, pictures of fashion, of intrigue, glimpses of luxury and splendor, keen and merciless dissections of human folly and pride. His wonderful gift of language, great range of knowledge, observation and sympathy, occasional light humor and close power of description and analysis are conspicuous. His chief defect is too much indulgence in detail, and a tendency to depict the morbid side of human nature.]

A young man quit his natal city in the depths of one of the departments. He felt that glory, no matter what kind, awaited him: suppose that of a painter, a novelist, a journalist, a poet, a great statesman.

Young Adolphe de Chodoreille—that we may be perfectly understood—wished to be talked about, to become celebrated, to be somebody. This, therefore, is addressed to the mass of aspiring individuals brought to Paris by all sorts of vehicles, whether moral or material, and who rush upon the city one fine morning with the hydrophobic purpose of overturning everybody's reputation, and of building themselves a pedestal with the ruins they are to make, until disenchantment follows. As our intention is to specify this peculiarity so characteristic of our epoch, let us take from among the various personages the one whom the author has elsewhere called

## A GREAT MAN FROM THE COUNTRY.

Adolphe has discovered that the most admirable trade is that which consists in buying a bottle of ink, a bunch of quills, and a ream of paper, at a stationer's for twelve francs and a half, and in selling the two thousand sheets in the ream over again, for something like fifty thousand francs, after having, of course, written upon each leaf fifty lines replete with style and imagination.

This problem,—twelve francs and a half metamorphosed into fifty thousand francs, at the rate of five sous a line—urges numerous families who might advantageously employ their members in the retirement of the provinces, to thrust them into the vortex of Paris.

The young man who is the object of this exportation, invariably passes in his natal town, for a man of as much imagination as the most famous author. He has always studied well, he writes very nice poetry, he is considered a fellow of parts: he is besides often guilty of a charming tale published in the local paper, which obtains the admiration of the department.

His poor parents will never know what their son has come to Paris to learn at great cost, namely: That it is difficult to be a writer and to understand the French language short of a dozen years of herculean labor: That a man must have explored every sphere of social life to become a genuine novelist, inasmuch as the novel is the private history of nations: That the great storytellers, Æsop, Lucian, Boccaccio, Rabelais, Cervantes, Swift, La Fontaine, Le Sage, Sterne, Voltaire, Walter Scott, the unknown Arabians of the Thousand and One Nights, were all men of genius as well as giants of erudition.

Their Adolphe serves his literary apprenticeship in two or three coffee-houses, becomes a member of the Society of Men of Letters, attacks, with or without reason, men of talent who don't read his articles, assumes a milder tone on seeing the powerlessness of his criticisms, offers novelettes to the papers which toss them from one to the other as if they were shuttle-cocks: and, after five or six years of exercises more or less fatiguing, of dreadful privations which seriously tax his parents, *he attains a certain position.*

This position may be described as fol-

lows: By means of a sort of reciprocal support extended to each other, and which an ingenious writer has called Mutual Admiration, Adolphe often sees his name cited among the names of celebrities, either in the prospectuses of the book-trade, or in the programmes of newspapers which announce their speedy appearance. Publishers print the title of one of his works under the deceitful heading "In Press," which might be called the typographical menagerie of bears. Chodoreille is sometimes mentioned among the promising young men of the literary world. Adolphe de Chodoreille remains eleven years in the ranks of the promising young men: he finally obtains a free entrance to the theatres, thanks to some dirty work or certain articles of dramatic criticism: he tries to pass for a *good fellow*; and as he loses his illusions respecting glory and the world of Paris, he gets into debt and his years begin to tell upon him.

A paper which finds itself in a tight place asks him for one of his bears revised by his friends. This has been retouched and revamped every five years, so that it smells of the pomatum of each prevailing and then forgotten fashion. To Adolphe it becomes what the famous cap which he was constantly staking, was to Corporal Trim, for during five years "Anything for a Woman" (the title decided upon) "will be one of the most delicious productions of our epoch."

In eleven years, Chodoreille is regarded as having written some respectable things, five or six tales published in the dismal magazines, in ladies' newspapers, or in works intended for children of the tenderest age.

As he is a bachelor, and possesses a coat and a pair of black cassimere pantaloons, and when he pleases may thus assume the appearance of an elegant diplomat, and as he is not without a certain intelligent air, he is admitted to several more or less literary salons: he bows to the five or six academicians who possess genius, influence or talent, he visits two or three of our great poets, he allows himself in coffee-rooms, to call the two or three justly celebrated women of our epoch by their christian names; he is on the best of terms with the blue stockings of the second grade,—who ought to be called *socks*—and he shakes hands and

takes glasses of absinthe with the stars of the smaller newspapers.

Such is the history of every species of ordinary men—men who have been denied what they call good luck. This good luck is nothing less than unyielding will, incessant labor, contempt for an easily won celebrity, immense learning, and that patience which, according to Buffon, is the whole of genius, but which certainly is the half of it.

You do not yet see any indication of a petty annoyance for Caroline. You imagine that this history of five hundred young men engaged at this moment in polishing the paving stones of Paris, was written as a sort of warning to the eighty-six departments of France; but read these two letters which lately passed between two girls differently married, and you will see that it was as necessary as the narrative by which every true melodrama was until lately expected to open. You will divine the skilful manœuvres of the Parisian peacock spreading his tail in the recesses of his native village, and polishing up, for matrimonial purposes, the rays of a celebrity which, like those of the sun, are only warm and brilliant at a distance.

FROM MADAME CLAIRE DE LA ROULANDIERE, M'LE JUGAULT THAT WAS, TO MADAME ADOLPHE DE CHODOREILLE, M'LE HEURTAUT THAT WAS.

"Viviers.

"My dear Caroline,

"You have not yet written to me, and it's real unkind in you. Don't you remember that the happiest was to write first and to console her who remained in the country?

Since your departure for Paris, I have married Monsieur de la Roulandière, the president of the tribunal. You know him, and you can judge whether I am happy or not, with my heart *saturated*, as it is, with our ideas. I was not ignorant what my lot would be: I live with the ex-president, my husband's uncle, and with my mother-in-law, who has preserved nothing of the ancient parliamentary society of Aix but its pride and its severity of manners. I am seldom alone. I never go out unless accompanied by my mother-in-law or my husband. We receive the heavy people of the city in the



evening. They play whist at two sous a point, and I listen to such conversations as these:

'Monsieur de Vitremont is dead, and leaves two hundred and eighty thousand francs,' says the associate judge, a young man of forty-seven, who is as entertaining as a north-west wind.

'Are you quite sure of that?'

'The *that* refers to the two hundred and eighty thousand francs.'

A little judge then holds forth, he runs over the investments, the others discuss their value, and it is definitely settled that *if he has not left two hundred and eighty thousand, he has very near it.*

Then comes a universal concert of eulogy heaped upon the dead man's body, for having kept his bread under lock and key, for having shrewdly invested his little savings accumulated sou by sou, in order, probably, that the whole city and those who expect legacies may applaud and exclaim in admiration, 'He leaves two hundred and eighty thousand francs!' Now everybody has rich relations of whom they say 'Will he leave anything like it?' and thus they discuss the quick as they have discussed the dead.

They talk of nothing but the prospects of fortune, the prospects of a vacancy in office, the prospects of the harvest.

When we were children, and used to look at those pretty little white mice in the cobbler's window in the rue St. Mac-lou, that turned and turned the circular cage in which they were imprisoned, how far I was from thinking that they would one day be a faithful image of my life!

Think of it, my being in this condition. I who fluttered my wings so much more than you, I whose imagination was so vagabond! My sins have been greater than yours, and I am the more severely punished. I have bidden farewell to my dreams: I am *Madame la Presidente* in all my glory, and I resign myself to giving my arm for forty years to my big awkward Roulandière, to living meanly in every way, and to having forever before me two heavy brows and two wall-eyes pierced in a yellow face, which is destined never to know what it is to smile.

But you, Caroline dear, you who, between ourselves, were admitted among the big girls while I still gamboled among the little ones, you whose only sin was pride, you, who, at the age of twenty-

seven, and with a dowry of two hundred thousand francs, capture and captivate a truly great man, one of the wittiest men in Paris, one of the two talented men that our village has produced—what a piece of luck was this!

You now circulate in the most brilliant society of Paris. Thanks to the sublime privileges of genius, you may appear in all the salons of the faubourg St. Germain, and be cordially received. You have the exquisite enjoyment of the company of the two or three celebrated women of our age, where so many good things are said, where the happy speeches which arrive out here like Congreve rockets, are first fired off. You go to the baron Schinner's, of whom Adolphe so often spoke to us, whom all the great artists and foreigners of celebrity visit. In short, before long, you will be one of the queens of Paris, if you wish. You can receive, too, and have at your house the lions of literature, fashion and finance, whether male or female, for Adolphe spoke in such terms about his illustrious friendships and his intimacy with the favorites of the hour, that I imagine you giving and receiving honors.

With your ten thousand francs a year, and the legacy from your aunt Carabas, with the twenty thousand francs that your husband earns, you must keep a carriage, and as you go to all the theatres without paying, as journalists are the heroes of all the inaugurations so ruinous for those who keep up with the movement of Paris, and as they are constantly invited to dinner, you live as if you had sixty thousand francs a year! Happy Caroline! I don't wonder you forget me!

I can understand how it is that you have not a moment to yourself. Your bliss is the cause of your silence, so I pardon you. Still, if, fatigued with so many pleasures, you one day, upon the summit of your grandeur, think of your poor Claire, write to me, tell me what a marriage with a great man is, describe those great Parisian ladies, especially those who write; oh, I should so much like to know what they are made of: don't forget anything, unless you forget that you are loved, under any circumstances, by your poor

*Claire Jugault."*

FROM MADAME ADOLPHE DE CHODOREILLE  
TO MADAME LA PRESIDENTE DE LA ROU-  
JANDIERE, AT VIVIERS.

"Paris.

Ah, my poor Claire, could you have known how many wretched little griefs your innocent letter would awaken, you never would have written it. Certainly no friend, and not even an enemy, on seeing a woman with a thousand mosquito-bites and a plaster over them, would amuse herself by tearing it off and counting the stings.

I will begin by telling you that for a woman of twenty-seven, with a face still passable, but with a form a little too much like that of the emperor Nicholas for the humble part I play, I am happy! Let me tell you why: Adolphe, rejoicing in the deceptions which have fallen upon me like a hail-storm, smooths over the wounds in my self-love by so much affection, so many attentions, and such charming things, that, in good truth, women—so far as they are simply women—would be glad to find in the man they marry defects so advantageous: but all men of letters, (Adolphe, alas, is barely a man of letters) who are beings not a bit less irritable, nervous, fickle and eccentric than women, are far from possessing such solid qualities as those of Adolphe, and I hope they have not all been as unfortunate as he.

Alas, Claire, we love each other well enough for me to tell you the simple truth. I have saved my husband, dear, from profound but skilfully concealed misery. Far from receiving twenty thousand francs a year, he has not earned that sum in the fifteen years that he has been at Paris. We occupy a third story in the rue Joubert, and pay twelve hundred francs for it; we have some eighty-five hundred francs left, with which I endeavor to keep house honorably.

I have brought Adolphe luck; for since our marriage, he has obtained control of a feuilleton which is worth four hundred francs a month to him, though it takes but a small portion of his time. He owes this situation to an investment. We employed the seventy thousand francs left me by my aunt Carabas in giving security for a newspaper; on this we get nine per cent., and we have stock besides. Since this transaction, which was concluded some ten months ago, our income

VOL. III—W. H.

has doubled, and we now possess a competence. I can complain of my marriage in a pecuniary point of view no more than as regards my affections. My vanity alone has suffered, and my ambition has been swamped. You will understand the various petty annoyances by which I have been assailed, by a single specimen.

Adolphe, you remember, appeared to us on intimate terms with the famous baroness Schinner, so renowned for her wit, her influence, her wealth and her connection with celebrated men: I supposed that he was welcomed at her house as a friend: my husband presented me, and I was coldly received. I saw that her rooms were furnished with extravagant luxury; and instead of Madame Schinner's returning my call, I received a card, twenty days afterward, and at an insolently improper hour.

On arriving at Paris, I went to walk upon the boulevard, proud of my anonymous great man: he nudged me with his elbow, and said, pointing out a fat little ill-dressed man, 'There's so and so!' He mentioned one of the seven or eight illustrious men in France. I got ready my look of admiration, and I saw Adolphe rapturously doffing his hat to the truly great man, who replied by the short little nod that you vouchsafe a person with whom you have doubtless exchanged hardly four words in ten years. Adolphe had begged a look for my sake. 'Doesn't he know you?' I said to my husband. 'Oh, yes, but he probably took me for somebody else,' replied he.

And so of poets, so of celebrated musicians, and so of statesmen. But, as a compensation, we stop and talk for ten minutes in front of some arcade or other, with Messieurs Armand du Cantal, George Beaunoir, Felix Verdoret, of whom you have never heard. Mesdames Constantine Ramachard, Anaïs Crottat, and Lucienne Vouillon threaten me with their *blue* friendship. We have editors totally unknown in our province to dinner. Finally, I have had the painful happiness to see Adolphe decline an invitation to an evening party to which I was not bidden.

Oh! Claire dear, talent is still the rare flower of spontaneous growth, that no greenhouse culture can produce. I do not deceive myself: Adolphe is an ordinary man, known, estimated as such: he has no other chance, as he himself says,

than to take his place among the *utilities* of literature. He was not without wit at Viviers: but to be a man of wit at Paris, you must possess every kind of wit in formidable doses.

I esteem Adolphe: for, after some few fibs, he frankly confessed his position, and, without humiliating himself too deeply, he promised that I should be happy. He hopes, like numerous other ordinary men, to obtain some place, that of an assistant librarian, for instance, or the pecuniary management of a newspaper. Who knows but we may get him elected deputy for Viviers in the course of time?

We live in obscurity: we have five or six friends of either sex whom we like, and such is the brilliant style of life which your letter gilded with all the social splendors.

From time to time I am caught in a squall, or am the butt of some malicious tongue. Thus, yesterday, at the opera, I heard one of our most ill-natured wits, Léon de Lora, say to one of our most famous critics, 'It takes Chodoreille to go off to the banks of the Rhone to discover the Carolina poplar!' 'They had heard my husband call me by my Christian name. At Viviers I was considered handsome, I am tall, well-made, and fat enough to satisfy Adolphe! In this way I learn that the beauty of women from the country is, at Paris, precisely like the wit of country gentlemen.

In short, I am absolutely nobody, if that is what you wish to know: but if you desire to learn how far my philosophy goes, understand that I am really happy in having found an ordinary man in my pretended great one.

Farewell, dear Claire! It is still I, you see, who, spite of my delusions and the petty annoyances of my life, am the most favorably situated: for Adolphe is young, and a charming fellow.

CAROLINE HEURTAT.

ONE AT A TIME.—An Irish peasant, on a small ragged pony, was floundering through a bog, when the animal, in its efforts to push on, got one of its hoofs into the stirrups.

"Arrah, my boy," said the rider, "if you are going to get up, it's time for me to get down."

### (CLASSIC) GREEK WIT.

#### THE MOUSE AND THE MISER.

Asclepades, the Miser, in his house  
Espied one day, with some surprise, a mouse:  
"Tell me, dear mouse," he cried, "to what  
cause is it

I owe this pleasant but unlooked-for visit?"

The mouse said, smiling: "Fear not for your  
hoard:

I come my friend, to lodge, and not to board."

LUCILLUS.

### SUSAN.

#### A KIND PROVIDENCE.

He dropt a tear on Susan's bier,  
He seem'd a most despairing swain;  
But bluer sky brought newer tie,  
And—would he wish her back again?

The moments fly, and when we die,  
Will Philly Thistletop complain?  
She'll cry and sigh, and—dry her eye,  
And let herself be woo'd again.

FREDERICK LOCKER.

### THE YOUNG GAZELLE.

#### A MOORE-ISH TALE.

In early youth, as you may guess,  
I revelled in poetic lore,  
And while my schoolmates studied less,  
I resolutely studied *Moore*.

Those touching lines from "Lalla Rookh"—  
"Ah ever thus—" you know them well,  
Such root within my bosom took,  
I wished I had a young Gazelle.

Oh, yes! a sweet, a sweet Gazelle,  
"To charm me with its soft black eye,"  
So soft, so liquid, that a spell  
Seems in that gem-like orb to lie.

Years, childhood passed, youth fled away,  
My vain desire I'd learn to quell,  
Till came that most auspicious day  
When *some one gave me a Gazelle*.

With care, and trouble, and expense,  
'Twas brought from *Africa's* northern cape:  
It seemed of great intelligence,  
And oh! so beautiful a shape.

Its lustrous, liquid eye was bent  
With special lovingness on me;  
No gift that mortal could present  
More welcome to my heart could be.

I brought him food with fond caress,  
Built him a hut, snug, neat and warm;  
I called him "Selim", to express  
The marked *s(e)limness* of his form.

The little creature grew so tame,  
He learned to know (the neighbors) well;"  
And then the ladies, when they came,  
Oh! how they "nursed that dear Gazelle."

But woe is me! on earthly ground  
Some ill with every blessing dwells  
And soon to my dismay I found  
That this applies to young Gazelles.

When free allowed to roam indoors,  
The mischief that he did was great;  
The walls, the furniture, the floors,  
He made in a terrific state.

He nibbled all the table-cloth,  
And trod the carpet into holes,  
And in his gambols, nothing loth,  
Kicked over scuttles full of coals.

To view his image in the glass,  
He reared upon his hinder legs;  
And thus one morn I found, alas!  
Two porcelain vases smashed like eggs.

Whatever did his fancy catch  
By way of food, he would not wait  
To be invited, but would snatch  
It from one's table, hand, or plate.

He riled the dog, annoyed the cat,  
And scared the gold-fish into fits;  
He butted through my newest hat,  
And tore my manuscript to bits.

'Twas strange, so light his hooflets weighed,  
His limbs as slender as a hare's,  
The noise my little Selim made  
In trotting up and down the stairs.

To tie him up I thought was wise,  
But loss of freedom gave him pain;  
I could not stand those pleading eyes,  
And so I let him go again.

How sweet to see him skip and prance  
Upon the gravel or the lawn;  
More light in step than fairies' dance,  
More graceful than an English fawn.

But then he spoilt the garden so,  
Trod down the beds, raked up the seeds,  
And ate the plants—nor did he show  
The least compunction for his deeds.

He trespassed on the neighbours' ground,  
And broke two costly melon frames  
With other damages—a pound  
To pay, resulted from his games.

In short, the mischief was immense  
That from his gamesome pranks befel,  
And, truly, in a double sense  
He proved a *very* "dear gazelle."

At length I sighed—"Ah, ever thus,  
Doth disappointment mock each hope;  
But 'tis in vain to make a fuss;  
You'll have to go, my antelope."

The chance I wished for did occur;  
A lady going to the east,  
Was willing; so I gave to her  
That little antelopian beast.

I said "This antler'd desert child  
In Turkish Palaces may roam,  
But he is much too free and wild  
To keep in any English home."

Yes, tho' I gave him up with tears,  
Experience had broke the spell,  
And if I live a thousand years,  
I'll never have a young gazelle.

WALTER PARKER.

### THE OWL-CRITIC.

"Who stuffed that white owl?" No one spoke  
in the shop;  
The barber was busy, and he couldn't stop;  
The customers, waiting their turns, were all  
reading  
The *Daily*, the *Herald*, the *Post*, little heeding  
The young man who blurted out such a blunt  
question;  
Not one raised a head, or even made a sug-  
gestion;  
And the barber kept on shaving.

"Don't you see, Mister Brown,"  
Cried the youth, with a frown.  
"How wrong the whole thing is,  
How preposterous each wing is,  
How flattened the head is, how jammed down  
the neck is—  
In short, the whole owl, what an ignorant  
wreck 'tis!"

I make no apology;  
I've learned owl-eology.  
I've passed days and nights in a hundred col-  
lections,  
And cannot be blinded to any deflections  
Arising from unskilful fingers that fail  
To stuff a bird right, from his beak to his tail.  
Mister Brown! Mister Brown!  
Do take that bird down,  
Or you'll soon be the laughing-stock all over  
town!"

And the barber kept on shaving.

"I've studied owls,  
And other night fowls,  
And I tell you  
What I know to be true:  
An owl cannot roost  
With his limbs so unloosed;  
No owl in this world  
Ever had his claws curled,  
Ever had his legs slanted,  
Ever had his bill canted,  
Ever had his neck screwed  
Into that attitude.  
He can't do it, because  
'Tis against all bird laws.  
Anatomy teaches,  
Ornithology preaches,  
An owl has a toe  
That can't turn out so!  
I've made the white owl my study for years,  
And to see such a job almost moves me to  
tears!  
Mister Brown, I'm amazed  
You should be so gone crazed  
As to put up a bird  
In that posture absurd!  
To look at that owl really brings on a dizziness;  
The man who stuffed him don't half know his  
business!"

And the barber kept on shaving.

"Examine those eyes.  
I'm filled with surprise  
Taxidermists should pass  
Off on you such poor glass;  
So unnatural they seem  
They'd make Audubon scream,  
And John Burroughs laugh  
To encounter such chaff.  
Do take that bird down;  
Have him stuffed again, Brown!"

And the barber kept on shaving.

"With some sawdust and bark  
I could stuff in the dark  
An owl better than that.  
I could make an old hat  
Look more like an owl  
Than that horrid fowl,

Stuck up there so stiff like a side of coarse  
leather.

In fact, about him there's not one natural  
feather."

Just then, with a wink and a sly normal lurch,  
The owl, very gravely, got down from his  
perch,

Walked round, and regarded his fault-finding  
critic

(Who thought he was stuffed) with a glance  
analytic,

And then fairly hooted, as if he should say:  
"Your learning's at fault this time, anyway;  
Don't waste it again on a live bird, I pray.  
I'm an owl; you're another. Sir Critic, good-  
day!"

And the barber kept on shaving.

JAMES T. FIELD.

Boston, 1817—1880.

## THE COMIC BLACKSTONE.

[GILBERT ABBOTT A BECKETT, a witty and humorous English writer, was born in London in 1810 or 1811; was admitted to the bar in 1841; was a frequent contributor to the London "Times" and "Punch", and died in 1886. His most celebrated works are "The Comic Blackstone" (1844-46) and "The Comic History of England" (1848).

The former is remarkable, because of the terse and accurate manner in which, following the arrangement of Sir William Blackstone's "Commentaries", the author jestingly states all the elementary principles of the common law, and of the wit and humor with which he illustrates and explains those principles. We give as our selection Chapters XIV., XV., XVI., XVII. of Book I, on the "Domestic Relations," and Chapters XXI, and XXIV, of Book III., on "Pleading" and "Trial by Jury."

### THE DOMESTIC RELATIONS.

#### OF MASTER AND SERVANT.

HAVING commented on the people in their public relations, we now come to private relations, including Master and Servant, Husband and Wife,—which, by-the-by, is a relation something like that of master and servant, for the wife is often a slave to the husband.—Parent and Child, and Guardian and Ward—the latter being a sort of relationship which is seen upon the stage, where a choleric old man with a stick is always thwarting the affections of a young lady in white muslin.

We shall begin with Master and Servant—showing how such relationship is

created and destroyed. There is now no such thing as pure and proper slavery in England; so that a servant of all-work who says, "Hang that door-bell,—I am a perfect slave to it," has recourse to a fiction.

England is so repugnant to slavery, that directly a negro sets his foot on English ground he is free; but if he has lost both his legs, he cannot of course put his foot on British soil, and would remain a slave to circumstances. A menial servant is so called from the word *mænia*, which signifies walls, and arises probably from the practice of brushing down cobwebs from the *mænia*, or walls, with a Turk's-head, or hair-broom. The old doctrine of a month's wages or a month's warning is always acted on in London, except when a servant refuses to obey his master's orders, when it seems the master may give his servant kicks—and kick him out—instead of halfpence.

Another species are called Apprentices, from the word *apprendre*, to learn; and thus a barber's apprentice learns to shave on the faces of poor people, who, in consideration of their paying nothing, allow themselves to be practised on by beginners who have never handled the razor.

Next come the Labourers, whose wages were formerly settled by justices of the peace at session, or the sheriff; but now the master settles the wages, or, if he does not settle, he is a very shabby fellow for failing in doing so.

Stewards, Porters, and Bailiffs come next; but no one would think of having a bailiff as his servant, unless there were an execution in the house, and the bailiff were thrust into livery to save appearances.

A master may correct his apprentice for negligence; and if a grocer's apprentice neglects to sand the sugar, the master may give him the cane for neglecting his business.

A master may maintain or assist his servant in an action at law; and if one's footman happens to be a rightful heir in disguise, the master may lend him the money to go to law against the wrongful heir, for the purpose of recovering the property.

A master may assault a man for assaulting his servant, on the principle, probably, that in a row, as in everything else, the more the merrier.

"If any person do hire my servant," says F. N. B. 167, 168—but whether F. N. B. is a policeman or what, it is impossible to say, for we only find him alluded to in the books as F. N. B. 167, 168—"if any person do hire my servant," says he, "I may have an action for damages against both the new master and the servant, or either of them." This glorious old privilege is rather obsolete, for we do not find the courts much occupied in trying actions between ladies and gentlemen and their late menials.

The master is amenable, to a certain extent, for the act of his servant; and therefore, if his servant commit a trespass by order of his master—such as if a gentleman riding by a field were to order his groom to jump over into it and pull up a turnip—the master, though he did not eat the whole of the turnip, or any of it, would be liable for the trespass. If an innkeeper's servant rob a guest, the innkeeper is liable, on the principle of like master like man; for the law very reasonably thinks that, if the servant is a thief, the master very likely may be.

If I usually pay my tradesman ready money, I am not liable if he trusts my servant; but if I do not usually pay him any money at all, then I am liable to pay the money—when he can get it out of me. This is on the authority of Noy's Maxims—and a maxim is always supposed to contain the maximum of wisdom.

By an old statute, called "An Act for the better and more careful use of the Frying-pan," it is provided that any servant who sets the house on fire by carelessness shall forfeit 100*l.*, or go to the workhouse, where the servant would forfeit so many pounds of flesh by the sparseness of the diet; but this act, savouring too much of the spirit of Shylock, is now seldom acted on. A master is liable if anything is thrown from the window of a house; but it has been decided that if a house should be on fire, and a servant should throw himself on the indulgence of the public, by jumping amongst the crowd and should hurt any one, the master would not be liable, for this would not be wilful damage.

If a pea-shooter be discharged from the garret, and the pea enter the eye of a passenger, the *pater-familias*, or master of the house, is, in the eye of the law, answerable for the pea in the eye of the stranger;

for it is a common law-right, inherent in every one, to protect his own pupil.

Such are the leading features of the law of master and servant. The modern tiger has not been regarded by the ancient Constitution; but we find in \*Petersdorff's Abridgment a quaint allusion to the legs of footmen, some of whom, he says, appear to be regularly calved out for the prominent situations they occupy.

#### OF HUSBAND AND WIFE.

WE now come to treat of Husband and Wife, and shall inquire, first, how marriages may be made, which will be interesting to lovers; secondly, how marriages may be dissolved, which will be interesting to unhappy couples; and lastly, what are the legal effects of marriage, which will be interesting to those who have extravagant wives, for whose debts the husbands are liable.

To make a marriage three things are required;—first, that the parties *will* marry; secondly, that they *can*; and thirdly, that they *do*; though to us it seems that if they *do*, it matters little whether they *will*, and that if they *will*, it is of little consequence whether they *can*; for if they *do*, they *do*; and if they *will*, they *must*; because where there is a *will* there is a *way*, and therefore they *can* if they *choose*; and if they *don't*, it is because they *won't*, which brings us to the conclusion, that if they *do*, it is absurd to speculate upon whether they *will* and *can* marry.

It has been laid down very clearly in all the books, that in general all persons are able to marry, unless they are unable, and the fine old constitutional maxim, that "a man may not marry his grandmother," ought to be written in letters of gold over every domestic hearth in the British dominions. There are some legal disabilities to a marriage, such as the slight impediment of being married already; and one or two other obstacles, which are too well known to require dwelling on.

If a father's heart should happen to be particularly flinty, a child under age has

no remedy, but a stony guardian may be macadamised by the Court of Chancery; that is to say, a marriage to which he objects may be ordered to take place, in spite of him. Another incapacity is want of reason in either of the parties; but if want of reason really prevented a marriage from taking place, there would be an end to half the matches that are entered into.

A considerable deal of the sentiment attaching to a love affair has been smashed by the 6th and 7th of William IV., c. 85, explained by the 1st of Victoria, c. 22,—for one Act is always unintelligible until another Act is passed to say what is the former's meaning. This statute enables a pair of ardent lovers to rush to the office of the superintendant registrar, instead of to Gretna Green; and there is no doubt that if Romeo could have availed himself of the wholesome section in the Act alluded to, Juliet need not have paid a premature visit to the "tomb of all the Capulets."

Marriages could formerly only be dissolved by death or divorce; but the New Poor Law puts an end to the union between man and wife directly they enter into a parochial Union. Divorce, except in the instance just alluded to, is a luxury confined only to those who can afford to pay for it; and a husband is compelled to allow money—called *ali-money*—to the wife he seeks to be divorced from. Marriages, it is said, are made in Heaven, but unless the office of the registrar be a little paradise, we don't see how a marriage made before that functionary can come under the category alluded to.

A husband and wife are one in law—though there is often anything but unity in other matters. A man cannot enter into a legal agreement with his wife, but they often enter into disagreements which are thoroughly mutual. If the wife be in debt before marriage, the husband, in making love to the lady, has been actually courting the cognovits she may have entered into; and if the wife is under an obligation for which she might be legally attached, the husband finds himself the victim of an unfortunate attachment. A wife cannot be sued without the husband, unless he is dead in law; and law is really enough to be the death of any one. A husband or a wife cannot be witness for or against one another, though a wife

\* Vide MS. marginal note, in pencil, in the author's own copy of this able work.

sometimes gives evidence of the bad taste of the husband in selecting her.

A wife cannot execute a deed; which is, perhaps, the reason why Shakspeare, who was a first-rate lawyer, made Macbeth do the deed, which Lady Macbeth would have done so much better, had not a deed done by a woman been void to all intents and purposes.

By the old law, a husband might give his wife moderate correction; but it is declared in black and white that he may not beat her black and blue, though the civil law allowed any man on whom a woman had bestowed her hand, to bestow his fists upon her at his own discretion. The common people, who are much attached to the common law, still exert the privilege of beating their wives; and a woman in the lower ranks of life, if she falls in love with a man, is liable, after marriage, to be a good deal struck by him.

Such are the chief legal effects of marriage, from which it is evident, says Brown, that the law regards the fair sex with peculiar favour; but Smith maintains that such politeness on the part of the law, is like amiability from a hyæna—an animal that smiles benignantly on those whom it means mischief to.

#### OF PARENT AND CHILD.

WE now come to the tender subject of parent and child, which Shakspeare has so tenderly touched upon in many of his tragedies. Macduff calls his children "chickens," probably because he "broods" over the loss of them; and Werner, in Lord Byron's beautiful play of that name, exclaims to Gabor, "Are you a father?" a question which, as the Hungarian was a single man, he could not have answered in the affirmative without rendering himself amenable to the very stringent provisions of the 45th of Elizabeth.

Children are of two sorts—boys and girls: though the lawyers still further divide them into legitimate and illegitimate.

The duties of a parent are maintenance and education; or, as Coke would have expressed it, grub and grammar. That the father has a right to maintain his child is as old as Montesquieu—we mean, of course, the rule, not the child or the

parent is as old as Montesquieu—whose exact age, bye the bye, we have no means of knowing.

Fortunately, the law of nature chimes in with the law of the land; for, though there is a game, called "None of my child," in which it is customary to knock an infant about from one side of the room to the other still there is that natural *σφοδρη* in the parental breast that fathers and mothers are for the most part willing to provide for their offspring.

The civil law will not allow a parent to disinherit his child without a reason; of which reasons there are fourteen, though there is one reason, namely, having nothing to leave, which causes a great many heirs to be amputated, or cut off even without the ceremony of performing the operation, with a shilling. Our own law is more civil to parents than the civil law, for in this country children are left to Fate and the Quarter Sessions, which will compel a father, mother, grandfather, or grandmother, to provide for a child, if of sufficient ability. If a parent runs away, that is to say, doth spring off from his offspring, the churchwardens and overseers may seize his goods and chattels, and dispose of them for the maintenance of his family; so that, if a man lodging in a garret leaves nothing behind him, *that* must be seized for the benefit of the deserted children. By the late Poor Law Act, a husband is liable to maintain the children of his wife, whether legitimate or illegitimate; and we would therefore advise all "persons about to marry," that though it is imprudent to count one's chickens before they are hatched, still it is desirable that chickens already hatched, and not counted on, should be rigidly guarded against.

It being the policy of our laws to promote industry, no father is bound to contribute to a child's support more than twenty shillings a month, which keeps the child continually sharp set, and is likely to promote the active growth of the infantine appetite.

Our law does not prevent a father from disinheriting his child; a circumstance which has been invaluable to our dramatists, who have been able to draw series of delightful stage old men, who have a strong hold on the filial obedience of the walking ladies and gentlemen, who dare not rush into each other's arms, for fear



or the old gentleman in a court coat and large shoe-buckles being unfavorable to the youth in docks, or the maiden in muslin. Heirs are especial favourites of our courts of justice—much as the lamb is the especial favourite of the wolf—for an heir with mint sauce, that is to say, with lots of money, is a dainty dish indeed to tempt the legal appetite.

A parent may protect his child; and thus, if one boy batters another boy, the parent of the second boy may batter the first boy and the battery is justifiable, for such battery is in the eye of the law only the working of parental affection; though it is rather awkward for parental affection to take a pugilistic turn in its extraordinary zeal to show itself.

The last duty of a parent is to educate a child, or to initiate him into the mysteries of Mavor at an early period. Learning is said to be better than houses and land—probably because it opens a wide field for the imagination—that Cubitt of the mind—to build upon.

The old Romans, says Hale, used to be able to kill their children; but he adds that “the practysse off cuttinge offe one’s own hair was thoughte barber-ous.” This atrocious pun reminds us of the cruelty of a certain dramatist of modern times, who used to write pieces and take his own children to see them, thereby submitting his own offspring to the most painful ordeal, for they were compelled to sit out the whole performance, and were savagely pinched if they fell asleep, while they were, at the same time, expected to laugh and look cheerful at every attempt at a joke which their unnatural father had ventured to perpetrate. In conformity with the maxim that “*paterna potestas in pietate debet non in atrocitate consistere*,” it is believed that a child in such a dreadful position as that which we have alluded to, might claim to be released by his next friend, for the time being, the box-keeper.

A parent may correct his child with a rod or a cane—a practice originally introduced to encourage the growers of birch, and to protect the importers of bamboo, as well as to promote the healthy tingling of the juvenile veins; and a schoolmaster, who is *in loco parentis*, is also empowered to do the like by an old Act of Parliament, known as the statute of Wapping.

Children owe their parents support; but this is a mutual obligation, for they must support each other—though we sometimes hear them declaring each other wholly unsupportable.

Illegitimate children are such as are born before wedlock; being, like Richard the Third, “sent before their time into this breathing world:” and though there is a fine maxim, to the effect of its being “better late than never,” it is in some cases, better to be late than too early. They are said to be *nullius filii*, or nobody’s children: but so many people are now the children of mere nobodies, that all the old prejudices on this point against innocent parties are becoming quite obsolete, as they ought to be.

There is now no distinction between the two kinds we have named, except that one cannot inherit, and the other can; but some of those who can not, and some of those who can are enabled to do what is far better—namely, to give instead of taking.

---

#### OF GUARDIAN AND WARD.

A GUARDIAN is a sort of temporary parent to a minor,—a kind of tarpaulin thrown over the orphan to shield him from the storms of life during his infancy—or, if we may use an humbler illustration, a guardian is a kind of umbrella, put up by the law over the ward, to keep off the pelting of pitiless storms till the years of discretion are arrived at. There are various kinds of guardians, such as guardians by nature, and guardians for nurture, who are of course the parents of the child; for if an estate be left to an infant, the father is guardian, and must account for the profits; but as the father can control the child’s arithmetical studies, it is easy for the latter to be brought up in blessed ignorance of accounts, and thus the parent may easily mystify the child when the profits of the estate are to be accounted for. The mother is the guardian for nurture; that is to say, she is expected to nurse the infant, and the law being very fond of children requires the mother to look to the infantine wardrobe. It also invests her with the absolute power over the milk and water, the bread and butter, making her a competent authority—from

which there is no appeal—on all points of nursery practice.

Next comes the guardian in *socage*—so called, perhaps, from the quaint notion that guardianship generally extends to those who wear socs—or socks—which is further borne out by the fact that guardianship in socage ceases when the child is fourteen years old—which is about the age when socks are relinquished in favour of stockings. These guardians in socage are such as cannot inherit an estate to which a child is entitled, for Coke says that to commit the custody of an infant to him who is next in succession, is "*quasi agnum committere lupo*," to hand over the lamb to the wolf, and thus says Fortescue, in one of those rascally puns for which the old jurists were infamous, "the law, wishing the child to escape from the lupo has left a *loop-hole* to enable him to do so." Selden has cleared this pun of a good deal of its ambiguity by changing the word *lupo* into *loop-ho*, but Chitty and all the later writers are utterly silent regarding it.

By the 12th of Charles II. confirmed by 1st Victoria, any father may appoint, by will, a guardian to his child till the latter is twenty-one; but it is twenty to one whether such a guardian—called a testamentary guardian—will be able to exercise proper control over the infant.

Guardians in chivalry have been abolished, and so have the guardians of the night, who on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle, were called watchmen from the fact of their never watching.

The Lord Chancellor is the general guardian of all infants, and especially of idiots and lunatics, for as Chancery drives people mad, it is only right that Chancery should take care of those who are afflicted with insanity, and who may be called the natural offspring of equity.

Having disposed of the guardians, let us come to the wards, or, as Coke would say, "having got rid of the wolf, let us discuss the lamb in an amicable spirit." A male of twelve years of age may take the oath of allegiance; but this does not apply to all males, for the Hounslow mail\* can take nothing but two insides and the letters. At fourteen a boy may marry if he

can find any one fool enough to have him, and at twenty-one he may dispose of his property, so that he may throw himself away seven years sooner than he can throw away his money. By the law of England a girl may be given in marriage at seven, but surely this must mean the hour of the day at which she may be married, and not the age at which the ceremony may be performed. Formerly children might make their wills at fourteen, but as they could not be expected to have a will of their own, it has been enacted that no will made by a person under twenty-one shall be valid. Among the Greeks and Romans, women were never of age, and if they had their way in this country a good many of them never would be. This law must have been the civil law, for its consideration towards the fair sex on a matter of so much delicacy as a question of age betokens extreme civility. When this wore away, the Roman law was so civil as to regard them as infants till they were five-and-twenty—which was meeting the ladies half-way by treating them as little innocents for the first quarter of a century of their precious existences.

Infants have various privileges, such as the common law privilege of jumping over the posts at the corners of the streets, and playing at hop-sotch or rounders in retired neighbourhoods. Another infantine privilege is the juvenile amusement of going to law, which a child may do by his guardian or his *prochein ami*, or next friend—though, by the bye, he must be a pretty friend who would help another into a law-suit. A child may certainly be hanged at fourteen, and certainly may not be hanged at seven, but the intermediate period is one of doubt whether the infant culprit is hangable. Hale gives two instances of juvenile executions in which two infant prodigies were the principal characters. One was a girl of thirteen, who was burned for killing her mistress; and the other a boy still younger, who, after murdering one of his companions by a severe hiding, proceeded to hide himself and was declared in legal language, *doli capax*—up to snuff—or, to follow the Norman jurists, *en haut du tabac*, and hanged accordingly. It is a fine maxim of the English law, that an infant shall not lose by *laches*, or, in other words, that the stern old doctrine of *no askee no*

\* The learning on the subject of the Hounslow Mail is fast becoming obsolete, a regular mail-cart having been recently substituted for the cab that previously carried it.

*havee* does not apply to a child who is entitled to something which he neglects asking for.

An infant cannot bind himself, but he may be "stitched in a neat wrapper"—that is to say, a Tweedish wrapper—at his own cost, if he thinks proper to go and pay ready money for it. An infant cannot convey away his own estate, but he may run through his own property as fast as he likes, for if he has a field he may run across it—in at one end and out at the other—whenever he feels disposed for it. An infant trustee may convey an estate that he holds in trust for another person, though he may not be a party in a conveyance on his own account, yet he may, nevertheless, join a party in a public conveyance, such as an omnibus. An infant may present a clerk to the Bishop, but if the Bishop don't like the clerk, he may turn upon his heel; but still the presentation does not fall by lapse into the laps of the Bishop. An infant may bind himself for necessities, such as food and physic; thus, if he gives a draft to pay for a pill, or contracts with a butcher to supply what is requisite and meet, he will be clearly liable.

In weighing the disabilities and privileges of infants, we come to the conclusion, that, to every six of one, there will be about half-a-dozen of the other.

#### OF PLEADING.

THE pleadings, though now in writing, were formerly carried on by word of mouth, and the parties used to meet to talk each other down with declarations and pleas, until the court, by giving its opinion, put a stop to the quarrel. He who could jaw the longest, had of course the best chance under the old system.

The pleadings begin with declaration, anciently called the tale, though it was by no means like the tale of Othello, a "round, unvarnished one." By the way, as a round tale could come to no definite end, the law is perhaps right in disregarding such a tale, as savouring of rigmarole. The declaration sets forth the plaintiff's grievances in a most exaggerated style; and in making his complaint he lays it on alarmingly thick, in conformity with the old maxim, that some is sure to stick

when such a plan is resorted to. He, in fact, twists the matter into every possible shape, like the ingenious individual who attends fairs and races, professing to fold "a single sheet of paper into six-and-twenty different forms."

After the declaration comes the plea, in which the defendant sometimes simply gives the lie to the plaintiff, and at other times the latter shuffles and prevaricates to such an extent that the former is completely flabbergasted. The facts of the case then become so thoroughly mystified, that they are lost sight of altogether, and the whole matter becomes a question of law, when the parties themselves, no longer understanding their own dispute, give the thing up to the lawyers, who fritter away the real cause of contention in demurrers and nice points, that are only nice to those who get nice pickings out of them.

Pleas are of two kinds: dilatory pleas, and pleas to the action. Dilatory pleas, like the order on board a steam-packet, to "Ease her," are only to make the action slower. Such pleas are soon answered, and the other party can "go on a-head" with the action immediately afterwards. Dilatory pleas are—1st. To the jurisdiction. As, if the Court of Requests should propose to try a right of way, then its jurisdiction might be denied by a plea, unless it was a right of way through the mob, which usually chokes up the path to its own fountain of justice, the commissioner's seat on the mantelpiece. 2nd. To the disability of the plaintiff. As, if he should be an infant, or a monk, or an outlaw, or all three at once, he is said to be disabled from coming into court; but a disabled soldier, who has lost his limbs, is not thought unfit to go into legal action, though when he comes into court he may not have a leg to stand upon. 3rd. In abatement. As, if the plaintiff should die, though he may have had a good action, his good actions do not live after him, but must, as Shakespeare says be "interred with his bones."

A plea to the action either gives the plaintiff the lie direct, by denying his declaration, or prevaricates, by confessing that there was some truth in it at one time, but that the grievance has been somehow or other atoned for. This is called confession and avoidance; but the avoidance of a just claim too frequently

predominates. A flat denial is called the general issue, though to say what the issue will be is generally quite impossible.

Special pleas in bar are very numerous; and one of these is the plea of justification, or "Sarve him right," as one of the old jurists humorously term it. *Son assault demesne*, is also a plea in bar, meaning that the plaintiff began the assault; so that the defendant may put his black eye into the pleadings against the plaintiff's swelled nose, and if the blackness of the defendant's eye is older than the swelling of plaintiff's nose, and if the nose can be shown to have been the consequence of the eye, then, says Stephen, "the eye will get the aye, and the nose the noes, from the jurymen who will have to give the verdict."

Another plea in bar is the statute of limitations, to prevent actions being brought except within certain periods; "for if there were no limit to the time," says Spelman, "we should have the name of the Wandering Jew continually in the paper, as plaintiff in the courts at Westminster."

There is one more plea in bar, called an *estoppel*, or, as "the boys" would call it, a regular stopper to the action. It arises when the plaintiff has done something or other by which he has estopped himself; as, if at backgammon one party does not take a man that he might have taken, he may be huffed, and is clearly estopped from taking afterwards.

After the plea comes the replication, or reply, which is the plaintiff's "Yes, you did," to the defendant's "No, I didn't." The defendant may then rejoin, by saying, "I tell you I didn't," when the plaintiff may put in a sur-rejoinder, saying, "You may deny it as you please, but you did though for all that;" when the defendant may rebut, by refusing to have it at any price, and the plaintiff then winding up by way of sur-rebutter, with "You're another;" the parties are at last supposed to be tired out, and to have come to an issue. This occurs when there is something distinctly affirmed on one side, and denied on the other, divested of any of the rigmarole and prevarication by which the parties are for a long time kept from arriving at anything definite.

#### OF THE TRIAL BY JURY.

It is difficult to get the British born into a sufficiently tranquil state to discuss this great subject; for every Englishman's heart will begin bounding like a tremendous bonse, at the bare mention of trial by jury. This splendid palladium of our rights and umbrella of our liberties has sheltered us according to some since the time of Woden, but as it is very doubtful whether twelve honest men could be got together in those primæval, or, as Mr. Selden calls them, prime evil days, we must date the invention of trial by jury at a later period. The trial by jury is of course a subject that every true born Briton with a quarter of a pint of Saxon blood in his veins is prepared to revel in; but as the imagination starts wildly off, reason whispers "ease her—stop her," and feeling our ardour checked we proceed to give a commonsense account of what trial by jury really is or really ought to be. When A puts himself on the country and B does the like, then A and B have thrown themselves on the indulgence of a British jury box. When the jurors are called, and sworn, they may be challenged; that is to say, they may be called out of the box, by either party to whom they do not give satisfaction. The challenging being disposed of, (if any,) and the jury sworn, which is accomplished in three quartets, all swearing together in unison, the trial commences by the counsel's speech, which is sometimes a very great trial for those who are obliged to listen to it. If he can support his case by his evidence it is well and good, until the other counsel makes another speech and brings other testimony of an exactly opposite character. This gives the first counsel a right to reply, which causes much bewilderment to the jurymen, who are further puzzled by the summing up of the judge, the usher's cries for silence, and the perpetual talking of the briefless barristers. In this condition the British jurymen are expected to agree in their verdict, and if they can't they are hurried out of court and locked up in a kitchen, or perhaps a coal cellar, till they are agreed, when the twelve honest Britons are released from their imprisonment.

It would be right down blasphemy to doubt the integrity of a British jury, and,

indeed, "trial by jury" is a popular motto for a banner with several societies of Old Fellows; but we have nevertheless heard of that great bulwark of our liberties tossing up occasionally, when a verdict could not be otherwise agreed upon. It has been held that if jurors do not make up their minds before the assize terminates in a particular town, the judge is to drive them on to the next place in a cart, but as the verdict would not be worth the expense of carriage, it is usual to discharge the jury rather than carry it about the country, till it has made its mind up. Such is trial by jury! the bulwark in which John Bull can walk triumphantly, the buttress of our rights, the clothesprop of our liberties, the cloak-pin of law, and the hat-peg of equity.

### THE MYSTERY OF GILGAL.

[JOHN HAY, was b. Ill. 1839: educated at Brown University; admitted to the Illinois bar; and in 1861 was private secretary to President Lincoln. For a time after the assassination of the President, he served as staff officer in the army. In 1865 he was secretary of the American legation in Paris, and in 1868 in the same position in Madrid.

He returned in 1870 and took an editorial position on the *New York Tribune*. He has published *Pike County Ballads and Castilian Days*.]

THE darkest, strangest mystery  
I ever read, or heern, or see,  
Is 'long of a drink at Taggart's Hall—  
Tom Taggart's of Gilgal.

I've heern the tale a thousand ways,  
But never could git through the mase  
That hangs around that queer day's doin's;  
But I'll tell the yarn to youans.

Tom Taggart stood behind his bar,  
The time was fall, the skies was far,  
The neighbours round the counter drewd,  
And ca'mly drinked and jawed.

At last come Colonel Blood of Pike,  
And old Jedge Phinn, permiscus-like,  
And each, as he meandered in,  
Remarked, "A whisky-skin."

Tom mixed the beverage full and far,  
And slammed it, smoking, on the bar;  
Some says three fingers, some says two—  
I'll leave the choice to you.

Phinn to the drink put forth his hand;  
Blood drewd his knife, with accent bland:  
"I ax yer parding, Mister Phinn—  
Jest drap that whisky-skin!"

No man high-toneder could be found  
Than old Jedge Phinn the country round.  
Says he, "Young man, the tribe of Phinns  
Knows their own whisky-skins!"

He went for his 'leven-inch bowie-knife:  
"I tries to foller a Christian life;  
But I'll drap a slice of liver or two,  
My bloomin' shrub, with you."

They carved in a way that all admired,  
Till Blood drewd iron at last, and fired.  
It took Seth Bludso 'twixt the eyes,  
Which caused him great surprise.

Then coats went off, and all went in;  
Shots and bad language swelled the din;  
The short, sharp bark of Derringers,  
Like bull-pups, cheered the furse.

They piled the stiffs outside the door;  
They made, I reckon, a cord or more.  
Girls went that winter, as a rule,  
Alone to spellin' school.

I've sarched in vain, from Dan to Beer-  
Sheba, to make this mystery clear;  
But I end with *his* as I begin,—  
WHO GOT THE WHISKY-SKIN?

JOHN HAY.

### THE ENCHANTED SHIRT.

THE King was sick. His cheek was red,  
And his eye was clear and bright;  
He ate and drank with a kingly zest,  
And peacefully snored at night.

But he said he was sick, and a king should  
know,  
And doctors came by the score.  
They did not cure him. He cut off their heads,  
And sent to the schools for more.

At last two famous doctors came,  
Ald one was as poor as a rat,—  
He had passed his life in studious toil,  
And never found time to grow fat.

The other had never looked in a book;  
His patients gave him no trouble:  
If they recovered, they paid him well;  
If they died, their heirs paid double.

Together they looked at the royal tongue,  
As the king on his couch reclined;  
In succession they thumped his august chest,  
But no trace of disease could find.

The old sage said, "You're as sound as a nut."  
"Hang him up," roared the king in a  
gale—  
In a ten-knot gale of royal rage;  
The other leech grew a shade pale:

But he pensively rubbed his sagacious nose,  
And thus his prescription ran—  
*The King will be well, if he sleeps one night  
In the shirt of a Happy Man.*

\* \* \* \*

Wide o'er the realm the couriers rode,  
And fast their horses ran,  
And many they saw, and to many they spoke,  
But they found no Happy Man.

They found poor men who would fain be rich,  
And rich who thought they were poor;  
And men who twisted their waist in stays,  
And women that short hose wore.

They saw two men by the roadside sit,  
And both bemoaned their lot;  
For one had buried his wife, he said,  
And the other one had not.

At last they came to a village gate,  
A beggar lay whistling there;  
He whistled, and sang, and laughed, and  
rolled  
On the grass in the soft June air.

The weary courtiers paused and looked  
At the scamp so blithe and gay;  
And one of them said, "Heaven save you,  
friend!  
You seem to be happy to-day."

"O yes, fair sirs," the rascal laughed,  
And his voice rang free and glad;  
"An idle man has so much to do  
That he never has time to be sad."

"This is our man," the courier said;  
"Our luck has led us aright.  
I will give you a hundred ducats, friend,  
For the loan of your shirt to-night."

The merry blackguard lay back on the grass,  
And laughed till his face was black;  
"I would do it, God wot," and he roared  
with the fun,  
"But I haven't a shirt to my back."

\* \* \* \*

Each day to the King the reports came in  
Of his unsuccessful spies,  
And the sad panorama of human woes  
Passed daily under his eyes.

And he grew ashamed of his useless life,  
And his maladies hatched in gloom;  
He opened his windows and let the air  
Of the free heaven into his room.

And out he went in the world, and toiled  
In his own appointed way;  
And the people blessed him, the land was  
glad,  
And the King was well and gay.

JOHN HAY.

---

### DISTICHS.

1.

WISELY a woman prefers to a lover a man  
who neglects her.  
This one may love her some day; some day  
the lover will not.

2.

There are three species of creatures who when  
they seem coming are going,  
When they seem going they come; Diplomats,  
women, and crabs.

3.

As the meek beasts in the Garden came flock-  
ing for Adam to name them,  
Men for a title to-day crawl to the feet of a  
king.

4.

What is a first love worth except to prepare  
for a second?  
What does the second love bring? Only regret  
for the first.

JOHN HAY.

---

LAFAYETTE'S HUMOR.—Edwin Forrest  
was among the spectators of the reception  
of Lafayette and liked to tell how the  
French patriot questioned everybody that  
saluted him: "Are you married?" he  
would ask, and if the reply was "Yes,  
General," the polite Marquis would say,  
"Happy man!" and if the next one  
answered "No!" to the same interroga-  
tory, the "illustrious guest" would also  
exclaim, "Happy man!"

## NIGHTS AT SEA,

OR

SKETCHES OF NAVAL LIFE DURING THE WAR.

(With an Illustration after Cruikshank.)

BY THE OLD SAILOR.—LIEUT. HOWARD.

## THE WHITE SQUALL.

I was born in a cloudy sulphureous hue—  
 Darkness my mother, and Flame my sire;  
 The earth shook in terror, as forth to its view  
 I sprang from my throne like a monarch of fire.  
 My brother, bold Thunder, hurried as I sped!  
 My subjects laugh'd wild, till the rain from their eyes  
 Roll'd fast, as though torrents were dash'd overhead,  
 Or an ocean had burst through the bounds of the  
 skies!

CHARLES SWAIN.

My last, left the gallant Spankaway  
 with her three topmasts over the side;  
 and a very natural question arises, "How  
 did it happen?" Her commander was  
 as smart an officer as ever lived; an  
 excellent disciplinarian when on duty, a  
 thoroughly brave man, but not much of  
 a seaman;—he was of a happy turn of  
 mind himself, and nothing afforded him  
 greater pleasure than to see everybody  
 else, happy around him. On service no  
 one could be more strict; but he loved  
 to see his officers surrounding his ma-  
 hogany; and not one amongst them was  
 more jovial than Lord Eustace Dash.

On the evening in question, Old Parallel  
 had glanced at the glowing clouds in the  
 west; but the invitation to the Captain's  
 cabin had driven the circumstance from  
 his remembrance, and, whilst clinging to  
*port*, he thought but little of a storm at  
 sea. Mr. Sinnitt was the lieutenant of  
 the watch; but on such occasions, when  
 there was no apprehension of danger, the  
 mate was allowed to assume the command  
 of the deck, and his superior joined his  
 messmates over the flowing bowl.

The evening was delightfully serene,  
 and groups of seamen clustered together  
 spinning yarns, conversing on things in  
 general, or singing songs in a low tone,  
 so as not to disturb the sacred character  
 of the quarter-deck; where, however, the  
 young gentleman left in charge was  
 drawing round him a little knot of fa-

vorite youngsters, eager to take advan-  
 tage of the relaxation of discipline. Some  
 were attentively listening to the hilarity  
 going on in the captain's cabin,—for the  
 heat had rendered it necessary to open  
 the skylights; others were paying equal  
 attention to the vocal talents of honest  
 Jack, who, if he did not possess quite so  
 much grace or talent as his superiors,  
 made ample atonement for the deficiency  
 by his peculiar and characteristic humour.  
 Here and there, the treasured grog was  
 served out with scrupulous exactness,  
 exciting many a longing and envious eye.  
 As in communities on shore, every ship  
 had its choice spirits,—its particular and  
 especial jokers, songsters, and tale-tellers  
 —and, not unfrequently, that pest to  
 society, the plausible pettifogger, whose  
 head, like that of a Philadelphia law-  
 yer, was constantly filled with proclama-  
 tions.

The moon shone with a crystalline  
 clearness, and the gentle motion of the  
 frigate threw the shadows of the people  
 in corresponding movements on the  
 deck, resembling the *ombres Chinoises* that  
 delighted us so much in boyhood. The  
 look-outs were posted at their appointed  
 stations; some with a shipmate to bear  
 them company—others alone, and think-  
 ing upon merry England.

"I say, Bill!" uttered the captain of  
 the fore-castle, addressing one of the men,  
 as he was looking to windward from the  
 cat-head—or, as it was more generally  
 termed, 'Old Savage's picture-gallery,'—  
 "I say, Bill! somehow or another I don't  
 much like the looks o' the sky there-  
 away; to my thinking it's some'at fiery-  
 eyed."

"Gammon!" returned the man without  
 moving from his position. "I'd ha'  
 thought you would have known better,  
 Jem! Well, I'm blowed if we mayn't  
 live and larn as long as there's a flurry  
 o' breath in the windsell! Why, that's  
 oonly the pride o' the sun, to show his  
 glory to the last; would you have him go  
 out like a purser's dip,—a spark and  
 away?"

"No, Bill, I loves to see a good sunset,"  
 rejoined the other; "and I never see'd  
 finer than what I've see'd in these here  
 seas. It's some'at strange to my think-  
 ing, though, messmate, that God A' mighty  
 should have made this part o' the world  
 so beautiful, and yet have put such d—

lousy, beggarly rascals to live in it! Look at them there Italians, with no more pluck about 'em than this here cat-head!"

"Nay, shipmates," said the serjeant of marines, who had just joined them, "you do yourselves injustice. I hope there is some pluck *about* the cat-head, though there may be none in it. But you say right—perfectly right, as it regards those lazy-roany: they are a d—set, to be sure! But, their women, Jem—their women! Oh! they're dear, delicious, lovely creatures!"

"Mayhap they may be to your thinking," responded the captain of the fore-castle rather contemptuously: "but give me a good, hearty, right-arnest, full-plump, flesh-and-blood Englishwoman; and none o' your skinny, half-starved, sliding - gunter - legged, spindle-shank sinoreas for me!"

"You manifest a shocking want of taste, shipmate," returned the serjeant, proudly, and bringing himself to a perpendicular. "The Italian women are considered the most lovely women in the world."

"Tell that to the marines, ould chap!" chimed in a boatswain's mate, who now made a fourth in the party. "The most lovely women in the world, eh? Why, Lord love your foolish heart! I wouldn't give my Mrs. Sheavehole for all that Italy could stow, take it from stem to stern."

"She's your wife, Jack, and the mother of your children," argued the serjeant: "but that cannot make her a bit the more of a beauty."

"Can't it, though!" exclaimed the boatswain's mate, sharply, and at the same time giving the mountain of tobacco in his cheek a thorough twist. "If it don't, then I'm d—! and, setting a case, it's just this here: when we first came within hail of each other, she was as handsome a craft as ever had God A'mighty for a builder; every timber in her hull was fashioned in Natur's own mould-loft, and she was so pinned and bolted together that each plank did its own proper duty."

"But she's declining in years, you know, Jack," urged the serjeant, provokingly; "and though she might have been once handsome, yet age is a sad defacer of beauty."

"And suppose it is a *facier* of beauty, it can't change the fashion of the heart!" uttered the boatswain's mate. "But, that's just like you jollies!—all for paint and

pipe-clay. Now, Suke's as handsome to me as ever she was; and when I sees her like an ould hen chucking over the young uns, I'm blessed if I don't love her more than when she saved me from having my back scratched by the tails o' the cat! I know, when a craft is obliged to be un-rigged and laid up in ordinary, she don't look not by no manner o' means so well as when she was all-taunto, and painted as fine as a fiddle: but still, shipmates, she's the same craft; and as for beauty, why, setting a case, it's just this here: there's ould beauty, as well as young beauty; and it a'n't so much in the figure-head, or the plank-shear, as having done your duty once, and ready to do it again."

"All that *may* be very true, Jack," persevered the serjeant; "but then, you must allow there is as great a difference in the appearance of some women when compared to others, as there is in the build or rig of a vessel."

"Hearken to that, now!" responded the boatswain's mate. "Do you think, Jack Sheavehole wants to be told that a billy-boy arn't a ninety-eight, or a Dutch schuyt a dashing frigate? But look at this here craft that rolls us so sweetly over the ocean: aren't she as lovely now as when she first battered her bottom on the slip and made a bed for herself in the water? and won't she be the same beauty when she's put out of commission, and mayhap be moored in Rotten-row? Well, she's stood under us in many a heavy gale, and never yet showed her stern to an enemy,—that's why I love her; not for what she may do, but for what she has done."

"But, I say, Jack! it's just the time for a yarn," said the captain of the fore-castle. "Tell us how Luke saved you from the gangway."

"I will messmate—I will," returned the other; "and then this lubberly jolly shall see if I arn't got a good right to call her a beauty. I belonged to the Tap-sickoree, two-and-thirty; and, though I says it myself, there warn't many more sich tight-looking, clean-going lads as ould Jack Sheavehole—though I warn't ould Jack then, but a reg'lar smart, active, young blowhard of a maintopman. Well, we'd just come home from foreign parts, and got three years' pay and a power o' prize money; and so most o' the boys goes ashore on liberty, and carries on till all's



blue. This was at Plymouth, shipmates; but, as we wur expecting to go around to Spithead, I saves my cash—'cause why? I'd an ould father and mother, from whom I'd parted company when a boy, and I thought, if I could get long leave—thinks I, mayhap I can heave alongside of 'em, with a cargo o' shiners, and it'll cheer the cockles o' their ould hearts to see their son Jack togg'd off like a jolly tar, and captain of a frigate's maintop; and, setting a case, why it's just like this here: I didn't want anything on 'em, but meant to give 'em better ground tackle to hould on to life by."

"That was very kind of you, shipmate," said the serjeant.

"Well," continued the boatswain's mate, without heeding the serjeant's observation, "I has a bit of a spree ashore at Dock, in course; but soon arter we goes round to Portsmouth. I axes for long leave, and, as I'd al'ays done my duty to Muster Gilmour's—he was first leutenant—to Muster Gilmour's satisfaction, I gets my fortnight and my liberty-ticket, and the large cutter lands me at Sallyport; so I hauls my wind for the Blue Poster on the Pint, and enters myself on the books of a snug-looking craft, as was bound through my native village. Well, shipmates, in regard o' my being on liberty, why, I was a gemman at large; so I buys a few duds for ould dad, and a suit of new sails, and some head-gear for the ould woman: for, thinks I to myself, mayhap we shall cruise about a bit among the neighbours, and I'll let 'em see we arn't been sarving the king or hammering the French for nothin.' And, mayhap, thinks I, they arnt' never got too much of grub, so I gets a bag, and shoves in a couple of legs o' mutton and a whole shole of turnips, a full bladder of rum, and, as I knew the ould uns loved cat-lap, there was a stowage of sugar and tea, with a bottle o' milk; and, having plenty of the ready, I buys a little of everything useful in the small way, that the ould chap at the shop showed me: and, my eyes! but there was thousands of packages twisted and twined in true-blue paper;—there was 'bacca, mustard, snuff, salt, soft tommy, pepper, lickrice, matches, ginger-bread, herrings, soap, pease, butter, candles, cheese,—in short, something of everything, not forgetting a Welsh wig and a mousetrap; and I'm

blowed if I warn't regularly fitted out for a three months' cruise! Well, by the time I'd got all my consarns ship-shape, I twigs the signal for sailing, and so I gets aboard; and in course, in regard o' my station in the maintop, I goes aloft, as high as possible upon the upper-deck, and claps myself upon the luggage; but when the governor as had charge comes to take the twiddling-lines, he axes me to berth myself on the fokstle, and so, not to be outdone in civility, or to make 'em think I'd let slip my education, I comes down, and goes forud, and stows myself away just abaft the pilot; when we made sail there was a party o' boys from the ould Hibernia gives me three cheers, and I waves my bit o' tarpaulin, sports a fresh morsel o' 'bacca, and wondered what made the houses and everything run past us so quick; but I soon found out it was the craft—for I remembered the comb of thesea did just the same when the frigate was walking along at a spanking rate. So, for the first hour, I sits quiet and alone, keeping a sharp look out on the pilot, to see how he handled the braces, rounding 'em in to starboard, or to port—for thinks I to myself, it's best to learn everything—'cause why? who can tell but Jack Sheavehole mayn't someday or other command just such a consarn of his own! and how foolish he'll look not to know which way to turn his course, or how to steer his craft! But, I'm blowed! shipmates, if the horses didn't seem to savvy the thing just as much as the man at the helm; for the moment he tauten'd the gear, the hanemals slued round o' themselves all ship-shape, and Bristol fashion."

"Why, it was the reins that guided them," said the serjeant, laughing.

"Then I'm blessed if it was!" returned old Jack; "for there warn't a drop o' rain fell that arfternoon—it was a bright sunshiny day."

"What you call twiddling-lines, they call reins," explained the serjeant; "and the horses are steered by them."

"Mayhap so, brother, mayhap so," responded the boatswain's mate; "for I arn't much skilled in them matters—'cause why? I never sail'd in one on 'em afore, and only once since; the first was a happy trip, the last was melancholy;" and Jack sighed like an eddy wind in the galley funnel. "But to heave-a-head"—

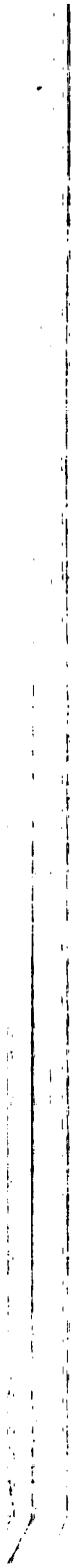




*Tuck Ashore*

GEORGE & CO.





"A good look-out before, there!" shouted the mate of the watch, from the quarter-deck, where he was showing his authority by thrashing the youngsters.

"Ay, ay, sir!" responded the man at the cat head; and then added in a lower tone, "They're having a jolly sheavo-o in the cabin!"

"It's a sad heart as never rejoices!" said the captain of the forecastle. "But, I say, Jack! I don't like the look o' that sky to windard."

"It's one of two things—a parting blush o' the sun, or a gathering squall o' the night," returned the boatswain's mate; "but we've no reason to care about it—'cause, why? we're all as snug as possible. Well, shipmates, to get on with my yarn:—when we'd run a league or two, out of Portsmouth, we hove to at a victualling port, and I spied a signal for good cheer hanging out aloft; and so, without any bother, I boards 'em for a reg'lar stiff Nor'-wester, more nor half-and-half, and says I to the pilot, 'Yo-hoy, ship-mate!' says I, 'come, and set up the standing backstays o' your heart a bit; and here, ould chap, is someut to render the laneard;' so I gives him a share out o' the grog-tub, that set his eyes a-twinkling like the Lizard lights on a frosty night. Well, just as we were going to tip the anchor again, a pretty, smart-looking young woman rounds to under our stern and ranges up alongside; and she says to the pilot, says she, 'Coachman, what'll you charge to take me to——?' and I'm blessed if she didn't name the very port I was bound to!"

"Why, 'tis quite romantic, Jack!" said the serjeant; "we shall, no doubt, have a love-story presently: but, I'll wager you my grog to-morrow, I can tell you who the female was."

"Then, I'm blowed if you can!" retorted the boatswain's mate. "Now, who was she, pray?"

"Is it a fair bet?" inquired the serjeant with a look of concealed knowledge. "No, she wasn't a fair Bet, nor a fair Moll either," returned old Jack surlily.

"I thought you'd know nothing whatsoever about it! for that's always the case when a jolly tries to shove his oar into a seaman's rullock—'cause why? he don't savvy the loom from the blade."

The serjeant laughed. "I meant a

fair wager—that is, my allowance against yours to-morrow that I name the female."

"Done!" exclaimed the boatswain's mate; "and, shipmates, I call you all to witness that everything's square and above-board."

"Why, it was your Sukey, to be sure—Mrs. Sheavehole—anybody could tell that," replied the serjeant.

"There—you're out in your christening, ould chap, as you'll find presently," asserted the veteran; "and so you've lost your grog. But, d——it! I'd scorn to take a marine's allowance from him, though you richly deserves it."

"Come, heave ahead, Jack!" said the captain of the forecastle; "make a clean run of it, and don't be backing and filling this fashion."

"Ay, ay, Jem, I wull, I wull," answered old Jack. "But, I say, shipmate! just clap a stopper on the marine's chattering gear whilst I overhaul my log.—Oh, now I have it! Up comes the young woman, and 'Coachman, what'll you charge to take me to——?'—'Seven shillings, ma'am,' says he.—'Carn't you take me for less?' axes she; 'I've ounly got five, and I am very tired with walking.'—'Not a ha'penny less, ma'am,' says he, just as cool as an iceberg in Hudson's Bay; 'carn't do it, ma'am.'—'Oh, do try?' says she, and I could see sorrow was pumping the tears into her eyes; 'I would give you more if I had it,' says she.—'Carn't help it, ma'am,' says ould surly—chops, 'carn't help it; grub for the hanemals is very dear.'—'Oh, what shall I do?' says she so piteously; 'night is coming on, and it's a long way to travel on foot; I shall sink under it: do take the money!'—'Werry sorry, my dear,' says he, shaking his blubber head like a booby, perched on a ratling, 'werry sorry, but never takes under price. You must use your trotters if you arn't never got seven bob.'—'Then I'm d——if she does!' says I, 'for you shall carry her.'—'Gammon!' says he, as spiteful as a pet monkey; 'who's to tip the fare?'—So I ups and tells him a piece o'my mind, and axes him if he ever know'd anything *un-fair* by Jack Sheavehole, or if he thought I wanted to bilk him out o' the passage-money.—'Will you stand the two odd bob?' axes he.—'And d'ye think I won't stand as much as Bob or Dick, or any one else?' says I in a bit of a passion. 'Avast,

ould chap!' says I; 'humanity arn't cast off the mooring lashings from my heart yet awhile, and I hopes never will;' and so I gives him a seven-shilling bit without any more palaver, and 'Come, my precious,' says I, houlding out my fin, 'Mount areevo;' but I'm blessed if she didn't hang back till the pilot sung out for us to come aboard! And 'Lord love you!' says I, 'you arn't afeard of a man-o'-war's man, are you?'—'Oh no,' say she, brightening up for all the world like the sun coming out of a fog-bank.—'Oh no; you have been my friend this night, and God reward you for it!' So we soon clapped one another alongside upon the break of the fokstle, and got to overhauling a little smattering o' larning, by way of being civil, seeing as we'd ounly just joined company. 'I'm thinking that's a pretty village you're bound to,' says I in a dubersome way; 'I was there once,' says I, 'when I was a boy about the height of a tin pannikin;' for, shipmates, I didn't like to overhaul how I'd run away from home. 'Pray, is ould Martin Joyce alive?' says I.—'He was when I left yesterday morning,' says she; 'but he is confined to his bed through illness.'—'And the ould woman,' says I, 'does she still hold on?'—'Yes,' says my companion; 'but she's lame, and almost blind.' Well, I'm blow'd shipmates, if I didn't feel my daylight's a-smarting with pain with the briny water that overflowed the scuppers—'cause why? them there wur my own father and mother, in the regard of my having been entered on the muster-books in a purser's name, my reg'lar right-arnest one being Jack Joyce. 'And what makes you cruising so far away from port?' says I, all kindly and messmate-like.—'It's rather a long story,' says she; 'but as you have been so good to me, why, I must tell you, that you mayn't think ill of me. You shall have it as short as possible.'—'The shorter the sweeter, my precious,' says I, seeing as I oughtn't to be silent. Well, she begins—'Sister Susan and I are orphans; and when our parents died, ould Martin and his dame, having no children, took us under their roof.'—'No children!' says I. 'Why, I thought they had a youngscamp of a son.' I said this, shipmates, just to hear what she would log again me.—'Oh yes,' says she; 'but he ran away to sea when a boy, and they never heard from

him for many years, till the other day they received a letter from Plymouth to say he was in the Tapsichoree frigate, and expected to be round at Spithead before long. So, the day before yesterday, a sailor passing through the village told us she had arrived; and so his parents getting poorer and poorer, with his father sick and his mother lame, I thought it would be best to go to him and tell him of their situation, that if he pleased, he might come and see them once more before they died.'—'I was going to say, 'God A'mighty bless you for it!' but I couldn't, shipmates; she spoke it so plaintively, that I felt summat rise in my throat as if I was choking, and I gulped and gulped to keep it down till I was almost strangled, and she went on:—'So yesterday I walked all the way to Portsmouth, and went aboard the frigate; but the officer told me there was no man of the name of Joyce borne upon the books.'—'It was a d—— lubberly thing!' says I, 'and now I remembers it.'—'What,' says she, 'what do you mean?'—'Oh, nothing, my precious,' says I, 'nothing in the world;' for I thought the time warn't come to own who I was, and it fell slap across my mind that the doctor's boy who writ the letter for me, had signalised my right-arnest name at the bottom, without saying one word about the purser's consarn of the Sheave-hole. 'And so you've had your voyage for nothing,' says I, 'and now you're homeward bound; and that's the long and the short on it. Well, my precious, I'm on liberty; and as ould Martin did me a kindness when I was a boy, why, I'll bring up for a few hours at his cottage, and have a bit of a confab consarning ould times.' And the young woman seemed mightily pleased about it; so that by the time we got to—, I'm blessed if, in all due civility, we warn't as thick as two Jews on a payday. Well, we landed from the craft, and away we made sail in consort for ould dad's cottage; and I'm blessed if everything didn't look as familiar to me as when I was a young scamp of a boy! but I never said nothing; and so she knocks at the door, and my heart went thump, thump,—by the hookey! shipmates, but it was just as I've seen a bird try to burst out of its cage. Presently a voice sings out, 'Who's there?'—and such a voice!—I

never heard a fiddle more sweeter in the whole course of my life—'Who's there?' says the voice, in regard of its being night, about four bells in the first watch.—'It's Maria,' says my convoy,—'And Jack Sheavehole,' says I. 'Heave ahead, my cherub! give us a clear gangway and no favour.'—'Oh, Maria, have you brought him with you?' said a young woman, opening the door; and by the light she carried in her hand, she showed a face as beautiful—I'm d— if ever they carried such a figure-head as that in any dock-yard in the world!—'Have you brought him with you?' says she, looking at me and smiling so sweetly, that it took me all aback, with a bobble of a sea running on my mind that made my ideas heave and set like a Dutch fisherman on the dogger-bank.—'No,' says Maria with a mournful sigh, just as the wind dies away arter a gale—'No; there was no such person on board the frigate, and I have had my journey for nothing.'—'Nonsense!' says the other; 'you want to play us some trick, I know this is he!' and she pointed to me.—'Lord love your heart!' says I, plucking up courage, for I'd flattened in forud, and fallen off so as to fill again,—'Lord love your heart! I'd be anything or anybody to please you,' says I; 'but my name, d'ye mind, is Jack Sheavehole, at your sarvice in all due civility. But let us come to an anchor, and then we can overhaul the consarn according to Hamilton Moore.' So we goes in; and there sat my poor ould mother by the remains of a fire, moored in the same arm-chair I had seen her in ten years afore, and by her side was an ould wheezing cat that I had left a kitten; and, though the cabin gear warn't any very great shakes, everything was as clean as if they'd just washed the decks. 'Yo-hoy, dame!' says I, 'how do you weather the breeze?'—'Is that my John?' says she, shipping her barnacles on her nose, like the jaws of a spanker-boom on the saddle; and then Maria brings up alongside of her, and spins the yarn about her passage to Portsmouth, boarding the frigate, finding that she was out in her reckoning, and her return with me; and ould dad, who was in his hammock in the next berth, would have the door open to hear it all. And I felt so happy, and they looked so downcast and sorrowful, that I'm blessed if I could

stand it any longer: so I seizes Susan round the neck, and I pays out a kiss as long as the main-t'-bowline, till she hadn't breath to say 'Don't; and then I grapples 'em all round, sawing out hugs and kisses to all hands, even to the ould cat; and I danced round the chairs and tables so, that some o' the neighbours came running in; and 'Blow me tight!' says I, 'side out for a bend; here I am again, all square by the lifts and braces!'—and then I sings,

'Here I am, poor Jack,  
Just come home from sea,  
With shiners in my sack'—

and I whips out a handful of guineas from my jacket pocket and shows 'em,—

'Pray what do you think of me?'

'What! mother,' says I, 'don't you know me? Why, I'm your true and lawful son Jack Joyce; though, arter I run away, the purser made twice laid of it, and chrissened me Sheavehole, in regard of his Majesty liking to name his own children. Never say die, ould woman! there's plenty o' shot in the locker. And come, lasses,' says I to the young uns, one on you stand cook o' the mess; and I empties my bag on the floor, and away rolled the combustibles, matches, and mutton, and mousetraps, and all, scampering about like liberty boys arter a six months' cruise; and I picks up the bladder o' rum, and squeezes a good drain into a tea-cup, and hands it to the ould woman, topping up her lame leg while she drinks. And, my eyes! there was a precious shindy that night: the ould uns were almost dying with joy, and the young uns had a fit o' the doldrums with pleasure. So I gets the big pot under weigh, and shoves in both legs o' mutton and a full allowance o' turnips, and I sarves out the grog between the squalls; and ould dad blowed a whiff o' 'bacca, and mother payed away at the snuff; and nobody warn't never happy if we warn't happy that night. Well, we'd a glorious tuck-out o' mutton, wi' plenty o' capers; and arter that I stows the ould woman in alongside o' dad, kisses the girls in course, and then takes possession o' the arm-chair, where I slept as sound as a jolly on sentry."

"That's libellous!" exclaimed the serjeant some-what roughly, as if offended;



"it is an unjust reflection, and is clearly libellous."

"It's all the same to ould Jack whose bellows it is," returned the boatswain's mate carelessly; "it's no lie, howsomever, for none sleeps so soundly as a marine on duty. But I ain't got time to overhaul that consarn now; I know I laid in a stock of 'hard—and—fast' enough to last for a three weeks' cruise. Well, shipmates, we keeps the game alive all hot and warm, and we sported our best duds, and I makes love to Susan, and we'd a regular new fit-out at the cottage, and I leaves fifty pounds in the hands of the parson o' the parish for the ould folks, and everything went on, in prime style, when one day the landlord of the public comes in, and says he, 'Jack, the lobsters are arter you.'—'Gammon!' says I; 'what can them fellows want with me?'—'Arn't your liberty out?' says he.—'I never give it a thought,' says I.—'Where's your ticket?' says he. So I showed him the chit; and I'm blessed, shipmates, but it had been out two days! Well, there I was in a pretty perdklement; and the landlord, says he, 'Jack,' says he, 'I respect you for your goodness to the ould uns, though I suspects they arn't altogether the cause of your losing your memory:' and he looks and smiles at Suke. Howsomever, the lobsters are at my house axing about you; and I thought I'd slip out and let you know, so that you might have time to stow away.—'Thanky, my hearty,' says I; 'but I'm blessed, shipmates, if I warn't dead flabber-gasted where to find a stow-hole, till at last I hits upon a scheme to which Susan consented! And what do you think it was, shipmates?—but you'd never guess! Why, Suke slips on a pair o' my canvass trousers and comes to an anchor in the armchair with a blanket round her, below, and I stows myself under her duds, coiling away my lower stanchions tailor-fashion; and the doctor coming in to see the ould folks, they puts him up to the trick, and so he brings up alongside of her, and they whitens her face, to make her look pale, as if she was nigh-hand kicking the bucket: and there I lay, as snug as a cockroach in a chafing-mat, and in all due decency, seeing as Suke had bent my lower casings hind part afore, and there warn't a crack nor a brack in 'em. Presently in marches the

swaddies, and 'Pray whose cottage is this?' axed the serjeant as stiff as a crutch.—'It's Martin Joyce's,' said Maria.—'Ay, I thought as much,' says he: 'pray where is his son, Jack Joyce, or Jack Sheavehole?' says he.—'He left us three days ago,' answered Maria, 'to join his ship: I hope nothing has happened to him?'—'Indeed,' says the serjeant. 'Now, pretty as you are, I know that you are telling me what I should call a very considerable—' Suke shrieked out, and stopped what he was going to say: for, shipmates, she sat so quiet, that thinks I to myself, they'll find out that she's shamming; so I gives her a smart pinch in an inexpressible part, that made her sing out. Well, the long and the short of it, is, that the party, who were looking out sharp for 'stragglin' money,' had a grand overhaul; but the doctor would not let them interfere with Susan, who, he declared was near her cushionmong; at last, being unable to find me, they hauls their wind for another port. Well, shipmates, as soon as possible arter they were gone, why, Suke got rid of her trouble, and forth I came, as full-grown and handsome a baby as ever cut a tooth. But I warn't safe yet; and so I claps a suit of Suke's duds over my own gear, and being but a little chap, with some slutching, and letting out a reef or two here and there, I got my sails all snugly bent, and clapped a cap with a thousand little frills round my face, and a straw hurricane house of a bonnet as big as a Guineaman's caboose over all, with a black wail hanging in the brails down afore, and my shoes scandaled up my legs, that I made a good-looking wench. Well, I bid all hands good-bye. Suke piped her eye a bit; but Lord love you! we'd made our calculations o' matrimony, and got the right bearings and distance, (else, mayhap, I should never have got stowed away under her hatches,) and she was to join me at Portsmouth, and we were to make a long splice of it off-hand; but then, poor thing! she thought, mayhap, I might get grabbed and punished. Up comes the coach; but the fellow wouldn't heave to directly, and 'Yo-hoy!' says I, giving him a hail.—'Going to Portsmouth, ma'am?' says he, thrown all aback, and coming ashore from his craft.—'To be sure I am,' says I.

What made you carry on in that fashion, and be d—to you!—is that all the regard you have for the sex?' says I.—'Would you like to go inside, ma'am?' says he, opening the gangway port.—'Not a bit of it,' says I: 'stow your damaged slops below, but give me a berth 'pon deck.'—'Very good, ma'am, says he, shutting the gangway port again; 'will you allow me to assist you up?'—'Not by no manner o' means,' says I. 'Why, what the devil do you take me for! to think the captain of a frigate's maintop can't find his way aloft!'—'You mean the captain of the maintop's wife,' says Susan, paying me back the pinch I gave her.—'Ay, ay, my precious,' says I; 'so I do, to be sure. God bless you! good-bye! Here I go like seven bells half struck!—carry on, my boy, and I'm blessed if it shan't be a shiner in your way!' And so we takes our berths, and away we made sail, happy-go-lucky, heaving to now and then just to take in a sea-stock; and the governor had two eyes in his head, and so he finds out the latitude of the thing, but he says nothing; and we got safe through the barrier and into Portsmouth, and I lands in the street afore they reached the inn,—for, thinks I to myself, I'd better get berthed for the night and go aboard in the morning. Well, shipmates, I parts company with the craft, and shapes my course for Pint,—'cause I knew a snug corner in Capstan-square, and I was determined to cut with all skylarks, in regard o' Suke. Well, just as I was getting to steer with a small helm, up ranges a tall man who had seen me come ashore from the coach, and 'My dear,' says he, 'what! just fresh from the country?' But I houlds my tongue, shipmates, and he pulls up alongside and grabs my arm. 'Come, don't be cross,' says he; 'let me take you in tow; I want to talk with you, my love.' I knew the voice well; and though he had a pea jacket over his uniform-coat, and, take him half way up a hatchway, he was a d—good-looking fellow, yet nobody as ever had seen him could forget them 'trap-stick legs;' and so, thinks I to myself, Jack, you'd better shove your boat off without delay: for, d'ye see, shipmates, I'd sailed with him when I was a mizen-top-mun in the ould Stay, and I well remembered Sir Joseph Y—ke. But I'm blessed if he didn't stretch out arter me, and sailed two foot

to my one; and 'Come, come, my darling,' says he, 'take an honest tar for your sweet-heart. Let's look at that beautiful face'; and he catches hould o' the wail and hauls it up chock ablock; but I pulls down my bonnet so as he couldn't see my figure-head, and I carries on a taut press to part company. But, Lord love yer hearts! it warn't no manner o' use whatsoever—he more than held his own; and 'A pretty innocent country wench indeed!' says he. 'What! have you lost your tongue?'—'No, I'm d—if I have!' says I, for I forgot myself, shipmates, through vexation at not being able to get away. 'Hallo!' says he, gripping me tight by the shoulder; 'who have we here?' I'm blessed, shipmates, if what with his pulling at my shawl, and my struggling to sheer off, my spanker boom didn't at that very moment get adrift, and he caught sight of it in a jiffy. 'Hallo!' says he, catching tight-hold of the pig-tail, and slueing me right round by it. 'Hallo!' says he, 'I never see an innocent country wench dress her hair in this way afore;—rather a masc'linesort o' female', he says. 'Who the devil are you?' 'It's Jack Sheavehole, your honour,' says I, bringing up all standing; and, knowing his generous heart, thinks I, now's your time, Jack; overhaul the whole consarn to him, and ten to one but he pulls you through the scrape somehow or other. Sô I ups and tells him the long and the short on it, and he laughs one minute, and d—ns me for a desarting willun the next; and 'Come along!' says he; 'I must see what Captain B—n will think of all this.' So he takes me in tow, and we went into one of the grand houses in High street; and 'Follow me,' says he, as he walked up stairs into a large room all lighted up for a sheave-o; and there wur ladies all togg'd out in white and silver and gold, and feathers, and navy officers and sodger officers,—a grand dinner-party. 'B—n,' hails Sir Joseph, 'here's a lady wants you;' and he takes me by the hand, all complimentary like, and the captain of the frigate comes towards us, and I'm blessed if every soul fore and aft didn't fix their eyes on me like a marine looking out for a squall. 'I've not the pleasure of knowing the lady,' says the skipper; 'I fear, Sir Joseph, you're coming York over me. Pray, ma'am, may I be allowed the happiness of seeing your counten-

ance and hearing your name?" "I'm Jack Sheavehole, yer honour," says I, 'captain o' the Tapsickoree's maintop, as yer honour well knows.'—"I do, my man," says he with a gravedigger's grin on his countenance: "and so you want to desert?"—"Never, yer honour," says I, 'in the regard o' my liking my ship and my captain too well.'—"No, no, B—n," says Sir Joseph, 'I must do him justice. It appears that he had long leave, and unknowingly over stayed his time; so he rigged himself out in angel's gear to cheat them devils of sodgers. I'll vouch for the fact—Bn,' says he, 'for I saw him myself get down from the coach.'—"All fresh from the country, yer honour," says I. "Ay, all fresh from the country," chimes in Sir Joseph. "He's an ould shipmate o' mine, B—n, and I want you as a personal favour to myself, to back his liberty-ticket for to-morrow. Such a lad as this would never desert the sarvice." "If I would, then I'm d—! saving yer honour's presence," says I. Well, shipmates, there I stood in the broad light and all the ladies and gemmen staring at me like fun; and "Come, B—n," says Sir Joseph, 'extend his liberty till to-morrow.' "Where's your ticket?" axes the skipper: and so, in regard of its being in my trousers pocket I hauls up my petticoats to get at it; and, my eyes, but the women set up a screeching, and the officers burst out into a broadside o' laughing, and you never heard such a bobbery as they kicked up—it was a downright reg'lar squall."

"Ay, squall indeed," said the captain of the forecastle; "here it comes with a vengeance!" he bellowed out with stentorian lungs. "Hard up with the helm—hard a-weather." In an instant the sea was one sheet of foam; the wind came whistling like the rustling of ten thousand arrows in their swiftest flight; a report like the discharge of a heavy piece of artillery was heard forward, and away flew the jib like a fleecy cloud to leeward. The frigate heeled over, carrying everybody and everything into the lee scuppers; the lightning hissed and cracked as it exploded between the masts, making everything tremble from the keel to the truck; broad sheets of water were lifted up and dashed over the decks fore and aft: indeed, it seemed as if the gale were striving to raise the ponderous vessel from the ocean for the purpose of plung-

ing it into the dark abyss; a thick mist-like shroud hung round her, aloof and aloft, as she struggled to lift herself against the tempest. The topsail halliards were let go; but the nearly horizontal position of the masts prevented the sails from running down. Inevitable destruction for the moment threatened to engulf them all, when "crack, crack, crack!" away went the topmasts over the side; the spanker sheet had been cut away, and off bounced the spanker after the jib. The frigate partially righted, and Lord Eustace and his officers rushed to the deck. But the squall had passed: the moon again shone beautifully clear; the deceitful sky and still more deceitful ocean were all smiles, as if nothing had happened—though the evidences of their wrath were but too apparent in the dismantled state of his Majesty's ship. But we must again leave them, as we did before, to

"Call all hands to clear the wreck."

#### COLONEL CRICKLEY'S HORSE.

I have never been able to ascertain the origin of the quarrel between Crickley's and the Drakes. They had lived within a mile of each other in Illinois, for five years, and from the first of their acquaintance, there had been a mutual feeling of dislike between the two families. Then some misunderstanding about the boundary of their respective farms revealed the latent flame; and Col. Crickley, having followed a fat buck all one afternoon and wounded him, came up to him and found old Drake and his sons cutting him up. This incident added fuel to the fire, and from that time there was nothing the two families did not do to annoy each other. They shot each other's ducks in the river, purposely mistaking them for wild ones; and then by way of retaliation, commenced killing off each other's pigs and calves.

One evening Mr. Drake the elder was returning home with his pocket full of rocks, from Chicago, whither he had been to dispose of a load of grain.

Sam Barston was with him on the

waggon, and as they approached the grove which intervened between them and Mr. Drake's house, he observed to his companion, "What a beautiful mark Col. Crickley's old roan is over yonder!"

"Hang it!" muttered old Drake, "so it is."

The horse was standing under some trees, about twelve rods from the road.

Involuntarily, Drake stopped his team. He glanced furtively around, then with a queer smile the old hunter took up his rifle from the bottom of the waggon and raising it to his shoulder, drew a sight on the Colonel's horse.

"Beautiful!" muttered Drake, lowering his rifle with the air of a man resisting a powerful temptation. "I could drop old roan so easy."

"Shoot," suggested Sam Barston, who loved fun in any shape.

"No, no, 'twouldn't do," said the old hunter, glancing cautiously around him again.

"I won't tell," said Sam.

"Wal, I won't shoot this time any way tell or no tell. If he was fifty rods off instead of twelve, so there'd be a bare possibility of mistaking him for a deer, I'd let fly. As it is I'd give the Colonel five dollars for a shot."

At that moment the Colonel himself stepped from behind a big oak not half a dozen paces distant, and stood before Mr. Drake.

"Well, why don't you shoot?"

The old man stammered in some confusion—"That you, Colonel? I—I was tempted to, I declare! And as I said I'll give five dollars for one pull."

"Say ten, and it's a bargain!"

Drake felt of his rifle, and looked at old roan.

"How much is the hoss wuth?" he muttered in Sam's ear.

"About fifty."

"Gad, Colonel, I'll do it."

The Colonel pocketed it, muttering—"Hanged, if I thought you'd take me up!"

With high glee, the old hunter put a fresh cap on his rifle, stood up in his waggon, and drew a close sight on old roan. Sam Barston chuckled. The Colonel put his hand before his face and chuckled too.

Crack! went the rifle. The hunter tore out a horrid oath, which I will not repeat.

Sam was astonished. The Colonel laughed. Old roan never stirred!

Drake stared at his rifle with a face black as Othello's.

"What's the matter with you, hey? First time you ever sarved me quite such a trick, I swan!" And Drake loaded the piece with great wrath and indignation.

"People said you'd lost your track of shooting," observed the Colonel in a cutting tone of satire.

"Who said so? It's a lie!" thundered Drake. "I can shoot—a horse at ten rods! Ha! Ha!"

Drake was livid.

"Look yere, Colonel, I can't stand that!" he began.

"Never mind, the horse can," sneered the Colonel. "I'll risk you." Grinding his teeth, Drake produced another ten dollar bill.

"Here!" he growled, "I'm bound to have another shot, any way."

"Crack away!" cried the Colonel, pocketing the note.

Drake did crack away—with deadly aim, too—but the horse did not mind the bullet in the least. To the rage and unutterable astonishment of the hunter old roan looked him right in the face as if he rather liked the fun.

"Drake," cried Sam, "you're drunk! A horse at a dozen rods—oh, my eye!"

"Just you shut your mouth or I'll shoot you!" thundered the excited Drake. "The bullet was hollow, I'll swear. The man lies who says I can't shoot! Last week I cut off a goose's head at fifty rods, and kin dew it again. By the Lord Harry Colonel, you can laugh, but I'll bet now thirty dollars I can bring down old roan at one shot."

The wager was readily accepted. The stakes were placed in Sam's hands. Elated by the idea of his two tens and making another ten into the bargain, Drake carefully selected a perfect ball, and even buckskin patch, and beaded his rifle.

It was now nearly dark, but the old hunter boasted of being able to shoot a bat on the wing by starlight, and without hesitation drew a clear sight on old roan's head.

A minute later Drake was driving through the grove, the most enraged, and most desperate of men. His rifle, innocent victim of his ire, lay with broken stock

on the bottom of the waggon. Sam Barston was too much frightened to laugh. Meanwhile the gratified Colonel was rolling on the ground convulsed with mirth, and old roan was standing undisturbed under the trees.

When Drake reached home, his two sons, discovering his ill humor and the mutilated condition of his rifle stock, hastened to arouse his spirit with a piece of news which they were sure would make him dance for joy.

"Clear out," growled the angry old man. "I don't want to hear any news: get away or I shall knock one of you down."

"But, father, it's such a trick!"

"Confound you and your tricks!"

"Played off on the Colonel."

"On the Colonel?" Beginning to be interested. "Gad! if you've played the Colonel a trick let's hear it."

"Well, father, Jed and I went out this afternoon for deer."

"Hang the deer, come to the trick."

"Couldn't find any deer, but thought we must shoot something; so Jed banged away at the Colonel's old roan—shot him dead!"

"Shot old roan?" thundered the hunter, "by the Lord Harry, Jed, did you shoot the Colonel's hoss?"

"True, sir, true."

"Devil!—Devil!" groaned the hunter.

"And then," pursued Jed, confident that the joke part of the story must please his father, "Jim and I propped the horse up and tied his head back with a cord, and left him standing under the trees exactly as if he was alive."

"Ha! Ha! Fancy the Colonel going to catch him! Ho! ho! ho!—wasn't it a joke?"

Old Drake's head fell upon his breast. He felt of his empty pocket-book, and looked at his broken rifle. Then in a rueful tone he whispered to the boys,

"It is a joke! But if you ever tell of it, or if you do to Sam Barston—I'll skin you alive! By Lord Harry, boys, I've been shooting at that dead horse half an hour, at ten dollars a shot!"

At that moment Sam fell into the gutter. Jed dragged him out insensible. Sam had laughed himself almost to death.

HENRY HOWARD PAUL.

## HOW THE BABY CAME.

### I.

#### THE HAPPY FATHER'S THEORY.

[Some years ago, DAVID BARKER, a poet from the State of Maine, inspired by the joys of paternity, wrote and published the following poem, in which he advanced a theory about babies which, if true, would convict St. Peter of negligence in the discharge of his duties as Celestial Warden.]

One night, as old St. Peter slept,  
He left the door of Heaven ajar,  
When through, a little angel crept,  
And came down with a falling star.

One summer, as the blessed beams  
Of morn approached, my blushing bride  
Awakened from some pleasing dreams,  
And found that angel by her side.

God grant but this—I ask no more—  
That when he leaves this world of pain,  
He'll wing his flight to that bright shore,  
And find the road to Heaven again.

### II.

#### ST. PETER'S REPLY.

[JOHN G. SAXE (It is said), believing that injustice had been done St. Peter, by a brother-poet, wrote the following as the saint's reply.]

"Full eighteen hundred years, or more,  
I've kept my gate securely fast;  
There has no 'little angel' strayed,  
No recreant, through the portals passed.

"I did *not* sleep, as you supposed,  
Nor left the door of Heaven ajar;  
No 'little angel' ever left,  
And went down with a falling star.

"Go, ask that blushing bride! and see  
If she don't frankly own and say,  
That when she found that angel babe,  
She found it in the good old way.

"God grant but this—I ask no more—  
That, should your number still enlarge,  
You will not, as you've done before,  
Lay it to old St. Peter's charge!"

## KENTUCKY HOSPITALITY.

## FROM WESTWARD HO!

[JAMES KIRKE PAULDING, 1779-1860, an American writer in prose and verse, was of Dutch descent, and born in Pleasant Valley, N. Y., whence he removed to New York. In 1807, he became joint author with Washington Irving of *Salmagundi*, which Paulding alone completed in 1819 by a second series. He was Secretary of the Navy, 1834-41; wrote numerous novels, political pamphlets, and a *Life of Washington* in 2 vols. (1835;) and his best novel is *The Dutchman's Fireside*, (1831.)]

"You must know, colonel, not long after you went away there came a man riding along here that I calculate had just thrown off his moccasins, with another feller behind him in a laced hat, and for all the world dressed like a militia officer. Well, I hailed him in here, for you know I like to do as you would in your own house; and he came to like a good feller. But the captain, as I took him to be, hung fire and stayed out with the horses. So I went and took hold of him like a snapping-turtle, and says I, 'Captain, one would think you had never been inside of a gentleman's house before.' But he held back like all wrath, and wouldn't take any thing. So says I, 'Stranger, I'm a peaceable man anyhow, but maybe you don't know what it is to insult a feller by sneaking away from his hospitality here in Old Kentuck.' I held on to him all the while, or he'd have gone off like one of these plaguy percussion-locks that have just come into fashion. 'Captain,' says I, 'here's your health, and may you live to be a general.' 'Captain!' says the other, 'he's no captain; he's my servant.' 'What!' says I, 'one white man be a servant to another! make a nigger of himself! come, that's too bad!' and I began to feel a little savage. I asked one if he wasn't ashamed to make a slave of a feller-cretur, and the other if he wasn't ashamed to make a nigger of himself; and they got rather obstreperous. I don't know exactly how it came about, but we got into a fight, and I lick'd them both, but not till they got outside the door, for I wouldn't be uncivil anyhow. Well, what do you think? instead of settling the thing like a gentleman, the feller that had a white man for his nigger, instead of coming out fine, I'll be eternally dern'd

if he didn't send a constable after me. Well, I made short work of it, and lick'd him too, anyhow. But I can't stand it here any longer. Poor old Snowball\* slipped her bridle the other day, and went out like a flash in the pan; so I'm my own master again, with nobody to stand in my way at all. I must look out for some place where a man can live independent, where there's no law but gentlemen's law, and no niggers but black ones. I sha'n't see you again, colonel, it's most likely, so good-by all. I expect you'll be after me soon, for I look upon it to be impossible for a man in his senses to live here much longer, to be hopped like a horse, and not go where he pleases." And away he marched, with a heart as light as a feather, in search of a place where he might live according to his conscience.

## MY FIRST APPEARANCE AT THE BAR.

From "Flash Times in Alabama."

HIGGINBOTHAM }  
vs. } Slander.  
SWINK. }

DID you ever, reader, get a merciless barrister of the old school after you when you were on your first legs—in the callow tenderness of your virgin epidermis? I hope not. I wish I could say the same for myself; but I cannot; and with the faint hope of inspiring some small pity in the breast of the seniors, I, now one of them myself, give in my lively experience of what befell me at my first appearance on the forensic boards.

I must premise by observing that, some twenty years ago—more or less—shortly after I obtained license to practise law in the town of H—, State of Alabama, an unfortunate client called at my office to retain my services in a celebrated suit for slander. The case stands on record, *Stephen O. Higginbotham vs. Caleb Swink*. The aforesaid Caleb, "greatly envying the happy state and condition of said Stephen," who, "until the grievances," etc., "never had been suspected of the crime of hog-stealing" etc., said, "in the hearing and presence of one Samuel Eads and other good and worthy citizens," of and concerning the plaintiff, "you" (the said

Stephen meaning) "are a noted hog thief, and stole more hogs than all the wagons in M—— could haul off in a week on a turnpike road." The way I came to be employed was this: Higginbotham had retained Frank Glendye, a great brick in "damage cases," to bring the suit, and G. had prepared the papers, and got the case on the pleadings, ready for trial. But, while the case was getting ready, Frank was suddenly taken dangerously drunk, a disease to which his constitution was subject. The case had been continued for several terms, and had been set for a particular day of the term then going on, to be disposed of finally and positively when called. It was hoped that the lawyer would recover *his health* in time to prosecute the case; but he had continued the drunken fit with the suit. The morning of the trial came on; and, on going to see his counsel, the client found him utterly prostrate; not a hope remained of his being able to get to the court-house. He was in collapse; a perfect cholera case. Passing down the street, almost in despair, as my good or evil genius would have it, Higginbotham met Sam Hicks, a tailor, whom I had honored with my patronage (as his books showed) for many years; and, as one good turn deserves another—a suit for a suit—he, on hearing the predicament H. was in, boldly suggested my name to supply the place of the fallen Glendye; adding certain assurances and encomiums which did infinite credit to his friendship and his imagination.

I gathered from my calumniated client, as well as I could, the facts of the case, and got a young friend to look me up the the law of slander, to be ready when it should be put through, if it ever *did* get to the jury.

The defendant was represented by old Cæsar Kasm, a famous man in those days; and well he might be. This venerable limb of the law had long practised at the M—— bar, and been the terror of this generation. He was an old-time lawyer, the race of which is now fortunately extinct, or else the survivors "lag superfluous on the stage." He was about sixty-five years old at the time I am writing of; was of stout build, and something less than six feet in height. He dressed in the old-fashioned fair-top boots and shorts; ruffled shirt, buff vest, and hair, a grizzly

gray, roached up flat and stiff in front, and hanging down in a queue behind, tied with an eel-skin and pomatumed. He was close shaven and powdered every morning; and except a few scattering grains of snuff which fell occasionally between his nose and an old-fashioned gold snuff-box, a speck of dirt was never seen on or about his carefully preserved person. The taking out of his deliciously perfumed handkerchief, scattered incense around like the shaking of a lilac bush in full flower. His face was round, and a sickly florid, interspersed with purple spots, overspread it, as if the natural dye of the old cogniac were maintaining an unequal contest with the decay of the vital energies. His bearing was decidedly soldierly, as it had a right to be, he having served as a captain some eight years before he took to the bar, as being the more pugnacious profession. His features, especially the mouth, turned down at the corners like a bull-dog's or a crescent, and a nose perked up with unutterable scorn and self-conceit, and eyes of a sensual, bluish gray, that seemed to be all light and no heat, were never pleasing to the opposing side. In his way, old Kasm was a very polite man. Whenever he chose, which was when it was his interest, to be polite, and when his blood was cool and he was not trying a law case, he would have made Chesterfield and Beau Brummel ashamed of themselves. He knew all the gymnastics of manners, and all forms and ceremonies of deportment; but there was no more soul or kindness in the manual he went through, than in an iceberg. His politeness, however seemingly deferential, had a frost-bitten air, as if it had lain out over night and got the *rheumatics* before it came in; and really, one felt less at ease under his frozen smiles, than under any body else's frowns.

He was the proudest man-I ever saw: he would have made the Warwicks and the Nevilles, not to say the Plantagenets or Mr. Dombey, feel very limber and meek if introduced into their company; and selfish to that extent, that, if by giving up the nutmeg on his noon glass of toddy, he could have christianized the Burmese empire, millennium never would come for him.

How far back he traced his lineage, I do not remember, but he had the best

blood of both worlds in his veins; sired high up on the paternal side by some Prince or Duke, and dammed on the mother's by one or two Pocahontases. Of course, from this, he was a Virginian, and the only one I ever knew that did not quote those Eleusinian mysteries, the Resolutions of 1798-99. He did not. He was a Federalist, and denounced Jefferson as a low-flung demagogue, and Madison as his tool. He bragged largely on Virginia, though—he was not eccentric on this point—but it was the Virginia of Washington, the Lees, Henry, etc., of which he boasted. The old dame may take it as a compliment that he bragged of her at all.

The old Captain had a few negroes, which, with a declining practice, furnished him a support. His credit, in consequence of his not having paid any thing in the shape of a debt for something less than a quarter of a century, was rather limited. The property was covered up by a deed or other instrument, drawn up by Kasm himself, with such infernal artifice and diabolical skill, that all the lawyers in the country were not able to decide, by a legal construction of its various clauses, whom the negroes belonged to, or whether they belonged to any body at all.

He was an inveterate opponent of new laws, new books, new men. He would have revolutionized the government if he could, should a law have been passed, curing the defects in Indictments.

Yet he was a friend of strong government and strong laws; he might approve of a law making it death for a man to blow his nose in the street, but would be for rebelling if it allowed the indictment to dispense with stating in which hand he held it.

This eminent barrister was brought up at a time when zeal for a client was one of the chief virtues of a lawyer—the client standing in the place of truth, justice and decency, and monopolizing the respect due to all. He, therefore, went into all causes with equal zeal and confidence, and took all points that could be raised with the same earnestness, and belabored them with the same force. He personated the client just as a great actor identifies himself with the character he represents on the stage.

The faculty he chiefly employed was a talent for vituperation, which would have

gained him distinction on any theatre, from the village partisan press, down to the House of Representatives itself. He had cultivated vituperation as a science, which was like putting guano on the Mississippi bottoms, the natural fertility of his mind for satirical productions was so great. He was as much fitted by temper as by talent for this sort of rhetoric, especially when kept from his dinner or toddy by the trial of a case—then an alligator whose digestion had been disturbed by the horns of a billy-goat taken for lunch, was no mean type of old Sar Kasm (as the wags of the bar called him, by nickname, formed by joining the last syllable of his christian, or rather, heathen name, to his patronymic.) After a case began to grow interesting, the old fellow would get fully stirred up. He grew as quarrelsome as a little bull terrier. He snapped at witnesses, kept up a constant snarl at the counsel, and growled, at intervals, at the judge, whom, whoever he was, he considered as *ex officio*, his natural enemy, and so regarded every thing got from him as so much wrung from an unwilling witness.

But his great *forte* was in cross-examining a witness. His countenance was the very expression of sneering incredulity. Such a look of cold, unsympathizing, scornful penetration as gleamed from his eyes of ice and face of brass, is not often seen on the human face divine. Scarcely any eye could meet unshrinkingly that basilisk gaze: it needed no translation: the language was plain: "Now you are swearing to a lie, and I'll catch you in it in a minute;" and then the look of surprise which greeted each new fact stated, as if to say, "I expected some lying, but really this exceeds all my expectations." The mock politeness with which he would address a witness, was any thing but encouraging; and the officious kindness with which he volunteered to remind him of a real or fictitious embarrassment, by asking him to take his time, and not to suffer himself to be confused, as far as possible from being a relief; while the air of triumph that lit up his face the while, was too provoking for a saint to endure.

Many a witness broke down under his examination, that would have stood the fire of a masked battery unmoved, and many another, voluble and animated



enough in the opening narrative, "slunk his pitch mightily," when old Kasm put him through on the cross examination.

His last look at them as they left the box, was an advertisement to come back, "and they would hear something to their advantage;" and if they came, they heard it, if humility is worth buying at such a price.

How it was, that in such a fighting country, old Kasm continued at his dangerous business, can only be understood, by those who know the entire readiness, nay, eagerness of the old gentleman, to do reason to all serious inquirers;—and one or two results which happened some years before the time I'm writing of to say nothing of some traditions in the army, convinced the public, that his practice was as sharp at the small sword as at the cut and thrust of professional digladiation.

Indeed, it was such an evident satisfaction to the old fellow to meet these emergencies, which to him were merely lively episodes breaking the monotony of the profession, that his enemies, out of spite, resolutely refused to gratify him, or answer the sneering challenge stereotyped on his countenance. "Now if you can do any better, suppose you help yourself?" So, by common consent, he was elected free libeller of the bar. But it was very dangerous to repeat after him.

When he argued a case, you would suppose he had bursted his gall-bag—such, not vials but demijohns, of vituperation as he poured out with a fluency only interrupted by a pause to gather, like a tree-frog, the venom sweltering under his tongue into a concentrated essence. He could look more sarcasm than any body else could speak; and in his scornful gaze, virtue herself looked like something sneaking and contemptible. He could not arouse the nobler passions or emotions; but he could throw a wet blanket over them. It took Frank Glendye and half a pint of good French brandy, to warm the court-house after old Kasm was done speaking: but *they* could do it.

My client was a respectable butcher: his opponent was a well-to-do farmer. On getting to the court-house, I found the court in session. The clerk was just reading the minutes. My *case*—I can well speak in the singular—was set the

first on the docket for that morning. I looked around and saw old Kasm, who somehow had found out I was in the case, with his green bag and half a library of old books on the bar before him. The old fellow gave me a look of malicious pleasure—like that of a hungry tiger from his lair, cast upon an unsuspecting calf browsing near him. I had tried to put on a bold face. I felt that it would be very unprofessional to let on to my client that I was at all scared, though my heart was running down like a jack-screw under a heavy wagon. My conscience—I had not practised it away then—was not quite easy. I couldn't help feeling that it was hardly honest to be leading my client, like Falstaff his men, where he was sure to be peppered. But then it was my only chance; my bread depended on it; and I reflected that the same thing has to happen in every lawyer's practice. I tried to arrange my ideas in form and excogitate a speech: they flitted through my brain in odds and ends. I could neither think nor quit thinking. I would loose myself in the first twenty words of the opening sentence and stop at a particle;—the trail run clean out. I would start it again with no better luck: then I thought a moment of the disgrace of a dead break-down, and then I would commence again with "gentlemen of the jury," etc., and go on as before.

At length the judge signed the minutes and took up the docket: "Special case—Higginbotham *vs.* Swink: Slander—Mr. Glendye for pl'ff, Mr. Kasm for def't. Is Mr. G. in court? Call him, Sheriff." The sheriff called three times. He might as well have called the dead. No answer of course came. Mr. Kasm rose and told the Court that he was sorry his brother was too much (stroking his chin and looking down and pausing) indisposed, or otherwise engaged, to attend the case; but he must insist on its being disposed of, etc.: the Court said it should be. I then spoke up (though my voice seemed to be *very* low down and very hard to get up), that I had just been spoken to in the cause. I believed we were ready, if the cause must be then tried; but I should much prefer it to be laid over, if the Court would consent, until the next day, or even that evening. Kasm protested vehemently against this; reminded the Court of its preemptory

order; referred it to the former proceedings, and was going on to discuss the whole merits of the case, when he was interrupted by the judge, who, turning himself to me, remarked that he should be happy to oblige me, but that he was precluded by what had happened: he hoped, however, that the counsel on the other side would extend the desired indulgence; to which Kasm immediately rejoined, that this was a case in which he neither asked favors nor meant to give them. So the case had to go on. Several members of the bar had their hats in hand, ready to leave the room when the case was called up; but seeing that I was in it alone, suffered their curiosity to get the better of other engagements, and staid to see it out; a circumstance which did not diminish my trepidation in the least.

I had the witness called up, posted my client behind me in the bar, and put the case to the jury. The defendant had pleaded justification and not guilty. I got along pretty well, I thought, on the proofs. The cross-examination of old Kasm didn't seem to me to hurt anything—though he quibbled, misconstrued, and bullied mightily; objected to all my questions as leading, and all the witnesses' answers as irrelevant: but the judge, who was a very clever sort of a man, and who didn't like Kasm much, helped me along and over the bad places, occasionally taking the examination himself when old Kasm had got the statements of the witness in a fog.

I had a strong case; the plaintiff showed a good character: that the lodge of Masons had refused to admit him to fellowship until he could clear up these charges: that the Methodist Church, of which he was a class-leader, had required of him to have these charges judicially settled: that he had offered to satisfy the defendant that they were false, and proposed to refer it to disinterested men, and to be satisfied—if they decided for him—to receive a written retraction, in which the defendant should only declare he was mistaken; that the defendant refused this proffer, and reiterated the charges with increased bitterness and aggravated insult; that the plaintiff had suffered in reputation and credit; that the defendant declared he meant to run him off and buy his land at his (defendant's) own price; and that defendant was rich, and often

repeated his slanders at public meetings, and once at the church door, and finally *now justified*.

The defendant's testimony was weak: it did not controvert the proof as to the speaking of the words, or the matters of aggravation. Many witnesses were examined as to the character of the plaintiff; but those against us only referred to what they had heard since the slanders, except one who was unfriendly. Some witnesses spoke of butchering hogs at night, and hearing them squeal at a late hour at the plaintiff's slaughter-house, and of the dead hogs they had seen with various marks, and something of hogs having been stolen in the neighborhood.

This was about all the proof.

The plaintiff laid his damages at \$10,000.

I rose to address the jury. By this time a good deal of the excitement had worn off. The tremor left, only gave me that sort of feeling, which is rather favorable than otherwise to a public speaker.

I might have made a pretty good *out* of it, if I had thrown myself upon the merits of my case, acknowledged modestly my own inexperience, plainly stated the evidence and the law, and let the case go—reserving myself in the conclusion *for a splurge*, if I chose to make one. But the evil genius that presides over the first bantlings of all lawyerlings, would have it otherwise. The citizens of the town and those of the country, then in the village, had gathered in great numbers into the court-house to hear the speeches, and I could not miss such an opportunity for display.

Looking over the jury, I found them a plain, matter-of-fact looking set of fellows; but I did not note, or probably know a fact or two about them, which I found out afterward.

I started, as I thought, in pretty good style. As I went on, however, my fancy began to get the better of my judgment. Argument and common sense grew tame. Poetry and declamation, and, at last, pathos and fiery invective, took their place. I grew as *quotatious* as Richard Swiveller. Shakespeare suffered. I quoted, among other things of less value and aptness, "He who steals my purse steals trash," etc. I spoke of the woful sufferings of my poor client, almost heart-broken beneath the weight of the terrible

persecutions of his enemy: and, growing bolder, I turned on old Kasm, and congratulated the jury that the genius of slander had found an appropriate defender in the genius of chicane and malignity. I complimented the jury on their patience—on their intelligence—on their estimate of the value of character; spoke of the public expectation—of that feeling outside of the box which would welcome with thundering plaudits the righteous verdict the jury would render; and wound up by declaring that I had never known a case of slander so aggravated in the course of my practice at that bar; and felicitated myself that its grossness and barbarity justified my client in relying upon even the youth and inexperience of an unpractised advocate, whose poverty of resources was unaided by opportunities of previous preparation. Much more I said that happily has now escaped me.

When I concluded, Sam Hicks and one or two other friends gave a faint sign of applause—but not enough to make any impression.

I observed that old Kasm held his head down when I was speaking. I entertained the hope that I had cowed him! His usual port was that of cynical composure, or bold and brazen defiance. It was a special kindness if he only smiled in covert scorn: that was his most amiable expression in a trial.

But when he raised up his head I saw the very devil was to pay. His face was of a burning red. He seemed almost to choke with rage. His eyes were blood-shot and flamed out fire and fury. His queue stuck out behind, and shook itself stiffly like a buffalo bull's tail when he is about making a fatal plunge. I had struck him between wind and water. There was an audacity in a stripling like me bearding him, which infuriated him. He meant to massacre me—and wanted to be a long time doing it. It was to be a regular *auto da fe*. I was to be the representative of the young bar, and to expiate his malice against all. The court adjourned for dinner. It met again after an hour's recess.

By this time, the public interest, and especially that of the bar, grew very great. There was a rush to the privileged seats, and the sheriff had to command order,—the shuffling of feet and the pressure of the crowd forward was so great.

I took my seat within the bar, looked around with an affectation of indifference so belying the perturbation within, that the same power of acting on the stage would have made my fortune on *that* theatre.

Kasm rose—took a glass of water: his hand trembled a little—I could see that; took a pinch of snuff, and led off in a voice slow and measured, but slightly—very slightly—tremulous. By a strong effort, he had recovered his composure. The bar was surprised at his calmness. They all knew it was affected; but they wondered that he *could* affect it. Nobody was deceived by it. We felt assured "it was the torrent's smoothness ere it dash below." I thought he would come down on me in a tempest, and flattered myself it would soon be over. But malice is cunning. He had no idea of letting me off so easily.

He commenced by saying that he had been some years in the practice. He would not say he was an old man: that would be in bad taste, perhaps. The young gentleman who had just closed his remarkable speech, harangue, poetic effusion, or rigmarole, or whatever it might be called, if, indeed, any name could be safely given to this motley mixture of incongruous slang—the young gentleman evidently did not think he was an old man; for he could hardly have been guilty of such rank indecency as to have treated age with such disrespect—he would not say with such insufferable impertinence: and yet, "I am," he continued, "of age enough to recollect, if I had charged my memory with so inconsiderable an event, the day of *his* birth, and then I was in full practice in his courthouse. I confess, though, gentlemen, I *am* old enough to remember the period when a youth's first appearance at the bar was not signalized by impertinence towards his seniors; and when public opinion did not think flatulent bombast and florid trash, picked out of fifth-rate romances and namby-pamby rhymes, redeemed by the upstart sauciness of a raw popinjay, towards the experienced members of the profession he disgraced. And yet, to some extent, this ranting youth may be right; I am not old in that sense which disables me from defending myself *here* by words, or *elsewhere*, if need be, by blows: and that, this young gentle

man shall right well know before I have done with him. You will bear in mind, gentlemen, that what I say is in self-defence—that I did not begin this quarrel—that it was forced on me; and that I am bound by no restraints of courtesy, or of respect, or of kindness. Let him charge to the account of his own rashness and rudeness, whatever he receives in return therefor.

"Let me retort on this youth that he is a worthy advocate of his butcher client. He fights with the dirty weapons of his barbarous trade, and brings into his speech the reeking odor of his client's slaughter-house.

"Perhaps something of this congeniality commended him to the notice of his worthy client, and to this, his first retainer: and no wonder, for when we heard his vehement roaring, we might have supposed his client had brought his most unruly bull-calf into court to defend him, had not the matter of the roaring soon convinced us the animal was more remarkable for the length of his ears, then even the power of his lungs. Perhaps the young gentleman has taken his retainer, and contracted for butchering, my client on the same terms as his client contracts in this line—that is, on the shares. But I think, gentlemen, he will find the contract a more dirty than profitable job. Or, perhaps, it might not be uncharitable to suggest that his client, who seems to be pretty well up to the business of *saving other people's bacon*, may have desired, as far as possible, to save his own; and, therefore, turning from members of the bar who would have charged him for their services according to their value, took this occasion of getting off some of his stale wares; for has not Shakespeare said—the gentlemen will allow me to quote Shakespeare, too, while yet his reputation survives *his* barbarous mouthing of the poet's word's—he knew an attorney 'who would defend a cause for a starved hen, or leg of mutton fly-blown.' I trust, however, whatever was the contract, that the gentleman will make his equally worthy client stand up to it; for I should like, that on one occasion it might be said the excellent butcher *was made to pay for his swine*.

"I find it difficult, gentlemen, to reply to any part of the young man's effort, except his argument, which is the smallest

part in compass, and, next to his pathos, the most amusing. His figures of speech are some of them quite good, and have been so considered by the best judges for the last thousand years. I must confess, that as to these, I find no other fault than that they were badly applied and ridiculously pronounced; and this further fault, that they have become so common-place by constant use, that, unless some new vamping or felicity of application be given them, they tire nearly as much as his original matter—*ridiculous*, that matter which, being more ridiculous than we ever heard before, carries internal evidence of its being his own. Indeed, it was never hard to tell when the gentleman recurred to his own ideas. He is like a cat-bird—the only intolerable discord she makes being her own notes—though she gets on well enough as long as she copies and cobbles the songs of other warblers.

"But, gentlemen, if this young orator's argument was amusing, what shall I say of his pathos? What farce ever equalled the fun of it? The play of 'The Liar' probably approaches nearest to it, not only in the humor, but in the voracious character of the incidents from which the humor comes. Such a face—so woe-begone, so whimpering, as if the short period since he was flogged at school (probably in reference to those eggs falsely charged to the hound puppy) had neither obliterated the remembrance of his juvenile affliction, nor the looks he bore when he endured it.

"There was something exquisite in his picture of the woes, the wasting grief of his disconsolate client, the butcher Higginbotham, mourning—as Rachel mourned for her children—for his character *because it was not*. Gentlemen, look at him! Why he weighs twelve stone *now*! He has three inches of fat on his ribs this minute! He would make as many links of sausage as any hog that ever squealed at midnight in his slaughter pen, and has lard enough in him to cook it all. Look at his face! why, his chops remind a hungry man of jowls and greens. If this is a shadow, in the name of propriety, why didn't he show himself, when in flesh, at the last fair, beside the Kentucky ox; that were a more honest way of making a living than stealing hogs. But Hig is pining in grief! I wonder the

poetic youth—his learned counsel—did not quote Shakespeare again. 'He never told his'—woe—but let concealment, like the worm i' the bud, prey on his damask cheek.' He looked like Patience on a monument smiling at grief—or beef, I should rather say. But, gentlemen, probably I am wrong; it may be that this tender-hearted, sensitive butcher, was lean before, and like Falstaff, throws the blame of his fat on sorrow and sighing, which 'has puffed him up like a bladder.' (Here Higginbotham left in disgust.)

"There, gentlemen, he goes, 'larding the lean earth as he walks along.' Well has Doctor Johnson said, 'who kills fat oxen should himself be fat.' Poor Hig! stuffed like one of his own blood-puddings, with a dropsical grief which nothing short of ten thousand dollars of Swink's money can cure. Well, as grief puffs him up, I don't wonder that nothing but depleting another man can cure him.

"And now, gentlemen, I come to the blood and thunder part of this young gentleman's harangue: empty and vapid; words and nothing else. If any part of this rigmarole was windier than any other part, this was it. He turned himself into a small cascade, making a great deal of noise to make a great deal of froth; tumbling; roaring; foaming; the shallower it ran, all the noisier it seemed. He fretted and knitted his brows; he beat the air and he vociferated, always emphasizing the meaningless words most loudly; he puffed, swelled out and blowed off, until he seemed like a new bellows, all brass and wind. How he mouthed it—as those villainous stage players, ranting out fustian in a barn theatre, [mimicking]—'Who steals my purse, steals trash.' (I don't deny it.) 'Tis something,' (query?) 'nothing,' (exactly.) 'Tis mine; 'twas his, and has been slave to thousands—but he who filches from me my good name, robs me of that which not enricheth him,' (not in the least,) 'but makes me poor indeed;' (just so, but whether any poorer than before he parted with the encumbrance, is another matter.)

"But the young gentleman refers to his youth. He ought not to reproach us of maturer age in that indirect way: no one would have suspected it of him or him of it, if he had not told it: indeed, from hearing him speak, we were prepared to give him credit for almost *any length of*

*ears*. But does not the youth remember that Grotius was only seventeen when he was in full practice, and that he was Attorney General at twenty-two; and what is Grotius to this greater light? Not the burning of my smoke-house to the conflagration of Moscow!

"And yet, young Grotius tells us in the next breath, that he never knew such a slander in the course of his practice? Wonderful, indeed! seeing that his practice has all been done within the last six hours. Why, to hear him talk, you would suppose that he was an old Continental lawyer, grown gray in the service. H-i-s p-r-a-c-t-i-c-e! Why he is just in his legal swaddling clothes! His PRACTICE!! But I don't wonder he can't see the absurdity of such talk. How long does it take one of the canine tribe, after birth, to open his eyes!

"He talked, too, of *outside* influence; of the *public* expectations, and all that sort of demagogism. I observed no evidence of any great popular demonstrations in his favor, unless it be a tailor I saw stamping his feet; but whether that was because he had sat cross-legged so long he wanted exercise, or was rejoicing because he had got orders for a new suit, or *prospect of payment for an old one*, the gentleman can possibly tell better than I can. (Here Hicks left.) However, if this case *is* to be decided by the populace *here*, the gentleman will allow *me* the benefit of writ of error to the regimental muster, to be held, next Friday, at Reinher's Distillery.

"But, I suppose he meant to frighten, *you* into a verdict, by intimating that the mob, frenzied by *his* eloquence, would tear you to pieces if you gave a verdict for defendant; like the equally eloquent barrister out West, who, concluding a case, said, 'Gentlemen, my client are as innocent of stealing that coting as the sun at noonday, and if you give it agin him, his brother, Sam Ketchins, next muster, will maul every mother's son of you.' I hope the sheriff will see to his duty and keep the crowd from you, gentlemen, if you should give us a verdict!

"But, gentlemen, I am tired of winnowing chaff; I have not had the reward paid by Gratiano for sifting *his* discourse: the two grains of wheat to the bushel. It is all froth—all wind—all bubble."

Kasm left me here for a time, and

turned upon my client. Poor Higginbotham caught it thick and heavy. He wooled him, then skinned him, and then took to skinning off the under cuticle. Hig never skinned a beef so thoroughly. He put together all the facts about the witnesses' hearing the hogs squealing at night; the different marks of the hogs; the losses in the neighborhood; perverted the testimony and supplied omissions, until you would suppose, on hearing him, that it had been fully proved that poor Hig had stolen all the meat he had ever sold in the market. He asseverated that this suit was a malicious conspiracy between the Methodists and Masons, to crush his client. But all this I leave out as not bearing on the main *subject*—myself.

He came back to me with a renewed appetite. He said he would conclude by paying his valedictory respects to his juvenile friend—as this was the last time he ever expected to have the pleasure of meeting him.

"That poetic young gentleman had said, that by your verdict against his client, you would blight for ever his reputation and that of his family—'that you would bend down the spirit of his manly son, and dim the radiance of his blooming daughter's beauty.' Very pretty, upon my word! But, gentlemen, not so fine—not so poetical by half, as a precious morceau of poetry which adorns the columns of the village newspapers, bearing the initials J. C. R. As this admirable production has excited a great deal of applause in the nurseries and boarding schools, I must beg to read it; not for the instruction of the gentleman, he has already seen it; but for the entertainment of the jury. It is addressed to R\*\*\* B\*\*\*, a young lady of this place. Here it goes."

Judge my horror, when, looking up, I saw him take an old newspaper from his pocket, and, pulling down his spectacles, begin to read off in a stage-actor style, some verses I had written for Rose Bell's Album. Rose had been worrying me for some time, to write her something. To get rid of her importunities, I had scribbled off a few lines and copied them in the precious volume. Rose, the little fool, took them for something very clever (she never had more than a thimbleful of brains in her doll-baby head)—and was so tickled with them, that she got brother

Bill, then about fourteen, to copy them off, as well as he could, and take them to the printing office. Bill threw them under the door; the printer, as big a fool as either, not only published them, but, in his infernal kindness, puffed them in some critical commendation of his own, referring to "the gifted author," as "one of the most promising of the younger members of our bar."

The fun, by this time, grew fast and furious. The country people, who have about as much sympathy for a young town lawyer, badgered by an older one, as for a young cub beset by curs; and who have about as much idea or respect for poetry, as for witchcraft, joined in the mirth with great glee. They crowded around old Kasm, and stamped and roared as at a circus. The Judge and Sheriff in vain tried to keep order. Indeed, his honor *smiled out loud once or twice*; and to recover his retreat, pretended to cough, and fined the Sheriff five dollars for not keeping silence in the court. Even the old Clerk, whose immemorial pen behind his right ear had worn the hair from that side of his head, and who had not smiled in court for twenty years, and boasted that Patrick Henry couldn't disturb him in making up a judgment entry, actually turned his chair from the desk and *pulled down* his pen: afterwards he put his hand to his head three times in search of it; forgetting, in his attention to old Kasm, what he had done with it.

Old Kasm went on reading and commenting by turns. I forget what the ineffable trash was. I wouldn't recollect it if I could. My equanimity will only stand a phrase or two that still lingers in my memory, fixed there by old Kasm's ridicule. I had said something about my "bosom's anguish"—about the passion that was consuming me; and, to illustrate it, or to make the line jingle, put in sometime about "Egypt's Queen taking the Asp to her bosom"—which, for the sake of rhyme or metre, I called "the venomous worm"—how the confounded thing was brought in, I neither know nor want to know. When old Kasm came to that, he said he fully appreciated what the young bard said—he believed it. He spoke of venomous *worms*. Now, if he (Kasm) might presume to give the young gentleman advice, he would recommend Swain's Patent Vermifuge. He had no

doubt that it would effectually cure him of his malady, his love, and last, but not least, of his rhymes—which would be the happiest passage in his eventful history.

I couldn't stand it any longer. I had borne it to the last point of human endurance. When it came only to skinning, I was there; but when he showered down aquafortis on the raw, and then seemed disposed to rub it in, I fled. *Abii, erubi, evasi*. The last thing I heard was old Kasm calling me back, amidst the shouts of the audience—but no more.

\* \* \* \* \*

The next information I received of the case, was in a letter that came to me at Natchez, my new residence, from Hicks, about a month afterwards, telling me that the jury (on which I should have stated old Kasm had got two infidels and four antimasons) had given in a verdict for defendant: that before the court adjourned, Frank Glendye had got sober, and moved for a new trial, on the ground that the verdict was against evidence, and that the plaintiff had not had justice, *by reason of the incompetency of his counsel, and the abandonment of the cause*; and that he got a new trial (as well he should have done.)

I learned through Hicks, some twelve months later, that the case had been tried; that Frank Glendye had made one of his greatest and most eloquent speeches; that Glendye had joined the Temperance Society, and was now one of the soberest and most attentive men to business at the bar, and was at the head of it in practice; that Higginbotham had recovered a verdict of \$2,000, and had put Swink in for \$500 costs, besides.

Hicks' letter gave me, too, the *melancholy* intelligence of old Kasm's death. He had died in an apoplectic fit, in the court-house, while abusing an old preacher who had testified against him in a *crim. con.* case. He enclosed the proceedings of a bar meeting, in which "the melancholy dispensation which called our beloved brother hence while in the active discharge of his duties," was much deplored; but, with a pious resignation, which was greatly to be admired; "they submitted to the will," etc., and with a confidence old Kasm himself, if alive, might have envied, "trusted he had gone to a better and brighter world," etc., etc., which carried the doctrine of Universal-

ism as far as it could well go. They concluded by resolving that the bar would wear crape on the left arm for thirty days. I don't know what the rest did, I didn't. Though not mentioned in his will, he had left me something to remember him by. Bright be the bloom and sweet the fragrance of the thistles on his grave!

Reader! I eschewed *genius* from that day. I took to accounts; did up every species of paper that came into my office with a tape string; had pigeon holes for all the bits of paper about me; walked down the street as if I were just going to bank and it wanted only five minutes to three o'clock; got a green bag and stuffed it full of old newspapers, carefully folded and labelled; read law, to fit imaginary cases, with great industry; dunned one of the wealthiest men in the city for fifty cents; sold out a widow for a twenty dollar debt, and bought in her things myself, publicly (and gave them back to her secretly, afterwards); associated only with skin-flints, brokers and married men, and discussed investments and stocks; soon got into business; looked wise and shook my head when I was consulted, and passed for a "powerful good judge of law;" confirmed the opinion by reading, in court, all the books and papers I could lay my hands on, and clearing out the court-house by hum-drum details, common-place and statistics, whenever I made a speech at the bar—and thus, by this course of things, am able to write from *my sugar plantation*, this memorable history of the fall of *genius* and the rise of solemn humbug!

J. G. BALDWIN.

IN FAVOR OF THE HOG.—In County C—, Ala., there lived one John Smith, who was ignorant of the laws relating to "*meum et tuum*." Now, the said John Smith, being impelled by the vociferations of an empty stomach, went, under cover of night, and feloniously carried away from his neighbor's pen, a shoat, valued at one dollar and fifty cents, with the intention of appropriating the same to his own use. But Johnny was detected, and in due course of time was carried before Judge P. for trial. The witnesses were introduced, and the fact of the theft was proven beyond a doubt. The jury retired, to make up their verdict, to an adjacent

grove of trees, and were not out long before they returned, with a verdict of "guilty of hog-stealing in the first degree."

The judge told them that the verdict was proper except that they had omitted to assess the value of the property stolen, and that there was no degree to hog-stealing, and to retire again and bring in their verdict in "proper form." Again they retired, with pen, ink and paper, but rather nonplussed with regard to "form." They pondered long and deeply over what he meant by *form*. At last old W. Jim Turner, who had been a justice of the peace in Georgia, with a bright countenance, and a sly wink, as much as to say, "Look at me, boys—I understand a thing or two," wrote the verdict, and returned to the court-house. Old Jim handed the verdict to the clerk, with anxious pomposity, and sat down. Judge of the laughter when the clerk read the following:

*"We, the jeurey, pusilanimously find the defendant guilty in the sum of 1 dollar and a 1/2 in favor of the hog."*—HOOPER.

J. G. BALDWIN.

## THE FUNNY SIDE OF FISK.

BY "ELI PERKINS."

[MELVILLE D. LANDON was born in Eaton, N. Y., in 1840, graduated from Union College in 1861, became a journalist, travelled in Europe and Asia, and in 1871 published a history of the Franco-Prussian war. Mr. Landon first became noted as a humorist by his letters from Saratoga to the *N. Y. Commercial Advertiser*, signed "Eli Perkins." This was in 1872: shortly after he entered the lecture field, and contributed to the amusement of audiences all over the country. His peculiar humor is illustrated in his various books, "*Saratoga in 1901*" (1872) "*Eli Perkins at Large*" (1875) and "*Wit and Humor of the Age*" (1884.)

YES, Colonel Fisk was a funny man, and a man always full of humor could not have been a very bad man at heart.

Once I had occasion to spend an hour with the Colonel in his palatial Erie office, and a record of that hour I then wrote out. Fisk was being shaved as I entered, and his face was half-covered with foaming lather. Just then some one came in and told him that the gentlemen in the office had made up a purse of \$34 to be presented to little Peter, Fisk's favorite little office boy.

"All right," said the Colonel, smiling and wiping the lather from his face. "Call in Peter."

In a moment little Peter entered with a shy look and seemingly half frightened.

"Well, Peter," said the Colonel, as he held the envelope with the money in one hand and the towel in the other, "what did you mean, sir, by absenting yourself from the Erie Office, the other day, when both Mr. Gould and I were away, and had left the whole mass of business on your shoulders?"

Then he frowned fearfully, while Peter trembled from head to foot.

"But, my boy," continued Fisk, "I will not blame you; there may be extenuating circumstances. Evil associates may have tempted you away. Here, Peter, take this (handing him the \$34), and henceforth let your life be one of rectitude—quiet rectitude, Peter. Behold me, Peter, and remember that evil communications are not always the best policy, but that honesty is worth two in the bush."

As Peter went back to his place beside the outside door everybody laughed, and Fisk sat down again to have the other side of his face shaved.

Pretty quick in came a little dried-up old gentleman, with keen gray eyes surmounted by an overpowering Panama hat. The Erie Railway office was then the old gentleman's almost daily *rendezvous*. Here he would sit for hours at a time, and peer out from under his broad-brim at the wonderful movements of Colonel Fisk. Cautious, because he could move but slowly, this venerable gentleman, who made Wall Street tremble, hitched up to the gold indicator, all the time keeping one eye on the quotations and the other on the Colonel. As a feeler, he ventured to ask:

"How is Lake Shore this morning, Colonel?"

"Peter," said Fisk, with awful gravity, "communicate with the Great American Speculator and show him how they are dealing on the street!"

The old man chuckled, Gould hid a smile while smoothing his jetty whiskers, and little Peter took hold of the running wire with Daniel Drew. It was the beginning and the ending—youth and experience—simplicity and shrewdness—Peter and Daniel!



Little Peter was about ten years old, and small at that. Frequently large men would come into the Erie office and "bore" the Colonel. Then he would say:

"Here, Peter, take this man into custody, and hold him under arrest until we send for him!"

"You seem very busy to-day?" I remarked, handing the Colonel a cigar.

"Yes, Eli," said Fisk, smiling. "I'm trying to find out from all these papers where Gould gets money enough to pay his income tax. He never has any money—fact, sir! He even wanted to borrow of me to pay his income tax last summer, and I lent him four hundred dollars, and that's gone, too! This income business will be the ruination of Gould." Here the venerable Daniel Drew concealed a laugh, and Gould turned clear around, so that Fisk could only see the back of his head, while his eyes twinkled in enjoyment of the Colonel's fun.

"What will be the end of putting down the railroad fares, Colonel?" I asked, referring to the jealous opposition in fares then existing between the Erie and New York Central.

"End! why we haven't begun yet. We intend to carry passengers through to Chicago, before we get through, two for a cent and feed them on the way; and when old Van does the same the public will go on his road just to spite him!"

"Of course, the Erie is the best road," continued Fisk, in his Munchausen way. "It runs faster and smoother. When Judge Porter went up with me in the Directors' car, last winter, we passed 200 canal boats, about a mile apart, on the Delaware and Hudson canal. The train went so fast that the Judge came back and reported that he saw one gigantic canal boat ten miles long! Fact, sir! We went so fast the Judge couldn't see the gaps!"

"Are the other railroads going to help you in this fight?" I asked.

"Why, yes, they say they will; but they are all afraid to do anything till we get Vanderbilt tied fast. Do you want me to tell you who these other half-scared railroad fellows, Garrett and Tom Scott, remind me of?" asked the Colonel, leaning himself forward, with his elbows on his knees.

"Yes; who, Colonel?"

"Well, Scott and Garrett remind me of the old Texas ranchman, whose neighbors had caught a noted cattle-thief. After catching him, they tied him to a tree, hands and feet, and each one gave him a terrible cowhiding. When tired of walloping him, they left the poor thief tied to the tree, head and foot. He remained tied up there a good while in great agony, till by and by he saw with delight a strange man coming along.

"Who are you?" said the kindly-looking stranger.

"I'm Bill Smith, and I've been whipped almost to death," said the man in a pitiful tone.

"Ah, Bill Smith, how *could* they whip you—a poor lone man?" asked the sympathizing stranger.

"Why, don't you see? I'm tied."

"What, did they tie you up?"

"Yes, tied me tight. Don't you see the strings now?"

"Poor man! How could they be so cruel?" sighed the stranger.

"But I'm tied now," groaned the man.

"What! tied now—tied so you can't move this very moment, Bill?" asked the stranger, eagerly examining the ropes.

"Yes, tied tight, hands and feet, and I can't move a muscle," said the thief, pitifully.

"Well, William, as you are tied tight, I don't mind if I give you a few licks myself for that horse you stole from me," said the stranger, cutting a tremendous whip from a bunch of thorn bushes. "Then," said Fisk, "he flogged him awhile, just as all these small railroad fellows would like to flog Vanderbilt if he was well tied."

"But, alas, they never get Vanderbilt tied."

#### FISK AND MONTALAND.

When Montaland got on from Paris, last year, Fisk had just said farewell to "Josie," and so he took extra pains to make a good impression on his beautiful prima donna.

On the first sunshiny afternoon after Montaland had seen the Wonderful Opera House, Fisk took her out to the Park behind his magnificent six-in-hand. Passing up Fifth avenue, Montaland's eyes rested on A. T. Stewart's marble house.

"Vat ees zat?" she asked, in broken French.

"Why, that is my city residence," said Fisk, with an air of profound composure.

"*C'est magnifique—c'est grande!*" repeated Montaland, in admiration.

Soon they came to Central Park.

"Vat ees zees place?" asked Montaland.

"O, this is my country seat; these are my grounds—my cattle and buffaloes, and those sheep over there compose my pet sheepfold," said Fisk, twirling the end of his mustache à la Napoleon.

"*C'est très magnifique!*" exclaimed Montaland in bewilderment. "Mr. Fisk is one grand Américain!"

By-and-by they rode back and down Broadway, by the Domestic Sewing Machine building.

"And is zees your grand *maison*, too?" asked Montaland, as she pointed up to the iron palace.

"No, Miss Montaland; to be frank with you, that building does not belong to me," said Fisk, as he settled back with his hand in his bosom—"that belongs to Mr. Gould!"

#### BLACK AND WHITE.

Ten minutes after the poor convict left, a poor young negro preacher called.

"What do you want? Are you from Sing Sing, too?" asked Fisk.

"No, sir; I'm a Baptist preacher from Hoboken. I want to go to the Howard Seminary in Washington," said the negro.

"All right, Brother Johnson," said Fisk. "Here, Comer," he said, addressing his secretary, "give Brother Johnson \$20, and charge it to Charity," and the Colonel went on writing, without listening to the stream of thanks from the delighted negro.

#### DON'T COUNT CHARITY.

One day the Colonel was walking up Twenty-third street to dine with one of the Erie directors, when a poor beggar came along. The beggar followed after them, saying, in a plaintive tone, "Please give me a dime, gentlemen?"

The gentleman accompanying Fisk took out a roll of bills and commenced to unroll them, thinking to find a half or a quarter.

"Here, man!" said Fisk, seizing the

whole roll and throwing it on the sidewalk, "take the pile."

Then looking into the blank face of his friend, he said, "Thunderation, Sam, you never count charity, do you!"

"But, great guns, Colonel, there was \$20 in that roll," exclaimed the astonished gentleman.

"Never mind," said Fisk, "then I'll stand the supper to-night."

Somebody in Brattleboro came down to New York to ask Fisk for a donation to help them build a new fence around the graveyard where he is now buried.

"What in thunder do you want a new fence for?" exclaimed the Colonel. "Why, that old fence will keep the dead people in, and live people will keep out as long as they can, any way!"

#### FISK'S LAST JOKE.

The day before Fisk was shot he came into the office, and after looking over some interest account, he shouted, "Gould! Gould!"

"Well, what?" says Gould, stroking his jetty whiskers.

"I want to know how you go to work to figure this interest so that it amounts to more than the principal?" said the Colonel.

#### A DESPERATE RACE.

[JONATHAN F. KELLY, born in Philadelphia in 1817, and died in 1866. Under the *nom de plume* of "Falconbridge" he contributed to the New York Spirit of the Times, Yankee Blade and other journals many amusing and humorous sketches which in their day were widely read and very popular. He at one time edited the Bostonian.]

SOME years ago, I was one of a convivial party, that met in the principal hotel in the town of Columbus, Ohio, the seat of government of the Buckeye State.

It was a winter evening, when all without was bleak and stormy, and all within were blithe and gay; when song and story made the circuit of the festive board, filling up the chasms of life with mirth and laughter.

We had met for the express purpose of making a night of it, and the pious in-

tention was duly and most religiously carried out. The Legislature was in session in that town, and not a few of the worthy legislators were present upon this occasion.

One of these worthies I will name, as he not only took a big swath in the evening's entertainment, but he was a man more generally known than our worthy President, James K. Polk. That man was the famous Captain Riley, whose "narrative" of suffering and adventures is pretty generally known, all over the civilized world. Captain Riley was a fine, fat, good-humored joker, who at the period of my story was the representative of the Dayton district, and lived near that little city when at home. Well, Captain Riley had amused the company with many of his far-famed and singular adventures, which being mostly told before and read by millions of people, that have never seen his book, I will not attempt to repeat them.

Many were the stories and adventures told by the company, when it came to the turn of a well known gentleman who represented the Cincinnati district. As M—— is yet among the living, and perhaps not disposed to be the subject of joke or story, I do not feel at liberty to give his name. Mr.—— was a slow believer of other men's adventures, and at the same time much disposed to magnify himself into a marvellous hero whenever the opportunity offered. As Captain Riley wound up one of his truthful, though really marvellous adventures, Mr.—— coolly remarked, that the captain's story was all very well, but it did not begin to compare with an adventure that he had "once upon a time" on the Ohio, below the present city of Cincinnati.

"Let's have it!" "Let's have it!" resounded from all hands.

"Well, gentlemen," said the Senator, clearing his voice for action and knocking the ashes from his cigar against the arm of his chair. "Gentlemen, I am not in the habit of spinning yarns of marvellous or fictitious matters; and therefore it is scarcely necessary to affirm upon the responsibility of my reputation, gentlemen, that what I am about to tell you, I most solemnly proclaim to be truth, and—"

"Oh I never mind that, go on, Mr.——," chimed the party.

"Well, gentlemen, in 18— I came down

the Ohio river, and settled at Losanti, now called Cincinnati. It was, at that time, but a little settlement of some twenty or thirty log and frame cabins, and where now stands the Broadway Hotel and blocks of stores and dwelling-houses, was the cottage and corn patch of old Mr. ——, a tailor, who, by the by, bought that land for the making of a coat for one of the settlers. Well, I put up my cabin, with the aid of my neighbors, and put in a patch of corn and potatoes, about where the Fly Market now stands, and set about improving my lot, house, &c.

"Occasionally, I took up my rifle, and started off with my dog down the river, to look up a little deer, or *bar* meat, then very plenty along the river. The blasted red skins were lurking about, and hovering around the settlement, and every once in a while picked off some of our neighbors, or stole our cattle or horses. I hated the red demons, and made no bones of peppering the blasted serpents whenever I got a sight at them. In fact, the red rascals had a dread of me, and had laid a great many traps to get my scalp, but I wasn't to be catch'd napping. No, no, gentlemen, I was too well up to 'em for that.

"Well, I started off one morning, pretty early, to take a hunt, and travelled a long way down the river, over the bottoms and hills, but couldn't find no *bar* nor deer. About four o'clock in the afternoon, I made tracks for the settlement again. By and by, I sees a buck just ahead of me, walking leisurely down the river. I slipped up, with my faithful dog close in my rear, to within clever shooting distance, and just as the buck stuck his nose in the drink, I drew a bead upon his top-knot and over he tumbled, and splurged and bounded awhile, when I came up and relieved him by cutting his wizen—"

"Well, but what had that to do with an adventure?" said Riley.

"Hold on a bit, if you please, gentlemen—by Jove it had a great deal to do with it. For while I was busy skinning the hind quarters of the buck, and stowing away the kidney-fat in my hunting shirt, I heard a noise like the breaking of brush under a moccasin up 'the bottom.' My dog heard it and started up to reconnoitre, and I lost no time in re-

loading my rifle. I had hardly got my priming out before my dog raised a howl and broke through the brush towards me with his tail down, as he was not used to doing unless there were wolves, painters (panthers) or Injins about.

"I picked up my knife, and took up my line of march in a skulking trot up the river. The frequent gullies, on the lower bank, made it tedious travelling there, so I scrambled up to the upper bank, which was pretty well covered with buckeye and sycamore and very little under-brush. One peep below discovered to me three as big and strapping red rascals, gentlemen, as you ever clapt your eyes on! Yes, there they came, not above six hundred yards in my rear. Shouting and yelling like hounds, and coming after me like all possessed."

"Well, said an old woodsman sitting at the table, 'you took a tree of course?'"

"Did I? No, gentlemen! I took no tree just then, but I took to my heels like sixty, and it was just as much as my old dog could do to keep up with me. I ran until the whoops of my red skins grew fainter and fainter behind me; and clean out of wind, I ventured to look behind me, and there came one single red whelp, puffing and blowing, not three hundred yards in my rear. He had got on to a piece of bottom where the trees were small and scarce—now, thinks I, old fellow, I'll have you. So I trotted off at a pace sufficient to let my follower gain on me, and when he had got just about near enough, I wheeled and fired, and down I brought him, dead as a door nail, at a hundred and twenty yards!"

"Then you skelp'd (scalped) him immediately?" said the backwoodsman.

"Very clear of it, gentlemen, for by the time I got my rifle loaded, here came the other two red skins, shouting and whooping close on me, and away I broke again like a quarter-horse. I was now about five miles from the settlement, and it was getting towards sunset; I ran till my wind began to be pretty short, when I took a look back and there they came snorting like mad buffaloes, one about two or three hundred yards ahead of the other, so I acted possum again until the foremost Injin got pretty well up, and I wheeled and fired at the very moment he was 'drawing a bead' on me; he fell head over stomach into the dirt, and up came the last one!"

"So you laid for him and—" gasped several.

"No," continued the "member," "I didn't lay for him, I hadn't time to load, so I layed legs to ground, and started again. I heard every bound he made after me. I ran and ran, until the fire flew out of my eyes, and the old dog's tongue hung out of his mouth a quarter of a yard long!"

"Phe-e-e-w!" whistled somebody.

"Fact! gentlemen. Well, what I was to do I didn't know—rifle empty, no big trees about, and a murdering red Indian not three hundred yards in my rear; and, what was worse, just then it occurred to me that I was not a great way from a big creek, (now called Mill Creek,) and there I should be pinned at last.

"Just at this juncture I struck my toe against a root, and down I tumbled, and my old dog over me. Before I could scramble up—"

The "Indian fired!" gasped the old woodsman.

"He did, gentlemen, and I felt the ball strike me under the shoulder; but that didn't seem to put any embargo upon my locomotion, for as soon as I got up I took off again, quite freshened by my fall! I heard the red skin close behind me coming booming on, and every minute I expected to have a tomahawk dashed into my head or shoulders.

"Something kind of cool began to trickle down my legs into my boots—"

"Blood, eh? for the shot the varmint gin you," said the old woodsman, in a great state of excitement.

"I thought so," said the Senator, "but what do you think it was?"

Not being blood, we were all puzzled to know what the blazes it could be. When Riley observed—

"I suppose you had—"

"Melted the deer fat which I had stuck in the breast of my hunting shirt, and the grease was running down my legs until my feet got so greasy that my heavy boots flew off, and one hitting the dog, nearly knocked his brains out."

We all grinned, which the "member" noticing, observed—

"I hope, gentlemen, no man here will presume to think I'm exaggerating?"

"O, certainly not! Go on, Mr. —," we all chimed in.

"Well, the ground under my feet was

soft, and being relieved of my heavy boots, I put off with double quick time, and seeing the creek about half a mile off, I ventured to look over my shoulder to see what kind of a chance there was to hold up and load. The red skin was coming jogging along pretty well blown out, about five hundred yards in the rear. Thinks I, here goes to load any how. So at it I went—in went the powder, and putting on my patch, down went the ball about half-way, and off snapped my ramrod!

"Thunder and lightning!" shouted the old woodsman, who was worked up to the top-notch in the "member's" story.

"Good gracious! wasn't I in a pickle! There was the red whelp within two hundred yards of me, pacing along and loading up his rifle as he came! I jerked out the broken ramrod, dashed it away and started on, priming up as I cantered off, determined to turn and give the red skin a blast any how, as soon as I reached the creek.

"I was now within a hundred yards of the creek, could see the smoke from the settlement chimneys; a few more jumps and I was by the creek. The Indian was close upon me—he gave a whoop, and I raised my rifle; on he came, knowing that I had broken my ramrod and my load not down; another whoop! whoop! and he was within fifty yards of me! I pulled trigger and—"

"And killed him?" chuckled Riley.

"No, sir! I missed fire!"

"And the red skin—" shouted the old woodsman in a phrenzy of excitement—

"Fired and killed me!"

The screams and shouts that followed this finale brought landlord Noble, servants and hostlers, running up stairs to see if the house was on fire!

#### DODGING THE RESPONSIBILITY.

"Sir!" said Fieryfaces, the lawyer, to an unwilling witness, "Sir! do you say, upon your oath, that Blinkins is a dishonest man?"

"I didn't say he was ever accused of being an honest man, did I?" replied Pipkins.

"Does the court understand you to say, Mr. Pipkins, that the plaintiff's reputation is bad?" inquired the judge, merely

putting the question to keep his eyes open.

"I didn't say it was good, I reckon."

"Sir!" said Fieryfaces, "Sir-r! upon your oath—mind, upon your oath, you say that Blinkins is a rogue, villain, and a thief!"

"You say so," was Pip's reply.

"Haven't you said so."

"Why, you've said it," said Pipkins, "what's the use of my repeating it?"

"Sir-r!" thundered Fieryfaces, the Demosthenean thunderer of Thumbtown, "Sir-r! I charge you, upon your sworn oath, do you or do you not say—Blinkins stole things?"

"No, sir," was the cautious reply of Pipkins. "I never said Blinkins stole things, but I do say—he's got a way of finding things that nobody lost!"

"Sir-r," said Fieryfaces, "you can retire," and the court adjourned.

#### NOT CLASSICAL.

I KNEW an old lady in Liverpool once who kept an alehouse, not for profit, for she had plenty of money, but in order to enjoy the conversation of a select few. For a bar there was her little front parlour, and, but for a beer-engine in one corner, and a row of bottles and glasses on a shelf, you might have imagined the room to be a boudoir. A stranger, say, would enter, and call for a "gill o' ale" in a tone which, somehow, displeased the old lady. "Yill!" she would thunder, "Thee gits na' yill heer! Thee's nit classical. I see nowt but classical foak here. Git oot wi' thee!" If you were classical the gill of ale was brought to you by one of her pretty daughters, and the old lady did not much care whether you paid for it or not. Indeed, there was one specially ragged and unclean person a frequenter of the little ale-house in Button Street, who went, if I remember right, by the name of "Lily-white Muffins," who was incurably drunken and dissipated, but who was a famous Latin and Greek scholar, had been a fellow of a college at Oxford, and whose conversation was still charming. "Lily-white Muffins," the old lady would cry, "thee's gude for nowt; but thee's classical. Sally, gi' t'auld wretch a gill o' yill." And many a gill of Welsh ale did that deboshed scholar consume at the old lady's expense.

GEO. AUGUSTA SALLA.

## THE GOOSE.

I KNEW an old wife lean and poor,  
Her rags scarce held together;  
There strode a stranger to the door,  
And it was windy weather.

He held a goose upon his arm,  
He utter'd rhyme and reason,  
"Here, take the goose, and keep you warm,  
It is a stormy season."

She caught the white goose by the leg,  
A goose—'twas no great matter.  
The goose let fall a golden egg  
With cackle and with clatter.

She dropt the goose, and caught the pelf,  
And ran to tell her neighbours;  
And bless'd herself, and cursed herself,  
And rested from her labours.

And feeding high and living soft,  
Grew plump and able-bodied;  
Until the grave churchwarden doff'd,  
The parson smirk'd and nodded.

So sitting, served by man and maid,  
She felt her heart grow prouder:  
But, ah! the more the white goose laid  
It clack'd and cackled louder.

It clutter'd here, it chuckled there;  
It stirr'd the old wife's mettle;  
She shifted in her elbow-chair,  
And hurl'd the pan and kettle.

"A quinsy choke thy cursed note!"  
Then wax'd her anger stronger.  
"Go, take the goose, and wring her throat,  
I will not bear it longer."

Then yelp'd the cur, and yawl'd the cat;  
Ran Gaffer, stumbled Gammer.  
The goose flew this way and flew that,  
And fill'd the house with clamour.

As head and heels upon the floor  
They flounder'd all together,  
There strode a stranger to the door,  
And it was windy weather:

He took the goose upon his arm,  
He utter'd words of scorning;  
"So keep you cold, or keep you warm,  
It is a stormy morning."

The wild wind rang from park and plain,  
And round the attics rumbled,  
Till all the tables danced again.  
And half the chimneys tumbled.

The glass blew in, the fire blew out,  
The blast was hard and harder.  
Her cap blew off, her gown blew up,  
And a whirlwind clear'd the larder:

And while on all sides breaking loose  
Her household fled the danger,  
Quoth she, "The Devil take the goose,  
And God forget the stranger!"

ALFRED TENNYSON.

## JOLLY GOOD ALE AND OLD.

[The following well-known and thoroughly characteristic verses originally appeared in *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, an old English comedy, which was long supposed to be the earliest written in the language, but which now ranks as the second in point of age. It was written about 1561 by John Still, afterwards Bishop of Bath and Wells.]

I cannot eat but little meat;  
My stomach is not good;  
But sure I think that I can drink  
With him that wears a hood.  
Though I go bare, take ye no care,  
I nothing am a-cold,  
I stuff my skin so full within  
Of jolly good ale and old.

Back and side go bare, go bare;  
Both foot and hand go cold;  
But, belly, God send thee good ale enough,  
Whether it be new or old.

I love no roast but a nut-brown toast,  
And a crab laid in the fire;  
And little bread shall do me stead;  
Much bread I nought desire.  
No frost, no snow, no wind, I trow,  
Can hurt me if I wold,  
I am so wrapp'd, and thoroughly lapp'd,  
Of jolly good ale and old.

Back and side, etc.

And Tib, my wife, that as her life  
Loveth well good ale to seek,  
Full oft drinks she, till ye may see  
The tears run down her cheek:  
Then doth she troul to me the bowl,  
Even as a maltworm should,  
And saith, 'Sweetheart, I took my part  
Of this jolly good ale and old.'

Back and side, etc.

Now let them drink till they nod and wink  
 Even as good fellows should do ;  
 They shall not miss to have the bliss  
 Good ale doth 'bring men to.  
 And all poor souls that have scour'd bowls  
 Or have them lustily trou'd,  
 God save the lives of them and their wives,  
 Whether they be young or old.

Back and side, etc.

### CHIGGS.

To see me here with my glass and my jug,  
 And my fire, and my cat, and my meerschaum, too,  
 You'd think that I ought to be jolly and snug,  
 And so I am, thank you—the same to you.

Yet, somehow, sitting cosily here,  
 I think of the sunny summertime hours,  
 When the what-do-you-call-'em warbles clear,  
 And the breezes blow—likewise the flowers.

For the summer I love with a love as bright  
 As a poet feels for his Chloe or Nancy,  
 And musing dreamily here to-night,  
 I try to hurry it on in fancy.

I am lying, we'll say, in the nook I love,  
 Screen'd from the sunlight's scorching glow,  
 Watching the big clouds up above,  
 And blowing a lazy cloud below ;

Blowing a cloud from my meerschaum black,  
 And thinking or not, as I feel inclined,  
 With a light alpaca coat on my back,  
 And nothing particular on my mind ;

Dreaming, may be, of fame or strife,  
 Of hopes that kindle, of loves that bless—  
 Some people might call it wasting life,  
 But it's very pleasant, nevertheless.

And pleasanter still, when, after a while,  
 I hear a low footfall i' the grass ;  
 And lo ! with a fluttering blush and a smile,  
 She comes to meet me, my own wee lass.

My love of the blue eyes, tender and soft,  
 And yellow hair, in the sun that glisten'd,  
 With a smile that's the same I've seen so soft,  
 And a new pork-pie and a feather that isn't.

*Cara mia*, love is sweet,  
 Love and beauty, summer and youth,  
 And true is the love that I lay at your feet—  
 You may laugh, my dear, but you know  
 it's the truth.

So with love at our hearts—ecstatic boon !  
 And now and then a word and a smile,  
 We dream thro' the summer afternoon  
 In the Owen-Meredith-Bulwer style.

And then when the "Good-night" kiss o' the  
 sun  
 Has touch'd her cheek to a daintier red,  
 And twilight is soberly stealing on,  
 And yokels are toddling home to bed ;

Arm-in-arm on our homeward walk,  
 Thro' the country lanes and the corn-fields  
 dear,  
 We wile the way with such tender talk  
 As maidens and young men love to hear.

Heigho ! this is all very nice, you knew,  
 Yet somehow no maiden nor summer is  
 nigh,  
 And the only corn is the corn on my toe,  
 And that'll want cutting by-and-by.

As for thinking my dream 'll come true, why  
 that  
 Would be one of the most absurd o' rigs ;  
 For I'm rather bald, and uncommonly fat,  
 And my name isn't Norval, but only Chiggs.  
 GEO. ARNOLD.

### SIGNS OF RAIN.

[DR. JENNER, the celebrated discoverer of vaccination (1749-1823), wrote the following lines as an excuse for not accepting the invitation of a friend to join him in an excursion.]

The hollow winds begin to blow,  
 The clouds look black, the glass is low,  
 The soot falls down, the spaniels sleep,  
 And spiders from their cobwebs peep.  
 Last night the sun went pale to bed,  
 The moon in halos hid her head ;  
 The boding shepherd heaves a sigh,  
 For, see, a rainbow spans the sky.  
 The walls are damp, the ditches smell,  
 Closed is the pink-eyed pimpernell.  
 Hark ! how the chairs and tables crack,  
 Old Betty's joints are on the rack ;  
 Loud quacks the duck, the peacocks cry,  
 The distant hills are looking nigh.  
 How restless are the snorting swine,  
 The busy flies disturb the kine ;  
 Low o'er the grass the swallow wings ;  
 The cricket, too, how sharp he sings.  
 Puss on the hearth, with velvet paws,  
 Sits, wiping o'er his whisker'd jaws.  
 Through the clear stream the fishes rise,  
 And nimbly catch th' incautious flies ;  
 The glowworms, numerous and bright,  
 Illumed the dewy dell last night ;

At dusk the squalid toad was seen,  
Hopping and crawling o'er the green;  
The whirling wind the dust obeys,  
And in the rapid eddy plays;  
The frog has changed his yellow vest,  
And in a russet coat is drest.  
Though June, the air is cold and still;  
The yellow blackbird's voice is shrill.  
My dog, so alter'd in his taste,  
Quits mutton bones, on grass to feast;  
And see, yon rooks, how odd their flight,  
They imitate the gliding kite,  
And seem precipitate to fall—  
As if they felt the piercing ball.  
'Twill surely rain, I see with sorrow;  
Our jaunt must be put off to-morrow.

## THE BEGGAR'S SOLILOQUY.

Now, this, to my notion, is pleasant cheer,  
To lie alone on a ragged heath,  
Where your nose isn't sniffing for bones or  
beer,  
But a peat-fire smells like a garden be-  
neath.  
The cottagers bustle about the door,  
And the girl at the window ties her strings.  
She's a dish for a man who's a mind to be  
poor;  
Lord! women are such expensive things.  
We don't marry beggars, said she: why,  
no;  
It seems that to make 'em is what you  
do;  
And as I can cook, and scour, and sew,  
I needn't pay half my victuals for you.  
A man for himself should be able to scratch,  
But tickling's a luxury:—love, indeed!  
Love burns as long as a lucifer match,  
Wedlock's the candle! Now, that's my  
creed.  
The church-bells sound water-like over the  
wheat;  
And up the long path troop pair after  
pair.  
The man's well brushed, and the woman looks  
neat:  
It's man and woman everywhere!  
Unless, like me, you lie here flat,  
With a donkey for friend, you must have a  
wife:  
She pulls out your hair, but she brushes your  
hat.  
Appearances make the best half of life.  
You nice little madam! you know you're  
nice.  
I remember hearing a parson say  
You're a plateful of vanity pepper'd with  
vice;

Yon chap at the gate thinks t'other way.  
On his waistcoat you read both his head and  
his heart:  
There's a whole week's wages there figured  
in gold!  
Yes! when you turn round you may well give  
a start:  
It's fun to a fellow who's getting old.  
Now, that's a good craft, weaving waistcoats  
and flowers,  
And selling of ribbons, and scenting of  
lard;  
It gives you a house to get in from the  
showers,  
And food when your appetite jockeys you  
hard.  
You live a respectable man; but I ask  
If it's worth the trouble? You use your  
tools,  
And spend your time, and what's your task?  
Why, to make a slide for a couple of  
fools.  
You can't match the colour o' these heath  
mounds,  
Nor better that peat-fire's agreeable smell.  
I'm cloth'd-like with natural sights and  
sounds;  
To myself I'm in tune: I hope you're as  
well.  
You jolly old cot! though you don't own  
coal:  
It's a generous pot that's boil'd with peat.  
Let the Lord Mayor o' London roast oxen  
whole:  
His smoke, at least, don't smell so sweet.  
I'm not a low Radical, hating the laws,  
Who'd the aristocracy rebuke.  
I talk o' the Lord Mayor o' London because  
I once was on intimate terms with his  
cook.  
I served him a turn, and got pensioned on  
scraps,  
And, Lord, sir! didn't I envy his place,  
Till Death knock'd him down with the softest  
of taps,  
And I knew what was meant by a tallowy  
face!  
On the contrary, I'm a Conservative quite;  
There's beggars in Scripture 'mongst Gen-  
tiles and Jews:  
It's nonsense trying to set things right,  
For if people will give, why, who'll re-  
fuse?  
That stopping old custom wakes my spleen:  
The poor and the rich both in giving agree.  
Your tight-fisted shopman's the Radical  
mean:  
There's nothing in common 'twixt him and  
me.



He says I'm no use! but I won't reply,  
 You're lucky not being of use to him!  
 On week-days he's playing at Spider and Fly,  
 And on Sundays he sings about Cherubim!  
 Nailing shillings to counters is his chief work:  
 He nods now and then at the name on his door:

But judge of us two at a bow and a smirk,  
 I think I'm his match: and I'm honest—  
 that's more.

No use! well, I mayn't be. You ring a pig's  
 snout,  
 And then call the animal glutton! Now, he,  
 Mr. Shopman, he's nought but a pipe and a  
 spout

Who won't let the goods o' this world pass  
 free.

This blazing blue weather all round the brown  
 crop,

He can't enjoy! all but cash he hates.  
 He's only a snail that crawls under his  
 shop;

Though he has got the ear o' the magis-  
 trates.

Now, giving and taking's a proper exchange,  
 Like question and answer: you're both  
 content.

But buying and selling seems always strange;  
 You're hostile, and that's the thing that's  
 meant.

It's man against man—you're almost brutes;  
 There's here no thanks, and there's there  
 no pride.

If Charity's Christian, don't blame my pur-  
 suits,

I carry a touchstone by which you're tried.

—"Take it," says she, "it's all I've got:"

I remember a girl in London street:

She stood by a coffee-stall, nice and hot,

My belly was like a lamb that bleats.

Says I to myself, as her shilling I seized,

You haven't a character here, my dear

But for making a rascal like me so pleased,

I'll give you one, in a better sphere!

And that's where it is—she made me feel

I was a rascal: but people who scorn,

And tell a poor patch-breech he isn't genteel,

Why, they make him kick up—and he treads  
 on a corn.

It isn't liking, it's curst ill-luck,

Drives half of us into the begging-trade:

If for taking to water you praise a duck,

For taking to beer why a man upbraid?

The sermon's over: they're out of the porch,  
 And it's time for me to move a leg;

But in general people who come from church,  
 And have called themselves sinners, hate  
 chaps to beg.

I'll wager they'll all of 'em dine to-day!  
 I was easy half-a-minute ago.  
 If that isn't pig that's baking away,  
 May I perish!—we're never contented—  
 heigho!

GEORGE MEREDITH.

### BLUE STOCKINGS.

The newspapers lately have taught us to know  
 How some strong-minded hens are beginning  
 to crow.

But, dear ladies, beware: take the word of a  
 friend,

That, when rivalry comes, all affection must  
 end.

With the brightest of *spoons* 't would be war  
 to the *knife*

In political contests 'twixt husband and wife;  
 And the sentence of doom might be sudden  
 and brief,

If a feminine subaltern jilted her chief.

We men take a pride in concealing our chains,  
 And would like to be thought to monopolise  
 brains;

So I'll give you this maxim, my counsels to  
 crown,—

*If the stockings are blue, keep the petticoats down.*  
 AXON.

### THE ILL WIND.

In debt, deserted, and forlorn,

A melancholy elf

Resolved, upon a Monday morn,

To go and hang himself.

He reach'd the tree, when lo! he views

A pot of gold conceal'd;

He snatch'd it up, threw down the noose,

And scamper'd from the field.

The owner came—found out the theft,

And, having scratch'd his head,

Took up the rope the other left,

And hung himself instead.

### ALL SAINTS.

In a church which is furnish'd with mullion  
 and gable,

With altar and reredos, with gargoyle and  
 groin,

The penitents' dresses are sealskin and sable,

The odour of sanctity's eau-de-Cologne.

But only could Lucifer, flying from Hades,

Gaze down on this crowd with its panniers  
 and paints,

He would say, as he look'd at the lords and  
 the ladies,

"Oh, where is All Sinners', if this is All  
 Saints'!"

EDMUND YATES.

# PROCTOR KNOTT'S DULUTH SPEECH.

*In the House of Representatives, January 27, 1871.*

[J. PROCTOR KNOTT, born in Kentucky, 1830, became attorney-general of Missouri, afterward Representative in Congress from Kentucky, and is now (1884) Governor of Kentucky. He possesses remarkable talent for humor and for caricature in graphic art, both of which are the diversions of a mind engrossed in the serious business of the law, and political affairs.]

[THE immediate occasion of the following speech was the pressure upon the House of Representatives of a bill which had passed the Senate, extending the time to construct a railroad from the St. Croix River to Lake Superior at Duluth, Minn. and to Bayfield, Wisconsin. The former grant of land by Congress having lapsed by the failure of the railroad company to build the railway within the five years stipulated, it came before Congress in 1871, for a renewal of the enormous free grant of the public lands, amounting to 1,418,451 acres. The bill was passed by zealous and interested members on the floor of the House and by a powerful lobby from the outside. Besides this the bill stood as a representative measure, and a test question as to the disposition of Congress to make or to renew subsidies in land for the benefit of private corporations. The Senate passed the bill without difficulty, but in the House, after the exposures of the monstrous land grants already made, and after Mr. Knott of Kentucky had covered with ridicule the whole scheme for the aggrandizement of Duluth, the bill was defeated by a decisive majority. It put an effectual quietus upon all land grants from that day to this]

MR. SPEAKER:—If I could be actuated by any conceivable inducement to betray the sacred trust reposed in me by those to whose generous confidence I am indebted for the honor of a seat on this floor: if I could be influenced by any possible consideration to become instrumental in giving away, in violation of their known wishes, any portion of their interest in the public domain for the mere promotion of any railroad enterprise whatever, I should certainly feel a strong inclination to give this measure my most earnest and hearty support; for I am assured that its success would materially enhance the pecuniary prosperity of some of the most valued friends I have on earth: friends for whose accommodation I would be willing to make almost any sacrifice not involving my personal honor or my fidelity as the trustee of an ex-

pressed trust. And that fact of itself would be sufficient to countervail almost any objection I might entertain to the passage of this bill not inspired by an imperative and inexorable sense of public duty.

Now, sir, I have been satisfied for years that if there was any portion of the inhabited globe absolutely in a suffering condition for want of a railroad it was these teeming pine barrens of the St. Croix. At what particular point on that noble stream such a road should be commenced I knew was immaterial, and so it seems to have been considered by the draughtsman of this bill. It might be up at the spring or down at the foot-log, or at the water-gate, or the fish-dam, or anywhere along the bank, no matter where. But in what direction should it run, or where it should terminate, were always to my mind questions of the most painful perplexity. I could conceive of no place on "God's green earth" in such straitened circumstances for railroad facilities as to be likely to desire or willing to accept such a connection. I knew that neither Bayfield nor Superior City would have it, for they both indignantly spurned the munificence of the Government when coupled with such ignominious conditions, and let this very same land grant die on their hands years and years ago rather than submit to the degradation of a direct communication by railroad with the piny woods of the St. Croix; and I knew that what the enterprising inhabitants of those giant young cities would refuse to take would have few charms for others, whatever their necessities or cupidity might be.

Hence, as I said, sir, I was utterly at a loss to determine where the terminus of this great and indispensable road should be until I accidentally overheard some gentleman the other day mention the name of "Duluth." Duluth! The word fell upon my ear with peculiar and indescribable charm, like the gentle murmur of a low fountain stealing forth in the midst of roses, or the soft, sweet accents of an angel's whisper, in the bright joyous dream of sleeping innocence. Duluth! 'Twas the name for which my soul had panted for years, as the hart panteth for water-brooks. But where was Duluth? Never, in all my limited reading, had my vision been gladdened by seeing the

celestial word in print. And I felt a profounder humiliation in my ignorance, that its dulcet syllables had never before ravished my delighted ear. I was certain the draughtsman of this bill had never heard of it, or it would have been designated as one of the termini of this road. I asked my friends about it, but they knew nothing of it. I rushed to the Library and examined all the maps I could find. I discovered in one of them a delicate, hair-like line, diverging from the Mississippi near a place marked Prescott, which I supposed was intended to represent the river St. Croix, but I could nowhere find Duluth.

Nevertheless, I was confident it existed somewhere, and that its discovery would constitute the crowning glory of the present century, if not of all modern times. I knew it was bound to exist in the very nature of things; that the symmetry and perfection of our planetary system would be incomplete without it, that the elements of material nature would long since have resolved themselves back into original chaos if there had been such a hiatus in creation as would have resulted from leaving out Duluth. In fact, sir, I was overwhelmed with the conviction that Duluth not only existed somewhere, but that wherever it was, it was a great and glorious place. I was convinced that the greatest calamity that ever befell the benighted nations of the ancient world was in their having passed away without a knowledge of the actual existence of Duluth; that their fabled Atlantis, never seen save by the hallowed vision of inspired poesy, was, in fact but another name for Duluth; that the golden orchard of the Hesperides was but a poetical synonym for the beer gardens in the vicinity of Duluth. I was certain that Herodotus had died a miserable death because in all his travels and with all his geographical research he had never heard of Duluth. I knew that if the immortal spirit of Homer could look down from another heaven than that created by his own celestial genius upon the long lines of pilgrims from every nation of the earth to the gushing fountain of poesy opened by the touch of his magic wand, if he could be permitted to behold the vast assemblage of grand and glorious productions of the lyric art called into being by his own inspired strains, he

would weep tears of bitter anguish that instead of lavishing all the stories of his mighty genius upon the fall of Troy it had not been his more blessed lot to crystallize in deathless song the rising glories of Duluth. Yet, sir, had it not been for this map, kindly furnished me by the Legislature of Minnesota, I might have gone down to my obscure and humble grave in an agony of despair, because I could nowhere find Duluth. Had such been my melancholy fate, I have no doubt that with the last feeble pulsation of my breaking heart, with the last faint exhalation of my fleeting breath I should have whispered, "Where is Duluth?"

But, thanks to the beneficence of that band of ministering angels who have their bright abodes in the far-off capital of Minnesota, just as the agony of my anxiety was about to culminate in the frenzy of despair, this blessed map was placed in my hands; and as I unfolded it a resplendent scene of ineffable glory opened before me, such as I imagine burst upon the enraptured vision of the wandering peri through the opening gates of paradise. There, there for the first time my enchanted eye rested upon the ravishing word "Duluth."

This map, sir, is intended, as it appears from its title, to illustrate the position of Duluth in the United States, but if gentlemen will examine it, I think they will concur with me in the opinion that it is far too modest in its pretensions. It not only illustrates the position of Duluth in the United States, but exhibits its relations with all created things. It even goes further than this. It lifts the shadowy veil of futurity, and affords us a view of the golden prospects of Duluth, far along the dim vista of ages yet to come.

If gentlemen will examine it, they will find Duluth not only in the centre of the map, but represented in the centre of a series of concentric circles one hundred miles apart, and some of them as much as four thousand miles in diameter, embracing alike in their tremendous sweep the fragrant savannas of the sunlit South, and the eternal solitudes of snow that mantle the ice-bound North. How these circles were produced is perhaps one of those primordial mysteries that the most skillful paleologist will ever be able to explain. But the fact is, sir, Duluth is

pre-eminently a central place, for I am told by gentlemen who have been so reckless of their own personal safety as to venture away into those awful regions, where Duluth is supposed to be, that it is so exactly in the centre of the visible universe, that the sky comes down at precisely the same distance all around it.

I find by reference to this map, that Duluth is situated somewhere near the western end of Lake Superior, but as there is no dot or other mark indicating its exact location, I am unable to say whether it is actually confined to any particular spot, or whether "it is just lying around there loose." I really cannot tell whether it is one of those ethereal creations of intellectual frost work, more intangible than the rose-tinted clouds of a summer sunset; one of those airy exhalations of the spectator's brain, which I am told are ever fitting in the form of towns and cities along those lines of railroad, built with Government subsidies, luring the unwary settlers, as the mirage of the desert lures the famished traveller on, and ever on until it fades away in the darkening horizon, or whether it is a real *bona fide*, substantial city, all "staked off," with the lots marked with their owner's name, like that proud commercial metropolis lately discovered on the desirable shores of San Domingo. But, however that may be, I am satisfied Duluth is there, or thereabouts; for I see it stated here on this map that it is exactly thirty-nine hundred and ninety miles from Liverpool, though I have no doubt, for the sake of convenience it will be moved back ten miles, so as to make the distance an even four thousand.

Then, sir, there is the climate of Duluth, unquestionably the most salubrious and delightful to be found anywhere on the Lord's earth. Now, I have always been under the impression, as I presume other gentlemen have, that in the region around Lake Superior it was cold enough for at least nine months in the year to freeze the smokestack off a locomotive. But I see it represented, on this map, that Duluth is situated exactly half way between the latitudes of Paris and Venice, so that gentlemen who have inhaled the exhilarating airs of the one or basked in the golden sunlight of the other, must see at a glance that Duluth must be a place of untold delights, a terrestrial paradise,

fanned by the balmy zephyrs of an eternal spring, clothed in the gorgeous sheen of ever blooming flowers, and vocal with the silvery melody of nature's choicest songsters. In fact, sir, since I have seen this map I have no doubt that Byron was vainly endeavoring to convey some faint conception of the delicious charms of Duluth, when his poetic soul gushed forth in the rippling strains of that beautiful rhapsody:

"Know ye the land of the cedar and vine,  
Where the flowers ever blossom, the beams ever shine;  
Where the light wings of Zephyr, oppressed with perfume,

Wax faint o'er the gardens of Gul in her bloom:  
Where the citron and olive are fairest of fruit,  
And the voice of the nightingale never is mute;  
Where the tints of the earth and the hues of the sky,  
In color though varied, in beauty may vie."

As to the commercial resources of Duluth, sir, they are simply illimitable and inexhaustible, as is shown by this map. I see it stated here that there is a vast scope of territory, embracing an area of over two million square miles, rich in every element of material wealth, and commercial prosperity, all tributary to Duluth. Look at it, sir. Here are inexhaustible mines of gold, immeasurable veins of silver, impenetrable depths of boundless forest, vast coal-measures, wide, extended plains of richest pasturage, all—all embraced in the vast territory, which, must, in the very nature of things, empty the untold treasures of its commerce into the lap of Duluth.

Sir, I might stand here for hours and hours and expatiate with rapture on the gorgeous prospects of Duluth, as depicted upon this map. But human-life is too short, and the time of this House far too valuable to allow me to linger longer upon the delightful theme. I think every gentleman on this floor is as well satisfied as I am that Duluth is destined to become the commercial metropolis of the universe, and that this road should be built at once. I am fully persuaded that no patriotic Representative of the American people who has a proper appreciation of the associated glories of Duluth and the St. Croix, will hesitate a moment to say that every able-bodied female in the land, between the ages of eighteen and forty-five, who is in favor of "women's rights," should be drafted and set to work

upon this great work without delay. Nevertheless, sir, it grieves my very soul to be compelled to say that I cannot vote for the grant of lands provided for in this bill.

Ah, sir! you can have no conception of the poignancy of my anguish that I am deprived of that blessed privilege! There are two insuperable obstacles in the way. In the first place my constituents, for whom I am acting here, have no more interest in this road, than they have in the great question of culinary taste, now perhaps agitating the public mind of Dominica, as to whether the illustrious commissioners who recently left this capital for that free and enlightened republic, would be better fricasseed, boiled or roasted; and in the second place these lands, which I am asked to give away, alas, are not mine to bestow! My relation to them is simply that of trustee to an express trust. And shall I ever betray that trust! Never, sir! Rather perish Duluth! Perish the paragon of cities! Rather let the freezing cyclone of the bleak North-west bury it forever beneath the eddying sands of the raging St. Croix!

#### PROCTOR KNOTT'S SPEECH ON THE PAVING OF PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE.

*In the House of Representatives, May 20, 1870.*

Mr. Chairman, let us beautify and adorn "the capital of the nation." It is true, as has been stated that the Government owns about one-half of the property in the city. But, sir, if the inhabitants had done one tithe in the way of improving their half that the Government has done in adorning its share, the place would stand in no further need of embellishment. For while the Government has as I shall presently show, contributed with a most lavish munificence to the relief of the necessities and to the promotion of the comforts and conveniences of the people of this city, it has been equally prodigal in ministering to their æsthetical tastes.

I will say nothing of the splendid public edifices which, although erected for its own accommodation, reflect an immensely enhanced value upon the

property of the private citizen, but simply call attention to the millions it has expended in beautifying and adorning the public reservations, which it purchased and paid for to the original proprietors of the soil, thus rendering this one of the most attractive cities on the continent to the stranger, while to the resident it has become one of the most delightful abodes. If any gentleman entertains a doubt upon this point let him walk through Lafayette Square. Let him swing around the circle south of the presidential palace, or stand on the splendid esplanade in the front of the Agricultural Department. Let him snuff the fragrant air that hangs over the public gardens. Let him look at the broad promenades, paved with immense flags of polished sandstone, the wide and commodious drives, sweeping round up an easy and graceful radius with the true line of beauty. Let him tread the sinuous foot-paths laid with an elastic concrete of white sea-sand, bordered with shrubbery that would have lent new charms to Calypso's favorite bower, and winding away in all the intricate mazes of the Cretan labyrinth.

Let him do this, and he will find that the Government has taken care so far as it is concerned that no stain shall pollute the satin slipper of the favored beauty as she glides along in sylph-like loveliness; that no speck of dust shall settle upon the costly laces of her gorgeous robe as she reclines in ecstatic languor upon the downy cushions of her splendid carriage; that even the perfumed zephyr as he steals from beds of rare exotics, shall not kiss her velvet cheek too rudely, nor the dancing sunbeam taste delicious fragrance that exhales from her honeyed lips; while the toil-browned, bare-footed daughter of the honest, hard-working tax-paying farmer or mechanic, in Indiana or Kentucky in her homespun gown, innocent of crinoline or train, must—

"Skelpit on through dub and mire,  
Despising wind and rain and fire."

Understand me, sir, I am finding no fault with the people of Washington about any of these things. I entertain nothing but the kindest feelings in the world toward them, and rejoice to know that they are so fortunate as to have the privilege of enjoying the fruit of the Government's

munificence in improving "the nation's capital." But I do hope that after we shall have paved and lighted all their streets for them, after we shall have supplied all their houses with water, after we shall have contributed in every possible way to their comforts, convenience and tastes, they will not insist on our making an appropriation to pay salaries to the little cast-iron niggers, which I see some gentlemen have put up in front of their houses to hitch their horses to.

But, Mr. Chairman, I have heard one reason very frequently urged for the passage of this bill which candor compels me to admit, almost convinced me that we ought not only to appropriate this sum of \$180,000, but any other amount that might be necessary to repave Pennsylvania avenue at the very earliest possible period of time; and that is, that it is so much used by the horde of office-holders that throng the thoroughfares of this city in numbers almost equal to the hosts which were hurled with Lucifer from the battlement of heaven. For, sir, if there is a being on earth for whose comfort and convenience I entertain the profoundest solicitude, if there is one whose smallest want stirs my sympathetic soul to its serenest depths, it is your office-holder, your public functionary. When I see one of that "noble army of martyrs" bidding adieu to his home and all the sweets of private life, for which he is so eminently fitted by nature, to immolate himself upon the altar of his country's service for four long years, Homer's touching picture of the last sad scene between the noble Hector and his weeping family rises before my sympathetic imagination. When I see him plunging recklessly into an office of the duties of which he is profoundly and defiantly ignorant, I am reminded of the self-sacrificing heroism of Curtius, when he leaped into the yawning gulf which opened in the Roman forum. When I behold him sadly contemplating his majestic features in one of those gorgeous and costly mirrors which is furnished him at the public expense, my heart goes out to him in sympathy. When I see him seated sorrowfully at a miserable repast of sea-terrapin and champagne, my very bowels yearn for him. And when I see him performing the only duty for

which he is fully competent—signing the receipt for his monthly pay—I am so overwhelmed, with pity for his miserable condition, that I wish I were in his place. When such considerations as these, sir, have come crowding upon my mind, appealing to every generous sentiment of my better nature; when I have thought how the official nerves of our poor neglected public servants are racked by "the car rattling o'er the stony street," I have felt under the sudden impulse of the moment, that we ought to tear up the old cobble-stone pavement on the avenue, and supply its place with one of the new fashioned patent wooden ones, over which the splendid carriages of our Government officials, with their coats of arms and liveried outriders might glide as smoothly and noiselessly as the aerial car of the fairy queen through the rose-tinted clouds of the upper ether.

But, alas, the House is estopped, Mr. Chairman, by its own action, to entertain any such considerations as these; for when my friend from Ohio [Mr. Mungen] some time ago offered a resolution, inquiring how many carriages, horses, harness, and other trappings of nobility the Government furnished its officials at its own expense, it was promptly rejected, on the ground, as I supposed, that it was a great State secret, and that it should not even be hinted to the plebeian taxpayers in the country that our Government officials here ever rode in carriages at all, but that they should be left to indulge the innocent illusion that their self-sacrificing servants here at "the capital of the nation," bowed down by the cares of State, or the painful burdens of their own ponderous intellects, plod slowly along, with eyes bent upon the ground, while their hearts are with the loved ones far away.

Sir, I would like to meet one of your constituents (Mr. PAINE in the chair) in his suit of homespun butternut—pardon me, I believe some wear butternut in your State. I say I should like to meet one of your honest-hearted patriotic old constituents, who feels an honest pride in the fancied simplicity and purity of our republican form of Government, down here at the junction of Pennsylvania avenue and Seventh street, where the one-legged veteran with his hand-organ grinds

out his wailing appeal to the charity of his patriotic countrymen as they pass, when some gentleman high in authority sweeps by in his splendid phaeton behind a spanking span of thoroughbreds, driven by a flunky dressed in a drab overcoat and a stove-pipe hat, with a silver buckle in front of it almost as big as a garden gate. I would like to see him open his eyes and stare at the passing pageant. I think I can see him now watching the glittering equipage. As it fades away in the dim perspective the old man turns slowly away, muttering, "*sic transit gloria mundi*," and the maimed soldier strikes up "That's the way the money goes; pop goes the weasel!"

Yes, sir; I would like to accommodate our office-holders with a smooth and commodious pavement; but as I honestly think we cannot, the best advice I can give them is, if they cannot stand it to resign. The whole country will approve their indignant resolution. \*\*\*

But, Mr. Chairman, in my judgment there is more in this measure than seems to be visible on the surface.

I think, sir, it contains the materials for another of those never-ending repasts for the hungry flock of small retainers who hover like vultures about this capital to prey on governmental garbage, and for which there must be paid out of the public Treasury an unlimited amount of money. Lay not, I beseech you, the flattering unction to your soul, that because the amount to be expended in this project appears to be limited to \$180,000, that it will stop there. I tell you there is no power short of an omniscient Providence that can foretell what the Government will eventually have to pay for the improvement of this avenue if it undertakes it at all. It is true, that assisted by the wonderful powers of science, the astronomer can sit in his closet and tell precisely at what moment, and at what particular part of the sidereal heavens, a comet will reappear, who has been absent a thousand years on his pathless pilgrimage through the wilderness of space, and true to the very letter of the prophecy his fiery train flashes upon our vision. He tells us there hangs upon the confines of our system a nameless planet, so far away in the dim regions of the outer universe that mortal eye hath never seen it. We turn the telescope upon the point

he indicates, and there is the stranger world, which has swept on in silent grandeur unseen by man since creation's morning dawn. He predicts a total eclipse of the sun a hundred years in the future, and names the exact time and place upon the earth at which the sublime phenomenon will first be seen, and whether it be upon the costly icebergs of Alaska or the blood-stained soil of suffering Cuba, punctual to the second the gigantic shadow falls upon the precise spot he indicates. But, sir, to foretell what any public improvement about this city will cost, or when it will be finished, not only defies the highest powers of mathematics, but is beyond the utmost range of human conjecture itself.

Yes, sir.

When "the stars shall fade away, the sun himself grow dim with age, and nature sink in years," then, and not till then, may you expect to see one of these Government jobs completed, and the last deficiency bill passed to pay for it. To some gentlemen this language may sound like hyperbole, but I would ask them to show me one single Government job around this city that has yet been finished. There is the Washington aqueduct to which I alluded a while ago. That work was commenced under an appropriation made eighteen years ago, and nearly every Congress since that time has made appropriations, every one of which was considered sufficient to insure its completion, until the Government has expended upon it nearly or quite three millions and a quarter of money. Yet, notwithstanding the work has, since I have known anything about it, been under the supervision of the most skilful and faithful engineers, who, I am glad to say, I believe have performed their duty honestly and well, it is to-day unfinished.

But if this will not satisfy the most incredulous that I speak within the bounds of sober reason, I would ask how much has been expended and still remains to be expended in the improvement of this building and the grounds immediately around it, and when they will likely be completed. Sir, when I look out upon these Capitol grounds, and see one half of the year occupied in wheeling back upon these terraces the dirt which has washed down during the other half, I sometimes think that when Virgil wrote

his description of the punishment of Sisyphus in hell he must have had a sort of prophetic eye upon the superintendent of the Capitol extension.

The fact is, when I came here three years ago, and saw the scorpion scourge of Tisiphone applied without mercy to every one even suspected of rebel sympathies; when I saw the pale images of Washington, Hancock, Jefferson, Hamilton, and other dead heroes and sages looking out upon me with their dull cold eyes from every niche of this Capitol, while I fancied that the ghosts of murdered States were flitting through every corridor like "the unquiet shades who haunt the Stygian shore," with the constitution prostrate and chained like the Titan to his rock, with the vulture of faction rending and tearing at its vitals, to my unsophisticated imagination the poet's picture of the infernal regions was so vividly reproduced, that I should have been certain that he meant Sisyphus to represent the superintendent if I had not known that poor Sisyphus had to roll his own stone and never got a cent for it, while the superintendent had a large gang of well paid hands to do the work, and he was drawing a fat salary for seeing them do it. \* \* \*

Mr. Chairman, I have trespassed upon the courtesy of the committee I fear too long, certainly much longer than I had any idea of when I commenced, yet there are one or two thoughts further that I would like to suggest. Suppose, sir, that we do feel like exercising a liberal generosity in this matter, are we in a condition to do so? A wise and prudent business man who contemplates the bestowal of a large charity will be sure to examine his balance-sheet before he does it. He will examine his resources. He will consider his liabilities. He will foot up his bank-book and count over his money. Now, how does our account stand? We are informed by the Secretary of the Treasury that our bonded debt amounts to about \$2,500,000,000. Have you, sir, any conception of the magnitude of that sum? Has any gentleman here? I make no imputation upon your intellect when I say you do not. Try if you can realize it unit by unit. Can you do it? Sir, it is not within the power of the human intellect! The brain reels beneath the immensity of the conception.

You had as well undertake to number the seconds on the dial of eternity.

There is one way, however, and only one way by which the human intellect can approach a realization of the magnitude of this sum; and that is by comparison. Each greenback dollar bill is about seven inches in length. Now, place two thousand five hundred millions of them in a line, and you will find it will be over two hundred and fifty thousand miles long! Geographers tell us it is twenty-five thousand miles around this earth. Our public debt would therefore make a band of greenback dollars that could encircle this globe more than ten times. It is said to be two hundred and forty thousand miles from the earth to the moon. If this is so, our debt would make a rope of greenback dollars long enough to cable the moon to the earth, and leave over ten thousand miles to sag! Now, this House has repeatedly declared that this debt, principal and interest, shall be paid, and to meet the annually accruing interest upon it, the people all over the country are taxed in every conceivable way that the ingenuity of Congress can suggest. \* \* \*

I would be obliged if some gentleman would tell me what the city of Washington would be without the seat of Government? Suppose that this spacious and magnificent structure, the Treasury building, the Patent Office, the White House, the Agricultural Department, the War Office, the Navy Department, the Smithsonian Institute, the City Hall, the public gardens, statuary, fountains, trees, shrubbery, and a thousand other things that the Government has placed here to beautify and adorn this city, without one farthing's expense to its inhabitants, should to-night be removed by some powerful genii, how do you imagine the place would look in the morning?

Sir, let this city which some seem to regard as the pride of the Republic, if not the glory of the entire universe, be stripped of the advantages it derives from the mere fact that the seat of government is located here; from Congress, with the countless hosts of hungry lobbyists who crowd the corridors of this Capitol; from the Departments, with their endless retinue of employes, retainers, supernumeraries, office-seekers, and office-brokers; let all the paraphernalia of the



Government be torn from it, and in ten years Pennsylvania avenue will be over-run with broom-sedge, the fox will make his den in the tangled thickets of La Fayette park, and the owl hoot at noonday amid the crumbling corridors of Willard's Hotel and the Metropolitan. While as it is, sir, the location of the Capital here is a source of direct revenue to every inhabitant of the place, from the properties of the Arlington House, whose retinue of liveried flunkies ministers to the luxurious tastes of the exquisite sybarite, down to the bootblack who waylays the unsuspecting foot-passenger upon every corner of the streets.

### NED GERAGHTY'S LUCK.

[JOHN BROCKHAM, born in Ireland (b. 1814, d. 1874), was the author of upwards of a hundred dramatic pieces, including "*The Game of Life*," "*The Game of Love*," "*Romance and Reality*," "*All Fair in Love*," "*Flies in the Web*," "*Playing with Fire*," etc.—was for more than twenty years a popular actor and an active contributor to American magazines.]

#### CHAPTER I.

BRAVE old Ireland is the Land of Fairies, but of all the various descriptions there isn't one to be compared with the LEPRECHAUN, in the regard of cunning and 'cuteness. Now if you don't know what a Leprechaun is, I'll tell you. Why then—save us and keep us from harm, for they are queer chaps to *gosh* about—a Leprechaun is the fairies' shoemaker; and a mighty conceited little fellow he is, I assure you, and very mischievous, except where he might happen to take a liking.

But, perhaps, the best way to give you an idea of their appearance and characteristics, will be to tell you a bit of a story about one.

Once upon a time, then, many years ago, before the screech of the steam engine had frightened the "good people" out of their quiet nooks and corners, there lived a rollicking, good-natured, rakish boy, called Ned Geraghty; his father was the only miller in the neighborhood for miles round, and being a prudent, saving kind of an old hunk, was considered to be amazingly well off, and the name of the town they lived in would knock all the teeth out of the upper jaw of an Eng-

lishman to pronounce: it was called Ballinaskerrybaughkilinashaghlin.

Well, the boy, as he grew up to a man's estate, used to worry the old miller nearly out of his seven senses, he was such a devil-may-care, good-for-nothing. Attend to any thing that was said to him he would not, whether in the way of learning or of business. He upset ink-bottle upon ink-bottle upon his father's account-books, such as they were; and at the poor apology for a school, which the bigotry of the reverend monopolizers of knowledge permitted to exist in Ball—, the town—he was always famous for studying less and playing more, than any boy of his age in the barony.

It isn't to be much wondered at then, that when, in the course of events, old Geraghty had the wheat of life threshed out of him by the flail of un pitying Time, Master Ned, his careless, reprobate son, was but little fitted to take his position as the head-miller of the country.

But to show you the luck that runs after, and sticks close to some people, whether they care for it or not, as if, like love, it despiseth the too ardent seeker.

Did you ever take notice, that two men might be fishing together at the same spot, with the same sort of tackle and the same sort of bait, one will get a bushel full before the other gets a bite—that's luck,—not that there's any certainty about it; for the two anglers might change places to-morrow. Ah! it's an uncomfortable, deceiving, self-confidence-destroying, Jack-o'-lantern sort of thing is that same luck, and yet, how many people, especially our countrymen, cram their hands into their pockets, and fully expect that the cheating devil will filter gold through their fingers.

But, good people, listen to me, take a friend's advice, don't trust her, and of this be assured, although a lump of luck may, now and then—and mighty rarely at that—exhibit itself at your very foot, yet to find a good vein of it you must dig laboriously, unceasingly. Indolent humanity, to hide its own laziness, calls those *lucky* men, who, if you investigate the matter closely, you'll find have been simply *industrious* ones.

But to return to the particular luck which laid hold of Ned Geraghty, every body thought, and every body of course, the worst, and that Ned the rover would

soon make ducks and drakes of the old man's money; that the mill might as well be shut up now, for there was nobody to see after it: every gossip, male and female, had his or her peculiar prognostic of evil. Sage old men shook their heads, grave old matrons shrugged their shoulders, while the unanimous opinion of the marriageable part of the feminine community was, that nothing could possibly avert the coming fatality, except a careful wife.

Now, candor compels the historian to say, that the mill-hoppers did not go so regularly as they did formerly; and, moreover, that Ned, being blessed with a personal exterior, began to take infinite pains in its adornment. Finer white cords and tops could not be sported by any squireen in the parish; his green coat was made of the best broadcloth, an intensely bright red Indian handkerchief was tied openly round his neck, a real beaver hat on his impudent head, and a heavy thong-whip in his hand, for he had just joined modestly in the Bally etc., etc. hunt.

This was the elegant apparition that astonished the sober and sensible town folk, a very few months after the decease of the miserly old miller, and of course all the evil forebodings of the envious and malicious were in a fair way to be speedily consummated, when my bold Ned met the piece of luck that changed the current of his life, and gave the lie to those neighborly and charitable prognostics.

It was on one fine moonlight night that Ned was walking homeward by a short cut across the fields, for his sorry old piece of horse-flesh had broken down in that day's hunt, and for many a weary mile he had been footing it through bog and brier, until, with fatigue and mortification, he felt both heart-sick and limb-weary, when all at once his quick ear caught the sound of the smallest kind of a voice, so low, and yet so musical, singing a very little ditty to the accompaniment of tiny taps upon a diminutive lapstone. Ned's heart gave one great bound, his throat swelled, and his hair stuck into his head like needles.

"May I never eat another day's vittals, if it ain't a Leprechaun," said he to himself, "and the little villain is so busy with his singing that he didn't hear me coming; if I could only catch a-howlt of him, my fortune's made."

With that, he stole softly towards the place from whence the sounds proceeded, and peeping slyly over a short clump of blackthorn, there, sure enough, he saw a comical little figure not more than an inch and a half high, dressed in an old fashioned suit of velvet, with a cocked hat on his head, and a sword by his side, as grand as a prime minister, hammering at a morsel of fairies' sole-leather, and singing away like a cricket that had received a musical education.

"Now's my chance," said Ned, as quick as thought he dropt his hat right over the little vagabond. "Ha! ha! you murtherin schemer, I've got you tight," he cried, as he crushed his hat together, completely imprisoning the Leprechaun.

"Let me out, Ned Geraghty; you see I know who you are," squalled the little chap.

"The devil a toe," says Ned, and away he scampered towards home with his prize, highly elated, for he knew that the Leprechauns were the guardians of all hidden treasure, and he was determined not to suffer him to escape until he had pointed out where he could discover a pot of gold.

When Ned had reached home, the first thing he did was to get a hammer and some nails, and having placed his hat upon the table, he fastened it securely by the brim, the little fellow screeching and yelling like mad.

"Now, my boy, I've got you safe and snug," says Ned, as he sat down in his chair to have a parley with his prisoner.

"There's no use in kicking up such a hullabulloo—tell me where I can find a treasure, and I'll let you go."

"I won't, you swaggering blackguard, you stuck up lump of conceit, you good for nothing end of the devil's bad bargain, I won't," and then the angry little creature let fly a shower of abuse that gave Ned an indifferent opinion of fairy gentility.

"Well, just as you please," says he; "it's there you'll stay till you do," and with that Ned makes himself a fine, stiff tumbler of whisky-punch, just to show his independence.

"Ned" said the little schemer, when he smelt the odor of the spirits, "but that's potteen."

"It's that same it is," says Ned.

"Ah! ye rebel! ain't you ashamed of

yourself to chate the gauger. Murther alive! how well it smells," chirps the cunning rascal, snuffing like a kitten with a cold in his head.

"It *tastes* better, *avic*," says Ned, taking a long gulp, and then smacking his lips like a post-boy's whip.

"Arrah, don't be greiggin a poor devil that way," says the Leprechaun, "and me as dry as a lime-burner's wig?"

"Will you tell me what I want to know, then?"

"I can't, really I can't," says the fairy, but with a pleasanter tone of voice.

"He's coming round," thought Ned to himself, and as with a view of propitiating him still further,

"Here's your health, old chap," says he, "and it's sorry I am to be obliged to appear so contrhary, for may this choke me alive if I wish you any harm in the world."

"I know you don't, Ned, allana," says the other, as sweet as possible; "but there's one thing I'd like you to do for me."

"And what might that be?"

"Jest give us the least taste in life of that elegant punch, for the steam of it's gettin' under the crevices, an' I declare to my gracious it's fairly killin' me with the drouth."

"Nabocklish," cried Ned, "I'm not such a fool; how am I to get it at you?"

"Aisy enough; just stick a pin-hole in the hat, and gi' me one of the hairs o' your head for a straw."

"Bedad, I don't think that would waste much o' the liquor," says Ned, laughing at the contrivance; "but if it would do you any good, here goes."

So Ned did as the Leprechaun desired, and the little scoundrel began to suck away at the punch like an alderman, and by the same token the effect it had on him was curious: at first he talked mighty sensibly, then he talked mighty lively, then he sung all the songs he ever knew; then he told a lot of stories as old as Adam, and laughed like the mischief at them himself; then he made speeches, then he roared, then he cried, and at last, after having indulged in

Willie brewed a peck o' malt,

down he fell on the table with a thump as though a small sized potato had fallen on the floor.

"Oh! may I never see glory," roared

Ned, in an explosion of laughter, "if the little ruffian ain't as drunk as a piper."

"Ha! Ned, Ned, you unfeelin' reprobate an' bad Christian; have you no compassion at all at all," squeaked the Leprechaun in drunken but most miserable accents.

"Oh!—oh!—oh!" the poor little creature groaned, like a dying tadpole.

"What's the matter?" says Ned, with real concern. "Is there any thing I can do for you?"

"Air! air!" grunted the Leprechaun.

"The fellow's dead drunk," thought Ned, "so there'll be no harm in lettin' him have a mouthful of fresh air;" so he ripped up two or three of the nails, when, with a merry little laugh, the cunning vagabond slid through his fingers, and disappeared like a curl of smoke out of a pipe.

"Mushen then, may bad luck be to you, for a deludin' disciple, but you've taken the conceit out o' me in beautiful style," cried Ned, as he threw himself into his chair, laughing heartily, however, in spite of his disappointment, at the clever way the little villain had effected his release.

"What a fool I was to be taken in by the dirty mountebank."

"No, you are not," said the voice, just above his head.

Ned started with surprise, and looked eagerly round.

"There's no use in searching my boy; I've got my liberty, and I'm now invisible," said the voice, "but you're lettin' me out was a proof that you had a good heart, Ned, and I'm bound to do you a good turn for it."

"Why then, yer a gentleman ivery inch of ye, though it's only one an' a bit," cried Ned, jumping up with delight; "what are you goin' to gi' me? a treasure!"

"No, better than that," said the voice.

"What then?"

"A warning."

What the warning was we shall see in the next chapter.

## CHAPTER II.

"WHAT the mischief is the matter wid me at all at all?" said Ned; "sure don't I know every foot of the ground between this and the next place, wherever it is? but bad luck attend the bit of me knows where I'm stan'in' now."

"Howsomever, I can't stand here all night, no here goes for a bowld push, somewhere or another."

With that, my bold Ned struck at random through the fields in one direction, hoping to find some well-known landmark which might satisfy him as to his whereabouts, but all in vain, the whole face of the country was changed; where he expected to meet with trees, he encountered a barren waste; in the situation where he expected to find some princely habitation, he met with nothing but rocks—he never was so puzzled in his life.

In the midst of his perplexity, he sat down upon a mound of earth, and scratching his head, began seriously to ponder upon his situation.

"I'll take my Bible oath I was on my track before I met with that devil of a Leprechaun," said he, and then the thought took possession of him, that the deceitful fairy had bewitched the road, so that he might wander away, and perhaps lose himself amongst the wild and terrible bogs.

He was just giving way to an extremity of terror, when, upon raising his eyes, what was his astonishment to find that the locality which, before he sat down, he could have sworn was nothing but a strange and inhospitable waste, was blooming like a garden; and what's more, he discovered, upon rubbing his eyes, to make sure that he was not deceived, it was his own garden, his back rested against the wall of his own house; nay, the very seat beneath him, instead of an earthy knoll, was the good, substantial form that graced his little door-porch.

"Well," cries Ned, very much relieved at finding himself so suddenly at home, "if that don't beat the bees, I'm a heathen; may I never leave this spot alive if I know how I got here no more nor the man in the moon: here goes for an air o' the fire, any way, I'm starved intensely wid the cowlid."

Upon that he started to go in, when he found that he had made another mistake; it wasn't the *house* he was close to, but the *mill*.

"Why, what a murtherin' fool I am this night; sure it's the mill that I'm forninst, and not the house," said he, "never mind, it's lucky I am, to be so near home, any way; there it is, just

across the paddock;" so saying, he proceeded towards the little stile which separated the small field from the road, inly wondering as he went along, whether it was the Leprechaun or the whisky that had so confused his proceedings.

"It's mighty imprudent that I've been in my drinkin'," thought he, "for if I had drunk a trifle less, the country wouldn't be playin' such ingenious capers wid my eyesight, and if I had drunk a trifle more, I might a hunted up a soft stone by way of a pillow, and made my bed in the road."

Arrived at the stile, a regular phenomenon occurred, which bothered him more and more—he couldn't get across it, notwithstanding the most strenuous exertion; when he went to step over, the rail sprang up to his head, and when taking advantage of the opening he had to duck under he found it close to the ground.

The moon now popped behind a dense, black cloud, and sudden darkness fell upon the place, while at the same moment, the slow, rusty old village clock gave two or three premonitory croaks, and then banged out the hour of midnight.

Twelve o'clock at night is, to the superstitious, the most terror-fraught moment the fearful earth can shudder at, and Ned was strongly imbued with the dread of ghostly things; at every bang of the deep-toned old chronicler, he quivered to the very marrow of his bones; his teeth chattered, and his flesh rose up into little hillocks.

There he was, bound by some infernal power. The contrary stile baffled all his efforts to pass it: the last reverberation of the cracked bell ceased with a fearful jar, like the passing of a sinner's soul in agony, and to it succeeded a silence yet more terrible.

"May-be it's dyin' that I am," thought Ned; and all that was lovely and clinging in God's beautiful world, rushed across his mind at the instant.

"If it is to be my fate to leave it all, so full of life and hope, and yet so unmindful of the great blessings I have unthankfully enjoyed, heaven pity me, indeed, for I'm not fit to go." At this moment his ear caught a most familiar sound, that of the mill-hopper, so seldom heard lately, rising and falling in regular succession.

Surprised still more than ever, he turned round and beheld the old mill, brilliantly lighted up; streams of brightness poured

from every window, door, and cranny, while the atmosphere resounded with the peculiar busy hum which proceeds from an industriously employed multitude.

Fear gave place to curiosity, and Ned stealthily crept towards the mill opening, and looked in; the interior was all a-blaze with an infinity of lights, while myriads of diminutive figures were employed in the various occupations incidental to the business. Ned looked on with wonder and admiration to see the celerity and precision with which every thing was done; great as was the multitude employed, all was order and regularity; here thousands of little atomies pushed along sack after sack of corn—there, numberless creatures ground and deposited the flour in marked bags, while Ned recognized his old friend, the Leprechaun, poring over a large account-book, every now and then reckoning up a vast amount of bank bills and dazzling gold pieces.

Ned's mouth fairly watered as he saw the shining metal, and he heard the crisp creasing of the new bank notes which took the little accountant ever so long to smooth out, for each one would have made a blanket for him; as soon as the Leprechaun had settled his book affairs to his satisfaction, he after the greatest amount of exertion, assisted by a few hundred of his tiny associates, deposited the money in a tin case, whereupon Ned distinctly read his name.

While he was hesitating what course to adopt, whether to try and capture the Leprechaun again, or wait to see what would eventuate, he felt himself pinched on the ear, and on turning round, he perceived one of the fairy millers standing on his shoulders, grinning impudently in his face.

"How do you do, sir?" says Ned, very respectfully, for he knew the power of the little rascals too well to offend them.

"The same to you, Ned Geraghty, the sporting miller," says the fairy. "Haven't we done your work well?"

"Indeed, an' it's that you have, sir," replied Ned, "much obleeged to you, I am, all round."

"Won't you go in and take your money?" says the fairy.

"Would it be entirely convenient?" said Ned, quietly, although his heart leaped like a salmon.

"It's yours, every rap, so in an' lay a-

howld ov it," said the other, stretching up at his ear.

"They wouldn't be agin' me havin' it, inside, would they?" inquired Ned.

"The money that you have earned yourself, we can't keep from you," said the fairy.

"That's true enough, and sure if I didn't exactly earn it myself, it was earned in my mill, and that's all the same;" and so, quieting his scruples by that consoling thought, Ned put on a bold front, and walked in to take possession of the tin case, in which he had seen such an amount of treasure deposited. There was not a sound as he entered—not a movement as he walked over to the case; but as he stooped down and found that he could no more lift that box from the ground than he could have torn a tough old oak up by the roots, there arose such a wild, musical, but derisive laugh from the millions of fairy throats, that Ned sank down upon the coveted treasure, perplexed and abashed; for one instant he held down his head with shame, but summoning up courage he determined to know the worst, when, as he raised his eyes, an appalling scene had taken place.

The fairies had vanished, and instead of the joyous multitude fitting like motes in a sunbeam, he beheld one gigantic head which filled the entire space; where the windows had been, a pair of huge eyes winked and glowered upon him; the great beam became a vast nose, the joists twisted themselves into horrible matted hair, while the two hoppers formed the enormous lips of a cavernous mouth. As he looked spell-bound upon those terrible features, the tremendous lips opened, and a voice like the roar of a cataract when you stop your ears and open them suddenly, burst from the aperture.

The sound was deafening, yet Ned distinguished every syllable.

"Ain't you afraid to venture here?" bellowed the voice.

"For what, your honor?" stammered out Ned, more dead than alive.

"For weeks and weeks not a morsel has entered these stony jaws, and whose fault is it? yours!" thundered the awful shape; "you have neglected us, let us starve and rot piecemeal; but we shall not suffer alone—you, you! must share in our ruin."

At these words, a pair of long, joist-like arms thrust themselves forth, and getting behind Ned, swept him into the space between the enormous hoppers—the ponderous jaws opened wide—in another instant he would have been crushed to atoms. But the instinct of self-preservation caused him to spring forward, he knew not where; by a fortunate chance he just happened to leap through the door, alighting with great force on his head; for a long time, how long he could not tell, he lay stunned by the fall; and, indeed, while he was in a state of insensibility, one of his neighbors carried him home, for he remembered no more until he found himself in bed, with a bad bruise outside of his head, and worse ache within.

As soon as he could collect his senses, the scenes of the past night arose vividly to his mind.

"It is the Leprechaun's warning," said he, "and it's true he said it was better far than gold, for now I see the error of my ways, and more betoken, it's mended that I will, and a blessin' upon my endayvors."

It is but fair to Ned to say that he became a different man; gave up all his fine companions and evil courses, and stuck diligently to his mill, so that in process of time he lived to see well-filled the very tin case that the Leprechaun showed him in *the warning*.

JOHN BROUGHAM.

### A ROUGH TRANSLATION.

[ALEXANDER E. SWEET and J. ARMORY KNOX, in their newspaper, "Texas Siftings," originate many of the best humorous sketches which go the rounds of the newspapers. Sweet first won attention by a column which he edited in the Galveston News under the name which was subsequently given to their newspaper after he entered into partnership with Knox.]

A YOUNG lady moving in the most exalted social circles of Austin, after much toil and practice at the piano, learned to play with considerable dexterity a piece entitled: "Picnic Polka." It is something after the style of the celebrated "Battle of Prague." The listener can readily distinguish the roar of the artillery, the rattle of the musketry, the shouts of the soldiers and the groans of the dying. In the "Picnic Polka" the noise of the wind among the trees and the joyous

carols of the birds are reproduced, the finale being a thunder shower which disturbs the sylvan revelers. It happens that a country cousin is in town just now, and the young lady thought she would play the piece to him and hear his comment. He is a plain, simple-minded youth, and although not very bright, is very appreciative. She told him what the piece was and then proceeded to give him the "Picnic Polka." The first notes are rather slow and hesitating, the idea sought to be conveyed being the solemn solitude of the forest, through which the gentle zephyr (not heifer) sighs. After she got through with this preface, she asked him if he did not almost imagine himself in a lodge in some vast wilderness. He replied that he thought all that slowness meant the delay in getting off. Said he: "There is always some plaguey cuss who over-sleeps himself and keeps everybody else waiting."

She did not care to discuss the point with the ignorant fellow, so, to conceal her emotions, she once more let herself out on the piano. The woods were filled with music. The mocking bird whistled as if his throat would split, the cuckoo filled the sylvan bowers with his repeated cry, while ever and anon the mournful cooing of the dove interrupted the matin song of the lark.

"There, now, I guess you know what that sounds like?" she said, as she paused.

"You mean that 'tootle, tootle, tootle, chug, chug, chug?'" You just bet I understand that. Many is the time at a picnic I've heard it from the mouth of a demijohn, or the bunghole of a beer-keg.

Her first impulse was to hurl the piano stool at him, but it passed off, and once more she went at the piano as if it was the young man's head and was insured for double its value. The thunder growled, the lightning flashed (from her eyes) and the first heavy drops are heard upon the leaves. She banged and mauled the keys at a fearful rate; peal after peal of deafening thunder perturbed the atmosphere and re-echoed in still louder reverberation until it wound up in one appalling clap as a grand finale. Then, turning to the awe-struck youth, she said: "I suppose you have heard something like that before?"

"Yes; that's what the fellow with linen pants said when he sat down on the custard pie."

The audience found himself alone, but he picked up his hat and sauntered out into the street, densely unconscious that he had said anything out of the way.

J. A. Knox.

### THE CAYOTE.

THE Cayote is about two-thirds the size of a yellow dog, and looks like a second-hand wolf in straightened circumstances. He bears about the same relation to the genuine wolf that the buzzard does to the eagle, or that a chicken thief does to a modern bank cashier. He has a perpetual air of being ashamed of himself, or of something he has done. As you catch a glimpse of him, trotting away from one lot of timber to another, looking back over his ears, and with his tail furled around his left leg, he looks as if he were aware that the police had a clue to his whereabouts and were working up his case. No one ever saw a fat cayote. You may catch a young one, civilize him as much as you can, feed him on canned groceries, and put a brass collar on him, but his ribs will still be his most prominent feature, and at the first favorable opportunity he will voluntarily and ungratefully leave your hospitable roof, and from choice become a roving vagabond on the prairie, living on carrion and sharing his meal with the buzzard. These predatory shadows are not at all dangerous. There is no fight in them. They are fatal to sheep when the cayote majority is forty to a minority of one sick sheep, but otherwise they are quite harmless. What they lack in courage they make up in craftiness. They will twist themselves into all manner of grotesque postures, and tumble around in the long grass, that the rabbit or young fawns may, by curiosity, be induced to come within reach of their sharp fangs. This last playful characteristic of the cayote was described to us by a friend, who was a New York newspaper reporter, and acquainted with a cayote that resided in a cage in Central Park. His statement may, therefore, be relied on, even to the length of the grass. The cayote has a small head and fox-like ears, but the

biggest end of him is his voice. The mellifluous, silver-toned euphony of one of his nocturnal overtures would scare a monkey off a hand organ, and make an Italian opera singer hang himself with envy, and one of his own chords. When he slinks up, and, seating himself in the twilight of a camp-fire on the prairie, opens out with a canticle and runs up the scale—starting with a diminuendo whine, throwing in a staccato shriek, and ending with a crescendo howl—the sonoric outburst terrifies the Genius of Acoustics, and makes the welkin ring, until it cracks itself and has to be carried off and repaired.

A hardy frontiersman, traveling over the boundless prairies of western Texas, when the shades of night are beginning to fall, prepares to camp for the night. He stakes out his tired steed to graze on the flower-bespangled grass, while he prepares his frugal meal. Having placed his weapons within easy reach, he spreads his blankets, and stretching his weary limbs, resigns himself to the care of the drowsy god. Suddenly the air is alive with direful yells, shrieks and howls, as if all the Indians on the American continent had been turned loose. Does the hardy frontiersman spring to his feet, seize his trusty rifle, and prepare to sell his life as dearly as possible? He does not. He merely turns over and mutters drowsily, "d—n a cayote, anyhow," for he knows that of all the wild beasts that roam the jungle, the cayote is the most harmless.

One cayote at night can make enough noise to induce the inexperienced traveler to believe that there are at least fifty of them in the immediate neighborhood. If a cayote was assayed, we venture to predict that he would be found to consist of one part wolf and nine parts of vocal ability. The only time when the voice of the cayote, as one of the resources of Texas, has any value, is when it is used to take the conceit out of some smart stranger from the Eastern States. The acclimated Texan induces the stranger to go with him in pursuit of game, and to camp out on the prairie or in the woods, and he enjoys the stranger's fear when he hears the cayotes for the first time as they howl around the camp-fire in "the dead waste and middle of the night." It is difficult to convince the stranger that the

cayote will not make a meal of him, and eat his horse and baggage for dessert. In fact, it is not the policy of the Texan to convince the stranger.

That this popular fallacy regarding the ferocity of the cayote exists, was illustrated not long since in the remarks made by a Northern preacher, in a sermon he preached shortly after his arrival in the State. He was illustrating how the heedless sinner refused to benefit by the most earnest warning, in the very presence of the wrath to come. He said: "Dear friends, methinks I see two men walking out on one of your bee-utiful prairies. They enjoy the perfume of the flowers, the songs of the innocent little birds, and the calm, quiet beauty of your glorious Indian summer evenings. Communing together, they walk along heedless of danger. The sun sinks to rest beyond the distant horizon; the curtain of night gradually descends and closes out the light of day; still the two men walk leisurely along, feeling safe and secure. But, hark! What sound is that in the distance? What blood-curdling howl makes them arrest their steps? It is, dear friends—it is the cry of the wolves on their track—the fierce and blood-thirsty cayote in hot pursuit, ah! And what think you do these two unfortunate men do? One of them, my beloved congregation, realizes his danger and running to a tree, climbed up by the aid of a convenient branch, out of reach of the cruel fangs of the relentless beasts of prey. He called unto his companion and said unto him: 'O, my brother, reach out and take hold of this branch, climb up here beside me, and be saved!' But the other said: 'No, there is no danger; the wolves are still a long way off—I have time enough.' Alas! dear hearers, while he was yet speaking, the dreadful cayotes came upon him, and, rending him limb from limb, devoured him even in the twinkling of an eye. Thus it is, O, careless and heedless sinners, that you, to-night, stand, etc., etc." When the preacher concluded the services and was leaving the church, he was accosted by old man Parker, (who has lived in Texas since '36), who said: "Parson, the front end of your discourse was grand and gloomy, and calculated to bluff the unconverted sinner. You had a full hand, and might have raked in all the mourn-

ers in the pot; but, Lord bless your soul, you played a nine spot when you chipped in with that wolf yarn. Yes, Doctor, you played — when you got on that cayote lay!"

J. ARMORY KNOX.

### A FOILED BOOK AGENT.

A YOUNG man with a large book under his arm and a seven-by-nine smile on his mug stuck his head into the ticket window at the Union depot, and asked the clerk what the fare was to San Antonio.

"Ten dollars and fifteen cents," replied the ticket slinger.

"I am pining to leave Austin, but I lack ten dollars of the ticket money. However, that shan't part us. I'll make a partial cash payment of fifteen cents and take the rest out in trade."

"What do you mean by taking it out in trade?"

"I am a book agent, and if you will let me have the ticket, I won't try to sell you a book. I won't say book to you once. This is the most liberal and advantageous offer ever made to the public, and you ought to take advantage of it. I have been known to talk a sane man so completely out of his senses in fifteen minutes that he wasn't even fit to send to the legislature afterward."

"What book have you got?" asked the ticket agent.

A beaming smile came over the book agent's face, and in a sing song voice he began:

"I am offering in seventeen volumes Dr. Whiffletree's observations in Palestine, a book that should be in every family, a book that comprises the views of the intelligent doctor of what he saw in the Holy Land, with numerous speculations and theories on what he did not see, altogether forming a complete library of deep research, pure theology and chaste imagery. I am now offering this invaluable encyclopedia for the unprecedented low price of two dollars a volume, which is really giving it away for nothing——"

After the book agent had kept this up for about ten minutes, he began to grow discouraged, for, instead of showing signs of weakening, the ticket agent, with an ecstatic smile on his face, begged the eloquent man to keep on.



The book agent stopped to rest his jaw when the ticket man reached out his hand and said: "Shake, ole fel! Come inside and take a chair, and sing that all over again. That cheers me up like a cocktail. I used to be a book agent myself before I reformed and went into the railroad business, and that is 'like music to me. It soothes me all over. It calls back hallowed memories of the past, and makes me want to go out on the road again. I would rather pay twenty dollars than have you leave Austin. You must come around every day. I could listen to that all day, and cry for more."

The book agent shut his book and said:

"Some infernal hyena has given me away, but there is another railroad that I can get out of this one-horse town on. I'll not consent to travel on any road that don't employ gentlemen who can treat a cash customer with common politeness. You can't capture my book on any terms, and if you will come out of your cage I'll punch your head in less time than you can punch a ticket." And he passed away like a beautiful dream.

A. E. SWEET.

#### HE TOOK IT ALL BACK.

"Do you mean to call me a liar?" asked one rival railroad man of another railroad man, during a dispute on business they had on Austin Avenue yesterday.

"No, Colonel, I don't mean to call you a liar. On the contrary, I say you are the only man in town who tells the truth all the time, but I'm offering a reward of twenty-five dollars and a chromo to any other man who will say he believes me when I say you never lie," was the response.

"Well, I'm glad you took it back," replied the other party, as they shook.

A. E. SWEET.

#### THE TEXAS CLIMATE.

THE climate of Texas is an unabridged one, and we would be doing it an injustice if we did not devote some space to it in this paper.

When the pious old Spanish mission-

aries first came to Western Texas to convert the Indians, and everything else they could lay their hands on, to their own use, they noticed the extreme balminess of the atmosphere, the gorgeous Italian sunsets, and the superior quality of the climate. They were surprised that the Creator would waste so much good climate on the wicked heathen. Back where they came from, where all the folks were good Catholics and observed 211 holy days in the year, they couldn't raise as much climate per annum as they could harvest in Western Texas in one short week.

In the early days of the Republic of Texas, and even after annexation, many of the white men who came to Western Texas from all parts of the United States had strong sanitary reasons for preferring a change of climate. To be more explicit, the most of the invalids had been threatened with throat disease. So sudden and dangerous is this disease that the slightest delay in moving to a new and milder climate is apt to be fatal, the sufferer dying of dislocation of the spinal vertebra at the end of a few minutes and a rope. A great many men, as soon as they heard of Western Texas, left their homes in Arkansas, Indiana, and other States—left immediately, between two days—the necessity for their departure being so urgent that they were obliged to borrow the horses they rode to Texas on. All of these invalids recovered on reaching Austin. In fact, they began to feel better, and considered themselves out of danger as soon as they crossed the Brazos river. Some of those who would not have lived twenty-four hours longer if they had not left their old homes reached a green old age in Western Texas, and, by carefully avoiding the causes that led to their former troubles, were never again in any danger of the bronchial affection already referred to. As soon as it was discovered that the climate of Western Texas was favorable towards invalids, a large number of that class of unfortunates came to Austin. Many well authenticated cases of recoveries are recorded. Men have been known to come to Austin far gone in consumption, and so far recover as to be able to run for office within a year, and to be defeated by a large and respectable majority, all owing to the atmosphere and the popularity of the other candidate.

There is very little winter in Western Texas. But for the Northerners Austin would have almost a tropical climate, as it is situated on the same parallel of latitude as Cairo, in Egypt, where they have tropics all the year around. As it is, there is seldom any frost, although it is not an unusual thing for lumps of ice several inches thick to be found—in tumblers, by those who go to market in the early morning. Occasionally New Year's calls are made in white linen suits and an intoxicated condition. Spring begins seriously in February. The forest trees put on their beautiful garments of green, and the fruit trees come out in bloom. Prairie flowers and freckles come out in this month, and the rural editor begins to file away spring poetry. In February stove-pipes are laid away in the woodshed, and the syrup of squills and kough kure man puts a coat of illuminated texts on the garden fence. Seedticks are not pulled until April, but after the middle of March there is no danger of the mosquito crop being frozen. Early in March the doctors oil their stomach-pumps, for the green mulberry ripens about that time, and has to be removed from the schoolboy.

Toward the middle of April the early peach appears, and all nature—and the druggist—smiles, ushering in the long and lingering summer time when the ice cream festivals of the church of the Holy Embarrassment rageth from one end of fair and sunny Texas to the other. Such is a short synopsis of the varying features of the Texas Climate.

A. E. SWEET.

#### A YANKEE DESPERADO.

It is very surprising what a big business some men can do on a credit basis, where there is little or no capital invested.

As any of the old inhabitants of San Antonio will remember, about the year 1851, the most influential man in that city was an alleged desperado named Bob Augustine. Bob came to San Antonio with a fearful record. He enjoyed the reputation of having killed a dozen men, and was respected accordingly. While he was in San Antonio he did not reduce the census at all, but that was not

his fault. He had a seductive way of drawing his 18-inch Arkansas tooth-pick, and examining it critically with a sinister smile, while humbly requesting the temporary loan of \$5. The people were very kind to him. They took into consideration that he was an influential stranger, and they humored his whims and caprices to the extent of their means. They were anxious that he should not be unfavorably impressed with the people, or that it should not be said such an influential stranger had been treated with discourtesy. Bob did his very best to induce the leading citizens to furnish him with some incentive to squander their gore, but in vain. If he asked a rich merchant to execute the Highland Fling, rather than injure the future prospects of the place he would do so, and then insist on loaning Bob money without exacting security. Thus it was that Bob went about acquiring wealth and warm personal friends, but creating no funerals. There were some rumors that Bob was playing bluff, but they originated after he had moved away.

It was during the reign of Bob Augustine, "the long-ranged Roarer of Calaveras Canyon," as he familiarly called himself, that a young man, from Boston, named John Winthrop, came to San Antonio, presumably in search of health, as he brought very little with him. He was far gone in consumption, and nothing but the fact that he had but a short time to live, unless the climate of Western Texas saved him, induced him to come to San Antonio. As everybody carried a pistol, Winthrop did not care to insult public decency by going unarmed. Besides, such a course might as seriously interfere with his restoration to health as putting on a clean shirt. His Puritan training caused him to revolt at the idea of carrying fire-arms, so he resorted to artifice. He wore a holster, but instead of keeping a pistol in it, he had his cash funds stored away in it, and nobody was the wiser for it. On the contrary, Winthrop was looked up to by the best citizens just the same as if he was loaded down with deadly weapons. Of course everybody tried to make the stranger from Massachusetts feel as comfortable as if he were at home; so he was told all about Bob Augustine, the long-ranged roarer, at least ten times a day, and he

was advised not to be particular in asking security for the debt in case the roarer wanted to borrow a small, temporary loan, unless he, Winthrop, did not wish to regain his health.

As might have been expected, the long-ranged roarer called on Winthrop to collect his usual assessment on strangers. Winthrop was of the opinion that if he saved his life and lost all his money he would be doing unusually well. The long-ranged roarer's idea was to chase the blue-bellied Yankee around the room a time or so, collect \$5 or \$10, and perhaps make some ear-marks, *a la* Whittaker, so he would know him in a crowd if he should meet him again.

The long-ranged roarer sauntered into Winthrop's room at the hotel, but before the desperado could open his mouth or draw a weapon, the unfortunate Yankee threw back his coat, and with trembling fingers tugged at his pistol-holster to get at his money to appease the would-be assassin. On the other hand, as soon as the Roarer saw Winthrop trying to get out his pistol, he turned as pale as a ghost. The alleged desperado's knees knocked together; the cold sweat boiled out all over him, and he extended his hand and said, in trembling accents:

"Don't draw, good Mr. Yankee! I was only trying to fool you. My bold Arkansaw heart beats for you, my boy. I jest wanted to teach you a lesson. Never let any darned galoot get the drop on you. If anybody insults you, jest tell them that Bob Augustine, the Roarer, is your friend."

Winthrop, who was worse scared, if possible, than the Roarer, replied:

"Oh, I'll give you what you want," and kept on tugging at the holster, which came unbuckled.

With a yell of dismay, the desperado passed out through the window, carrying off the sash, and ran down Commerce street, the principal thoroughfare, with the sash on his neck, howling: "Police—police!" closely pursued by Winthrop, who kept on tugging at his holster, trying to get out his money, he believing that the desperado was running to his room to procure a shot-gun with which to commit murder. All that afternoon Winthrop kept on hunting the Roarer to purchase peace on any terms, and the Roarer hid himself to avoid the pistol of

the Boston man. Next morning the long ranged Roarer of the Calaveras Canyon was missing, while Winthrop was the lion of the day for having run off the terror of the Alamo City.

Now for the sequel. Winthrop afterward moved to Galveston, and now is one of the merchant princes of the Island City. Lately, as he was coming down to his place of business, a decrepit old beggar on crutches held out his hand. Col. Winthrop thought he recognized the man, and he asked:

"Don't you remember trying to borrow five dollars from me in San Antonio, about thirty years ago? Ain't you the long-ranged Roarer of the Calaveras Canyon?"

The aged mendicant gave a look of mortal terror, and tried to run on his crutches, but his old, would-be benefactor pressed the five dollars into his hand, and of course there was an affecting scene on the sidewalk.

It has been rumored that the citizens of San Antonio, finding out that Bob Augustine, the Roarer, was a fraud, hung him to a China tree on the military plaza, for contempt of court, or disorderly conduct.

It was also rumored that Bob Augustine made his escape from San Antonio, reformed, changed his name, and is now no other than Mr. Moody, the great revivalist. All these rumors are now definitely set at rest by the fact that the Roarer is now an aged cripple in Galveston, but in very reduced circumstances.

A. E. SWEET.

## THROWING THE LASSO.

A ROPE, or lasso, is a harmless looking thing, but in the hands of a Mexican it becomes a terrible weapon. A Mexican can yank a Yankee or any other hostile intruder he has a spite at, out of the saddle, as quick as the President of the United States can remove an unworthy officeholder who is irregular in sending in his campaign assessments according to the civil service reform rules. The dexterity of a Mexican *vagüero* in handling a rope has to be seen to be believed. During the war with the French, one of Maximilian's best cavalry officers, a Pole, was caught out, so to speak, by the Mexicans,

with a lasso, around Monterey and his neck, and dragged to death. Every Mexican is dangerous when he has got a lasso in his hands. Even a good-natured Mexican, who has been born without any arms is not to be trusted when he has got a lasso in his hands—as we heard an Irishman once remark. In roping cattle and horses, the Mexican removes the calico remnant from the shrubbery. A *vaquero* gracefully swings the lasso, gives it an apparently careless toss, and it is sure to encircle the neck of any particular animal in the herd he may have singled out. He, the Mexican, then throws his horse on its haunches, the lasso becomes taut, and so does the animal. It is taught that there is no use trying to escape from a Mexican with a lasso. Like most other harmless looking weapons, the lasso is dangerous to persons who do not know how to handle it, and to demonstrate this we submit the following:

A few days ago, we met a newly arrived Englishman coming down Austin Avenue on crutches. He wore his head in a bandage, his nose was skinned, and there were other indications of his having either leaned up against the propeller of a mule to rest himself, or of his having questioned the veracity of some native Texan. When you see an Englishman in Texas, who looks as if he needed medicine, you may be sure he is one of Dr. Kingsbury's patients. At least, that is what all sick Englishmen in Texas claim. This one told a touching story of how he met Dr. Kingsbury in London, and after they "ad 'ad some 'arf and 'arf, ye know," the doctor had given him a florid description of Texas, how pine apples grew on the prickly pear bushes, and boxes of oranges dropping ripe from the trees encumbered the sidewalks; but what induced the young Englishman to leave his happy home and come to Texas to enjoy sport and to acquire great riches, suddenly, was the description of what sport it was to lasso cattle.

"So you have been roping cattle, have you?" we asked.

He said he had hired a horse, saddle, and "lasso," and had ridden up to a steer. As his bad luck would have it, he succeeded in throwing the rope over the animal's horns. It galloped off. Johnny followed the doctor's directions about reining in his horse, and the consequence

was that the saddle, with the Englishman in it, went over the horse's neck. He had tied the "lasso" to the pommel of the saddle, just as Kingsbury told him to do. The steer galloped off with the saddle, like a dog with a tin kettle tied to his tail. It was worth \$15, which the Englishman had to pay, but as the "lasso" was gone, too, he paid up cheerfully. He wanted to return to England to write a book about Texas sports and games. He had already written a letter to the *London Times* denouncing Kingsbury as unreliable. He also wanted the money returned that he had invested in his Texas pleasure trip. We told him there was no trouble about getting his money. All he had to do was to make out his bill, go over to San Antonio, and present it to Colonel H. B. Andrews, who would hand out a check for the amount; that Col. Pierce, President of the Sunset route, had given Col. Andrews written permission to pay out of his, Andrews' own pocket, any and all sums of money that he pleased to give to dissatisfied English immigrants. The Englishman called a hack to take him to the train bound for San Antonio, and as he disappeared from sight, who should come up but Bill Snort, of the *Crosby County Clarion and Farmer's Indicator*?

We told Bill about the bad luck of the young Englishman who succeeded in roping a Texan steer, when he, Colonel Snort spoke up, and said that if he was properly encouraged he would give us some of his experience with the lasso. After having been encouraged twice, with a cigar thrown in, Bill settled himself in one of the editorial thrones, and let himself out as follows:

"The first time I ever fooled with a lasso, or rather was fooled by a lasso, was when I was a mere boy, a playful child, so to speak. As I did not want to put my parents to the expense of buying a lasso, I cut twenty feet off the clothes line. I then took a position on the corner and lay in wait for a victim. An aged Mexican came jogging along on a pacing pony, little imagining what was in store for him. I was nearly delirious with joy at my lasso catching his horse by the hind foot. As I had tied the other end of the rope to my wrist, there was no chance for him to escape. The

next thing I remembered was a jerk at my arm that can only be compared to the shake of a candidate's hand on election day, after which I trotted mechanically behind the old Mexican, who did not seem to know what a smart boy he had caught. The people on the sidewalk took in the situation, but they were doubled up too much with laughter to render me much assistance. When the old Mexican traveled faster I humored him, and kept up with the procession. I prayed, however, loud and earnestly, that he might stop before my arm came off. My prayers were answered miraculously. He saw what was the matter. He dismounted and took the rope off his horse's leg. Then he began to haul me in as if I were a big fish. I began to regret that my prayers for him to stop had been so promptly answered, for there was an expression in the aged Aztec's collection of features that filled me with gloomy forebodings. He was not in a hurry to take the rope off my wrist. He swung the other end of the rope around his head, and then I began to revolve around him like a planet around the sun, he keeping up the centrifugal force and the heat with the end of the rope. After he had taken more exercise than was necessary for a man of his age, he took the rope off my wrist, and I flew off into space at a tangent and a high rate of speed. He did not give me back the rope either, but I did not miss it, for I got some more rope at home—got it on the same place, too—when my immediate ancestors discovered that the clothes line was too short."

"That cured the dog of sucking eggs, didn't it?" queried one of the Sifters.

"Well, my recollection is that it did for a while," resumed Bill, "but the cure was not permanent. About a year afterwards the city marshal issued a proclamation offering twenty-five cents reward for every unlicensed dog delivered at the pound. Here was a chance for a live, energetic boy to turn an honest quarter. The recollection of my former misfortune had faded out with the marks of the rope. I got another lasso, and watched for a dog. The first dog I saw was several sizes too large to suit me, and, besides, I was afraid he would not lead well. With my usual good luck the rope caught him around the neck, and I be-

gan to tow him in the direction of the pound. At first he did not understand what I wanted, and held back until I nearly pulled his head off, when he suddenly came toward me, whereupon I abruptly sat down on the back of my head, and came very near impairing my future usefulness. But that was a splendid dog to lead. He not only came right up to me, but he went past me. The only fault I could find with him was that in passing me he carried off some of my clothes in his mouth. He must have got a taste of me in his mouth, too. He went on past to the end of the rope. This time, fortunately, I had not tied the rope to my wrist, so I did not have to follow him unless I had wanted to. I thought I would check him up a little, so I pulled the rope. I never saw such an easy dog to lead. He turned right around and came back to me with his mouth wide open, as if he wanted the rest of my clothes and another mouthful of boy. I turned the brute loose, and fled. It was so easy to lead him. I led him right up to a tree, and the affectionate brute would have followed me up the tree if he had only had a ladder. Finally he went off with my lasso, and the two bits I was to get for leading him to the pound. Right then and there, sitting on the limb of that tree, I registered a solemn vow never to fool with a lasso again. But I must be going. I have an appointment. Good-bye."

A. E. SWERT.

#### A PERTINENT QUESTION.

A strapping negro woman was up before an Austin justice, charged with unmercifully beating her boy, a saddle-colored imp.

"I don't understand how you can have the heart to treat your own child so cruelly."

"Jedge, has you been a parent of a wufless yaller boy like dat ar cub of mine?"

"Never—no, never!" ejaculated the judge, with great vehemence, getting red in the face.

"Den don't talk."

There was such a sensation in court that the judge had to call "next" four or five times and to fine a man who said "Hardly ever," fifty dollars, before order was restored.

A. E. SWERT.





*The Clerk's Confession.*







A FAIR PROPOSITION.

A man was brought up before an Austin justice of the peace, charged with trying to pass a lead counterfeit half dollar.

"What do you mean by trying to palm off such a miserable counterfeit as that on the intelligent people of this University city?"

The prisoner said he didn't mean anything.

"That will not go down with this court. You might have got a better counterfeit than that. How could you expect to deceive the public with that sort of a coin? If I couldn't get up a better counterfeit than that I would be ashamed of myself."

"Well, judge," said the counterfeiter, "I am a business man, and if you have any better counterfeit than that half dollar, show me your samples, and if the price suits, I'll buy all of my counterfeit money from you. If you don't like that, I'll go in with you on shares."

Judicial indignation, and the committal followed.

A. E. SWEET.

SWALLOWING THE PARROT.

BY TOBE HODGE.

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION (THE FOOL'S CONFESSION).

The long legs of Tim Price came over the fence first; the barrel of his rifle was almost up to them; his dog Spider was an accompaniment to the balance of his body, and in shagginess comparable to the rest of him; in his hand swung a crow by a string. I knew that Tim had a lie to tell by the unbusiness-like manner he chucked his leg over the fence. All the rest of Tim Price was business-like in liell-telling excepting his legs; they at all times went back on his sobriety and truthfulness. After mixing themselves with the planks of the footwalk, and slight entanglement with mat and door-scraper, they extended themselves, as the majority of Tim Price, on the floor of my little porch, the magnificent lying part of him resting against its post, his face and hair approaching the shagginess and rudeness of the unbarbed red cedar upright.

VOL. III—W. H.

"What's that you're reading, Colonel? 'Pears to me like you're allus reading something when I come yer. You're like old Parson Booker, that takes onter the Scriptures powerful. I comed in one day, and he wuz a readin' 'em, and he looks over his glasses, and sez he, 'Tim, did you ever read about our Lord and Savior in the corn-patch?"

"Sez I, 'I disremember, Parson, but I reckon I has."

"Sed he, 'Tim, I've just been readin' about it, and it 'pears to me he liked roasteen ears as well as the rest of us."

"Now, what's that you're readin' about, Colonel? I see you got a pictur to it."

I enjoyed Tim's lies so much that I always took a little trouble to start him. So I said, "Tim, before I tell you this story, suppose you take a sip out of my little brown jug."

I handed it to him, and he took an overgrown drink, reviving immediately, with the remark:

"That's the puckerinest stuff I ever took—and sarchin'. Hits too old to stay in this world."

While he was lighting his pipe, I handed him the book I was reading, containing the picture and the story it illustrated.

"Thet's a purty picter, Colonel, but I don't ketch the specifications uv it. Does the fellow with the long stockings, down on his prayer jints, want the feller in his sleepin' shirt to git in him?"

"No, Tim. That is a priest listening to the fool's confession."

"Does them kind uv preachers go 'round that away in day time? 'Pears like to me the women 'round yere 'ud rock him if they cotched the Circuit Rider that away any time in big light. They powerful 'pinionated 'bout some things—the women is."

"I'll tell you about it, Tim. Once—"

"I'll be pintedly obleeged to you. My readin' works is spiled. I've seed squirls put ther heads under 'em, an' set on 'em, to keep me frum seein' ther eyes, but I haint seed readin' many times sence I felled down a well I wuz diggin' fer Ike Jeemes, forty-three feet nine inches, head fust on a rock that wuz agin the bottom. When I climbed out agin, hit 'peared like from bein' powerful good at readin', I couldn't see printens uv no kind; an'

I haint never got over that yit. You read her fer me. Maybe I kin help you out a bit if you git stuck ary time."

Tim held the picture in his hands, eyeing it critically as I half read and half told the story of it.

"Isabella, the queen of Castile"—

"Wuz she the soap-woman, Colonel—her thet makes the soap you gin me fer my ole hoss Sam's back? Hit's powerful curen stuff. Maybe she'd tell the old woman the way uv maken it."

"No, Tim; she was the wife of King Ferdinand, who fitted out Christopher Columbus with ships and money. It was Columbus who discovered America."

"I heern the school teacher tell the young uns uv thet, an' praise him up a sight. An' I jist up an' tells him thet, in my 'pinion, ole Col. weren't fit to boss the bow oar uv a log-raft ef he couldn't steer 'cross the big water without hitten a pint uv land ez big ez this kentry. An' the teacher axed me whar I would hev been ef he hadn't hit it. An' I said I reckoned I'd been right yer in West Virginny, an' knowed nothen 'bout it. Too much larnen gives a feller a big head."

"A sea-captain gave Queen Isabella a talking parrot. They were scarce in those days; so it was a great curiosity, and the Queen was very proud and fond of it."

"She couldn't hev been nothen like my ole woman no time. Maybe it didn't jaw her, er use the top uv her head fer a talken place," soliloquized Tim.

"It was the custom then to have fools at Court—jest—"

"Jist pintedly like it is now," interrupted Tim. "I reckon fools is all kin-folk, an' takes to courts naterally."

"Jester, I was going to say, Tim. They were kept by kings and queens to make fun, and be made fun of, and of course were pretty well spoiled."

"I'm thinken a spiled fool 'ud be worse than a sick oyster. I tried one once, an' I reckon I felt meaner nor a turned crow. 'Pears like to me ther's no use spilen a fool."

"Queen Isabella had a jester, and he took it into his head to get jealous of the parrot. One day, when nobody was about, he teased the thing until it paid him in parrot fashion, by helping itself to one of his fingers."

"By gum!" said Tim. "That parrot

must hev been kin to my critter; fer he could jist pintedly live on fingers. Does it read whether he hed a liken fer dog skelps? No? I reckon they done forgot to put that down."

"Losing a finger by a bite is calculated to make one mad; so the jester wrung the parrot's neck."

"Sarved him right. By thunder, no critter 'ud swaller mor'n one uv my fingers fer grub, an' I'd sarch him fer that un! Fingers is skeerce."

"He knew that if he was found out he'd lose his head next; so he took the parrot to his room, picked it, burned the feathers, boiled the parrot and eat it."

"Well, I never! Eat the critter! Biled! I'd leaver swaller a paint-pot, an' a gum boot, an' sheep shears, an' hoss-shoe pinchers, ez one uv them critters ez wuzent friendly to me."

"It worried him though, Tim; and there was such a fuss about the disappearance of the parrot, when the folks got home, that the jester went off, in his fright, to tell the priest about it. That is the jester kneeling there, in the picture, showing the priest the way the parrot went."

"He were a fool fer tellin' it," said Tim, thoughtfully; "ef he hed him well swallered, an' wuz sartain he wuz biled good. I'd hev stood my groun' in the court-room, an' let the critter talk fer hisself ef he wanted to. 'Pears to me like the fool hed a good scald on the parrot."

"Ther 'haint no other varmint hez the knowen uv a crow; leastwise, with feathers onter it, maybe ceptin parrots, Colonel. I've seed 'em—crows, wingin frum all pints uv the compass, an' sit 'roun one uv my clearens fur a week waiten fer me to jine planten corn. Darned ef they didn't pick out the right patch every time. I've planted more corn for crows than any liven man. I hev a scald on 'em now—I've larned how to give 'em the whoopen-cough, an' they breaks ther necks, er turns every time."

"I've jist been gatheren a crow crop out uv my corn patch—eleven uv em, nine necks broke an' two turned. I pintedly wish I'd fotched 'em along to show you—See this now, Colonel; but I hev some corn and string in my pocket. I'll tell you how tis. Each one uv them crows hez

seven feet uv string in him, an' six inches out his beak, an' fifteen grains uv corn. The way I gits the scald is this way. I've got it down to specifications ez fine ez preacher Moone gits a sinner. Seven foot six inches is the longness uv the string fer sartainty an' good whoopen cough. Fust you knot the end uv the string an' string on a grain uv corn chock up agen the knot. Jist six inches frum that, knot her agin, an' string on another corn, an' keep on that way till you gits fifteen grains on her knotslike. Ther's six inches uv string left—thets fer the coughen. I lays the string out longwise in a furrer, an' kivers it up keerful, leaven the fust grain in a corn hill. Then me an' my dog Spider stan's out uv sight fer the fun thets comen. Arter a bit long comes a crow, marchen ez ef he were looken over my clearen fer to buy it, an' the corn hill is too much fer him. He jines scratchen—geen fer thet grain uv corn like a duck fer a toad, an' swallers it ez if it were hisn. Now the fun'gins. You oughter see him looken cross eyed at the string thet hez a ketch in his swaller an' a hitch on the ground. I've hed em look so tarnal hard at thet string thet ther eyes crawled clar out on ther beaks. They generally stans consideren a bit—maken up ther minds like—which end 'ill let go, an' questionen whether to haul backards er dig. Ef they settles on the haulen backards, hits moven to ther innards, an' the next chice is diggen, an' string swalleren. You oughter see 'em scratch—they gits ther claws over the string an turns summersets wuss nor a circus feller. Bime by he gits hold the folleren grain of corn an' swallers it, sartain as Dode Mellor is uv glory at a shouten. Lord, Colonel, you jist ought to see the look onter his face when he spies more string an' groun' ketch. I've seed 'em turn white ez fur back ez ther wings—beak an' all—Derned ef I haint. Them thet gits skeered thet way jines haulen backards, an' the fust thing they knows they turns, an' a turned crow's the meanest looken critter you ever seed. Them thet goes on diggen an' swalleren string gits terbly in arnest; fer they don't know when ther goen to git done nohow. When they gits to the last grain uv corn, thers six inches more uv string an' no corn to tow it down ther swaller,

they jines coughen an' whoopen an' jumpen an dancen. I've seed 'em cough every feather off of 'em an' ther necks git stretched so that they'd pintedly come loose. When we gits a good crap, Spider an' me gathers 'em up, an sets the strings agen fer more. Hits a good scald Colonel, fer crows is the knowenest varmint liven with feathers onter 'em.

"Excepting Parrots Tim," I said, expecting a wonderful dilation upon crow superiority, but Tim's face changed from the expression of a lie well told, to a solemnity that argued another of grander proportions.

"Parrots haint varmint. I've considered on 'em a heap. I've heerd the Circuit Rider tell 'bout wingen things he called Cherrybims I believe ther spiled Cherrybims, Parrots is. I hed one once—away funder yander back, years agone. I wuz down to town an' I seed a sailor feller come driften along needen a starn oar pretty bad; fer his steeren was onragler. He wuz carryen somethen I'd never seen the likes of afore notime. Hit were green an' red an' white an' yaller, haven a beak ez big ez a funnel sot big end on, clar over its head. I hove the feller my han fer a line an' towed him in to take a drink; fer I wanted to ax him 'bout thet critter. I axed him what he'd take. His talken gear wuz kinder unharnessed an' he were slow answeren. The critter put up its off foot an' scratched the back uv its head an' sez it: "I'm a ironclader. By gum. Blast my plates an' shiver my rivets! I'll take grog;" an' then it jined swearen 'bout every thing from bilge water to what it called its tarry top lights. My eyes stuck out till they could see each other over my nose, an' I were so skeered I jist histed the bottle—onmannered like—and fatched myself to with what wuz in it. Thar wuz about four fingers uv fight in the bottle I reckon fer I squared off an' sez I, you caliker devil, you can't hev me yit ary time. You kin take my ole woman ef you wants any one of my belongens—I said that fer to pacify him like, fer I knew that she could make things hotter fer him at his hum an' be uv a power uv sarvice—but I'll knock that mouth uv yourn clar over your back feathers ef you lays a claw on me. An' it jist dared me sayen it wanted a 'cracker' an' I let go at it. My hitten arm werent steddly, it made a juke an' I put my fist

clar through a pitcher uv water thet wuz standen in its way, an' the next remembrance I hed, wuz of me, an' the water an' the sailor man a layen on the floor; an' the caliker devil hangen head down from a cheer back laughen at the scrimmage.

I jist gin up fer a lost sinner, an' jined thinken ef I knowed any prayen words that wuz good agin devils, an' all I could fotch wuz what I minded in the spellen books—somehow this way.

"God made man an' man made sin.

An' God made a hole to put the devil in."

So I sez; Lord, show me that hole. I'de no more nor got her out, when Jake—thet keeps the bar where we wuz—picks me up an' gin me a shake, an' sez he—"Tim, what are you tryen to lick a bird fer, hits a parrot that kin talk, an' beat you swearen all holler. You busted my pitcher an' the sailor man hez licked you, an' the parrot haint teched ye. Come out to the pump till I wash you up." When I got back I only had one eye doen business, an' thats the time I lost my forrid teeth. Me an' the sailor man made it up, an' Jake lended me a funnel so's I could git my liquor in fur enough for swalleren; an' me an' the sailor man started to show off that parrot round town. I disremember nigh all about the show we had, but next mornen the mayor uv the town, he had a speech already made up fer us; hit were ez purty a piece uv talken ez I ever heered, till he said we had to pay five dollars apiece fer it. The sailor man said he'd giv me the parrot ef I paid fer his sheer, so I hauled out my shot bag an' settled fer him, an I telled the mayor I'd fetch him down taters fer mine, an' he let me off.—I took him down yams, an' he said he'd ez leave chaw clothes line. Me an' the sailor man parted, I got my tricks together, an' my jug uv spirits, an' finden my old hoss Sam heven a kicken match with a mule that some up country feller, with his har full uv hayseed, had hitched nigh whar I'd hitched Sam. Sam were a little ahead on account uv the mule haven his tail shaved.

I gits on Sam an' started hum. I mind thinken thet that speech uv the mayors wuz kinder dear, but By Gum! I wuz tickled, thinken how that parrot 'ud swear at the ole woman an' say things

to her that she wouldn't 'low me to say no time noway. I wuz kinder taperen off on the jug uv speerits, goen along, an' that parrot, he wuz keepen things that wuz on Sam's back mighty onsertain, fer he was jawen Sam, an' holleren at him, an' climben all over him finden out his pints. I'd ez leav been sliden down a forty foot ladder ez riden Sam that day. Bout three mile from my cabin, the parrot took a side walk out Sam's neck; he'd been out thar afore 'bout twenty-three times an' Sam he were gitten tired uv haven a main road made uv his mane, an' a stoppen place atween his ears. So he took on onsettled ways, an' I was afeered he'd spill the speerits, so I made sartain uv a right smart sheer uv it goen along. The parrot got out atween Sam's ears an' gan looken down with his near side eye to see what wuz the matter with Sam's nose that he wuz a chucken about ter' kill. He couldn't see nothen I reckon satisfyen to him; fer he jist took hold uv Sam's ear with his beak an' let himself down for better spyen. Lord you oughter seed Sam. Peared to me like he spread himself over bout seven acres all ways to once. I could hear his hoofs cracken clar over my head, an' I seed the parrot hangen to his nose bout ten foot further down than I wuz some whar; fer Sam is ornery when he minds to be. He jined butten his head agin a tree thinken he'd smash the critter an git rid uv him that way; but the parrot he jist took to the other end uv him ez onconsarned as ef he owned the hoss fer a parade ground.

Most uv the tricks I wuz carryen parted company with Sam afore me an' the jug did, an' wuz a hangen on bushes an' fences an' sich fer nigh half a mile; an' when me an the jug settled it wuz owen to the creek haven a bottom at Pinch Ford. Thar I sot in 'bout two foot uv water, a holden up the jug to keep her from getten mixed, an' a shaken so, an laughen, that I swar the water never got a chance to wet me, at sevn ole Sam goen home by the main road, runnen like he were chasen a razor back hog, an' that critter holden on by the crupper yellan an screechen an' holleran an' swearan, an' spanken Sam up with his wings, an' once in a bit taken a mouthful uv him, to lighten him fer runnen I reckon. I sot thar laughen till my gal-

russes sot fire to my shirt an rubbed two rows uv blisters from buttons to bandholt. Then me an' the jug footed it cross country hum. When I got thar Sam wuz maken himself ez little ez he could in the corner uv the shed an' a shaken like he had the agy mis'ry, an' the parrot were a setten on the saddle bossen him. Thets the first time I ever see my old hos Sam forgit that he hedn't no more orniness left in him fer nothen. He wuz pintedly looken nigh ready fer buzzards.

But that wuzent the wust uv it neither. The ole woman jined screechen ez soon ez she seed me, an' the children wuz maken more noise nor a hog killen. They wuz shut up in the cabin, with the bed, an cheers, an' kettles, an' yarb pokes piled agin the door, an' the ole woman setten on 'em fer certainty. I knowed hit wuz the critter ez hed skeered her, an' thinks I, By Gum I've got a scald on the ole woman now. Yer's a chance Tim—I sez to myself—fer regeneration. I kin git borned agin an' be boss uv her, an' chock her jawen. I were so tickled I gin a whoop, an' tasted uv the jug, an' I hauled out uv the light hole uv the cabin all the ole woman's skirts an eleven pair of little breeches, an' all the body harness uv the hull uv 'em; thet the ole woman hed stuffed in ter it to keep out the critter, an in I climbed.

"Whats the matter? I sez. What air you tryen to keep a feller out uv his own cabin fer?"

Oh Tim, sez the ole woman shaken an' cryen, Hev you seed the devil on Sam? an' ther's Spider under the bed ez had his ear chawed by him, an' a notch out uv his tail. I wuz afeered he'd git in. Run fer the preacher Tim, en ef you can't git him, git an exhorter. I fired The Book at him but he jist swore at me an' went on lickin Sam. Run Tim, do, an save us, an' she jined screechen agen.

I kept on my bossen face an' sez I sot like, Ole woman, your times come. Youv been bullyraggen me fer nigh onter twenty year, an emptyen my jug, an' hits goen to stop. That critter is a young satan I've cotched an were goen to raise him. I seed her gitten ready for a shake an' stiffenen—fainten like—so I goes fer the parrot thinken she'd come to gin I got back; an' I fotched him to the cabin a sitten on my shoulder, a resten a leg on

my ear ez big ez a squire in a grocery. The ole woman, an' the children, an' Spider tumbled out uv thet cabin like hounds at a bag hunt, an' tuk to the woods. Me an' the critter had to get around 'em an' chase 'em back an' then me 'en the critter wuz boss.

"Thar's nothen in the dog way kin git ahead uv Spider fer knowiness; but ther were no place he could git no way, thet that parrot didn't find him an' take a piece uv him. Thet critter hed mor'n forty skelps an' bits uv Spider keerfully put by. Spider were gitten down to ez near nothen ez the core uv an apple, an' were jist about ez chawed. Most uv the time he lived under the ole woman, er come beseechen to me, axen to be shet up in somethen.

"Thet critter 'ud whistle fer him, er call him, er sic him on the hogs, so tarnationally like me, thet he kep Spider runnen till he got so thin thet he couldn't swaller nothen but string-beans lengthwise. Hit 'peared like all his knowiness wuz done took out uv him, an' he were gitten no account, no how fer nothen.

"One day I seed Spider wuz consideren somethen mor'n common, an' I sez to myself, 'Tim, ef you don't watch thet old dog uv yourn he'll kill hisself.' Sooe-cide, I think, is the big name fer it. One day I seed him gin a rifle to what wuz left uv his tail, an' start off, looken ez pleased ez a hull-hided dog. He wuz gone two days, an' I wuz ginnen to think he'd swallered a straw er somethen thicker nor common to kill hisself, when I seed him comin towards my cabin jumpen ez friskey ez a boy with a bee in his breeches, an' coaxen along Seth Jones fyst dog, an' afore he knowed it Spider had him right up to whar the Parrot wuz cussen the ole woman fer not peelen a bit uv apple she'd gin him, an' a holden on to her back comb with one uv his three pronged injin rubber grabbers.

Ez soon ez he seed the fresh dog ta chaw, he chocked his cussen, an' jammed the ole woman's back comb inter the broom he'd took from her, an' afore Seth Jones fyst dog hed a notion ef it wuz hot water er a mowen machine, that parrot hed morn forty skelps, an' the cabin wuz so full uv har that hit were about noon five days afore I stoped spitten out hairs an' snezen. Spider he wuz all over the cabin looken on, an I thought he wuz goen

hydrophobiated till I seed it was glad in him. Hit pears he owed Seth Jones' fyst dog a grudg for some onfairness 'bout dog sparken.

Furder along when Spider thought the shastisen wuz enough, an' hed a right chance, he made a jump an' quicker nor I kin git a swaller on the first guggle uv a jug, he hed that parrot inside uv him. The last word the critter said as he wuz goen down wuz "Gosh."

Seth Jones' fyst dog started hum to wunst by hisself. I finded him next day tangled up in his hide; fer he wuz ripped clar frum the pint uv his nose to the end uv his tail. Hit were part peeled when he started, an' the rest uv it had come loose. You can see the clampen marks on his back yet where Seth Jones gathered it up an' jined his hide with clothes pins. I hant had no peace with the ole woman an' the jug since the buryen uv thet critter.

The naturalness of Tim's solemnity as he said these words would have deceived a confessor. Even Spider winked a knowing attestation to the truth of his yarn.

"How did Spider swallow the parrot when he was so thin? I asked.

"He wuz so swelled with joy, ez the preacher sez, that the critter slid down ez slick ez a greased dumpling.

Spider hant no fool, colonel, but he kin beat that feller in the pictur, swal-lerin a parrot, all holler."

### PERSIAN WIT.

"THE BLOWING OF THE GENTLE GALES OF JESTS,  
AND FRAGRANT AIRS OF JOKES, WHICH  
CAUSE THE ROSEBUD OF THE LIPS  
TO SMILE, AND MAKE THE  
BLOSSOM OF THE HEART  
EXPAND."

[This specimen of "Persian Wit" contains the pith of a book published recently in London by Trübner & Co., for the Oriental Society.]

It is related that his Eminence, the Prophet (God bless and preserve him!) said: "The believer is jocose and sweet spoken, while the infidel is sour-faced and frowning." The Prince of the Faithful, also, 'Ali' (God honor his face, and approve of him!) once said: "No harm is done if a person's jocularly extend so far as to carry him but beyond the bound-

ary of morosity and without the circuit of sullenness."

The Prophet (God bless and preserve him!) said to an old woman: "Old women cannot enter Paradise." The old woman beginning to weep, he continued: "But God Most High will renew their youth, and raise them up more beautiful than they ever were; then He will admit them to heaven." Again, he once said to the wife of one of his companions: "Ask thy husband how he is, for there is white in his eye." The woman hastened with great celerity and agitation to her husband, who asked her the cause of her distress. After she had repeated to him what his Eminence had told her, he said: "He spoke the truth: in my eye there is white and also black, but not of a prejudicial kind."

### STORY II.

A Khalif while one day dining on some roast lamb which had been placed before him, perceived a Bedouin come up from the desert, and called him to his presence. The Bedouin sat down and began to eat with voracity so remarkable that the Khalif said: "What has come to thee? Thou tearst this lamb asunder and eatest it with such avidity that one would say its father had gored thee with his horns." The Bedouin said: "Nay not so; but *thou* viewest it with eyes of such compassion, and art so afflicted at its being torn up and eaten that one would say its mother had given thee milk."

### JEST III.

Bahlul being asked to count the fools of Basrah replied: "They are without the confines of computation. If you ask me, I will count the wise men, for they are no more than a limited few."

### JEST IV.

A learned man being annoyed while writing a letter to one of his confidential friends, at the conduct of a person who, seated at his side, glanced out of the corner of his eye at his writing, wrote: "Had not a hireling thief been seated at my side and engaged in reading my letter I should have written to thee all my secrets." The man said: "By God, my lord, I have neither read nor even looked at thy letter." "Fool!" exclaimed the other; "how then canst thou say what thou now sayest?"

## JEST VI.

As the Kadi of Baghdad was going forth on foot to the Friday service at the Mosque, he was encountered by a drunken man, who recognising him, exclaimed: "God ennoble thee, O Kadi! It is not right that thou shouldst go on foot." Then he swore by the penalty of a divorce that he would mount the Kadi on his own neck. "Come hither, accursed wretch," said the Kadi. The Kadi being mounted on his neck, he turned back his head and asked: "Shall I gallop, or walk?" "Go at a medium pace," replied the Kadi; "only thou must not take fright, or slip, take care also to go so close to the wall that we may be safe from the pressure of the throng." "God bless thee, O Kadi," said the drunkard; "how well thou hast learnt the rules of equitation!" After he had thus brought the Kadi to the Mosque, the Kadi ordered him to be thrown into prison. "God amend thy state, O Kadi," appealed the man; "is this a fit return to a person who saves thee from the disgrace of walking, devotes himself to thee as a horse, and carries thee to the Mosque with equestrian honour?" The Kadi laughed, and let him go free.

## JEST VIII.

A blind man with a lamp in his hand and a jar on his shoulder, while passing along a certain road in the darkness of night, was met by a meddlesome fellow, who said to him: "O fool, since day and night are alike to thee, and light and darkness one to thine eyes, what use hast thou for this lamp?" The blind man laughed and replied: "This lamp is not for my own use:—it is for such ignorant fools as thou, that they may not knock against me, and break my jar."

## JEST XVI.

An ugly man went to the doctor and said: "I am troubled with a tumour on the most unsightly part of my body." The physician, after narrowly scanning his face, said: "It is not true: behold I see thy face but find no tumour on it."

## JEST XVII.

A person with a large nose, who was wooing a woman, said to her in description of himself: "I am a man devoid of

lightness and levity, and patient in bearing afflictions." The woman retorted: "If thou wert not patient in bearing afflictions, thou couldst never have endured this nose for forty years."

## JEST XVIII.

A witty man, seeing a person on whose face a great quantity of hair had grown, said: "Thou hadst better eradicate a lot of this hair, before thy face becomes a head."

## JEST XXIII.

An assembly of people being seated together, and engaged in discussing the merits and defects of men, one of them observed: "Whoever has not two seeing eyes is but half a man; and whoever has not in his house a beautiful bride is but half a man: finally he who cannot swim in the sea is but half a man." A blind man in the company who had no wife, and could not swim, called out to him: "O my dear friend, thou hast laid down an extraordinary principle, and cast me so far out of the circle of manhood, that still half a man is required before I can take the name of one who is no man."

## JEST XXVIII.

A teacher whose son had fallen ill and was nearly at the point of death, said: "Send for the washer to wash him." "But," objected they, "he is not yet dead." "Never mind," said he, "he will be dead by the time they have finished washing him."

## JEST XXIX.

They said to the son of a teacher: "What a pity thou art a fool!" "It," he replied, "I were not a fool I should be a bastard."

## JEST XXXIX.

A Bedouin who had lost a camel, proclaimed: "Whoever brings me my camel shall have two camels as a reward." "Out, man!" said they to him; "what kind of business is this? Is the whole ass-load of less value than a small additional bundle laid upon it?" "You have this excuse for your words," replied he, "that you have never tasted the pleasure of finding, and the sweetness of recovering what has been lost."



## JEST XLI.

A poet went to a physician and complained: "I have something sticking in my heart which makes me very uncomfortable, and sends a numbness through all my limbs, while my hair rises upright." The physician who was a man of wit and tact, said: "Hast thou lately composed any verse which thou hast not yet read to any one?" "Yes," replied the poet. "Read it to me," said the physician. After hearing it he said: "Read it again." When this was done he said: "Rise, thou art saved! it was this verse which stuck in thy heart, spreading its dryness outwards. Now that thou hast freed thy heart from it thy health has returned."

## JEST XLVIII.

A poet brought to a shrewd man, an idyll, pretending that it was original, in which each couplet came from a different collection, and every thought was the conception of a different poet. The shrewd man said: "Thou hast brought me a wonderful string of camels, for should any one loosen their reins, each would incline to a different herd."

THE TOMBIGBEE INCIDENT.<sup>1</sup>

The town of Clayville, situated some thirty miles from the mouth of the Tombigbee River, is at present greatly excited over the departure of the local colored minister, who recently started down the river on board a large and strongly-built colored sister, and who has not since been heard from. The circumstances attending the minister's departure were peculiar, and their publication may, perhaps, aid the recovery of the intrepid, though unintentional, voyager.

The minister in question was of the Colored Baptist persuasion, and was famed throughout the Tombigbee Valley for his skill as a baptizer, as well as for his ability as a preacher. There is no doubt that he was a fearless and conscientious man. Instead of maintaining that politic silence on the subject of chickens which many colored ministers

insist is absolutely necessary, in order to avoid chilling the fervor of their hearers, this particular minister never hesitated to declare that a right of property in chickens existed, and that it should be respected in certain cases, and to a greater or less extent, by all honest men, especially during the season when hams are readily accessible. This bold doctrine, instead of injuring his popularity, actually increased the respect in which he was held by his congregation, and gave him much prominence among his ministerial brethren.

Among the colored ladies of Clayville was one who had long desired to submit to the rite of baptism, but who was deterred by a nervous dread of drowning and by a strong repugnance to the inevitable wetting which is inseparable from the rite. Scores of times this estimable lady had determined to be baptized at the next available opportunity, but at the last moment her courage always failed her. In the days prior to emancipation, she had been the slave of a Clayville planter, and she still retained a warm affection for the young master whom she had nursed in his infancy.

Not very long ago this young man called to see her, and to him she lamented the lack of courage which shut her out from baptism. Whether he was influenced by genuine kindness, or by a wicked spirit of irreverence, will perhaps never be known; but the advice which he gave his confiding nurse was the cause of the painful tragedy which followed.

The young man professed to be surprised that the new safety baptismal robe, invented as he alleged, by Rev. Dr. PAUL BOYTON, of New York, had not yet been adopted by the colored Baptists of the South. He said that he had one of the robes in his possession, and that the wearer would not only be safe against any possibility of drowning, but also against the possibility of getting wet. Moreover, it could be worn underneath the usual white cotton robe, without any danger of detection. The overjoyed candidate for baptism enthusiastically accepted the young man's advice and his offer of the robe, and she immediately sent word to the minister that she would certainly be ready for baptism the very next Sunday.

<sup>1</sup> From "Shooting Stars." Published by G. P. Putnam & Sons.

There was such a general distrust of the sister's courage that the colored people all assembled on the bank of the Tombigbee on the next day, confident that her courage would fail, and that she would endeavor to escape from the hands of the minister. The particular part of the river selected for the ceremony was comparatively shallow, but the current was swift, and a little lower down the depth was at least ten feet. In fact, the minister, in spite of his skill, had once lost a convert, who was carried away by the current, and who, on being rescued, promptly went over to the Methodists. The timid candidate was an unusually large woman, and was certain to tax the minister's strength severely; so that there could be little doubt that the ceremony would be one of unusual interest.

The sister arrived at the appointed time, looking even larger than usual, and walking with much difficulty. The minister took her by the hand, and she fearlessly descended into the water. All went well until she reached the depth of about four feet, when she suddenly fell upon her back, and to the astonishment of the spectators, floated on the surface of the water. The excitement at this unprecedented event was tremendous, and the air was filled with enthusiastic shouts. The minister's face, however, wore a troubled expression. He towed the unaccountably buoyant sister out into deeper water, and attempted to place her on her feet. The attempt proved impracticable, and he then tried to immerse her without changing her position. In spite of all his efforts, he could not force her under, and the spectators who witnessed the struggle soon became convinced that she was bewitched. They counseled the minister to exorcise the evil one by whom she was evidently possessed, with an axe, and volunteered to supply him with heavy weights wherewith to securely sink her. That devoted man, however, refused their counsel, and persisted in his effort to immerse the sister without the aid of weights. Finally he threw his whole weight upon her, and in a moment the current swept the pair beyond their depth.

In spite of the danger of his situation, the minister's cheek did not blanch. With great presence of mind he seated himself comfortably upon the floating

sister, and, waving a farewell to his congregation, began to sing a cheerful hymn. The current steadily carried him on at the rate of at least six miles an hour, and in a short time his weeping congregation was left out of sight and hearing. Without oars or sails he was unable to navigate the sister to the shore, and there is every reason to suppose that before the next morning he was far out on the Gulf of Mexico.

Captains of vessels navigating the Gulf have been requested to keep a sharp lookout for a colored sister in a Boyton life-saving dress, carrying a colored minister on her deck. Let us hope that he will soon be picked up. He has now been afloat five days without provisions or water, and must be beginning to feel the need of refreshment. Of course, any Captain who may rescue him will not ask for a reward, but if he tows the sister into port he can claim salvage to a large amount, and libel her in the nearest admiralty court.

### MRS. BROWN ON THE ARMY.

[The gentleman who, under the name of Arthur Sketchley, has made Mrs. Brown a "woman of the times," has republished his contributions to *Pan* in a collected form as "The Brown Papers," from which the following article is extracted.]

"BROWN," I says, "I'm a-goin' to a review, tho';" I says, "what-ever is the use of all them soldiers, I should like to know, 'cept for the look of the thing, as certainly is imposing, tho' red ain't a colour as suits me." So Brown, he says, "You don't know nothing about it, how-ever should you?"

I says, "Don't I? Why," I says, "my dear mother washed two regiments as was quartered near Hounslow."

"Well, then," says Brown, "why ever do you go to see them?"

I says, "Do you think, Mr. Brown, as I'm goin' to allow a daughter of mine, tho' married, to go to sich a sight alone where a mother is a protection; not as I expects no enjoyment; and as to her a-luggin' that boy all the way, it's madness downright, that it is."

"Why," says Brown, "she lives close

by, so it aint nothing for her, but as to your a-goin', it's foolishness."

"Well," I says, "I never see such a man as you are. When I don't know things, full of your ridicule; and when I wants to see them with my own eyes, always the one to hold back. But," I says, "go I do, thro' having promised Jane as I'd be there early to meet her at the Marble Arch, as the Edgware Road is a long distance."

So I started with Brown, as see me into the Whitechapel Road, where the 'busses runs regular, and ketched the fust, as rattled that dreadful, thro' bein' empty, as seemed to jar my head to death.

Not as I held with that conductor's remarks as hollared to the coachman when he helped in a party in widow's weeds as was certainly lusty, "Go on, Joe, here's more ballast," as is insults to a lady, as she certainly was, tho' she'd that hurried as I thought she never would get her breath again, and was obliged for to take her drops, as was in a little basket, as she said went agin her, tho' a great sufferer aperiently, as told me she was a-goin' to her daughter, as wouldn't be pacified till she got there, "Tho'," she says, "it's as much as my life's worth, thro' having done, as I seldom or never does, put my feet in hot water, with James' powders, as acts on the skin, a medicine as I don't hold with."

So we were talking friendly, thro' her being one as was experienced, and like my own constitution, and known sorrers in having buried her good gentleman, as was in the white-lead line, a thing as is deleterious, and will lurk in the constitution, and brought on fits, thro' which he was took sudden; not as he was one for to regret, for she told as his habits was bad and temper violent, and she says to me, "Forgive and forget, tho'," she says, "I shall carry that man's marks to me grave;" and was that pleasant company as I was sorry when she got out in Holborn, thro' her daughter a-living in Bloomsbury.

I says, "Conductor," I says, a-hittin' him with my umbrella, "put me down at the Marble Arch, as is somewhere beyond Charing Cross." So he says, "Whatever do you mean by stoppin' the 'buss for that?" and bangs the door that violent as set the horses off, and if they didn't gallop like mad, and frightened the horses

in another 'bus, as begun a-gallopin' too. A old gentleman in the 'bus hollared at him, and says, "Let me out, I'm not goin' to endanger my life." "Nor more aint I," says I.

"Come out then," says the conductor. "Where's your money?"

I gives him a shillin', and if he didn't give me eightpence change in coppers, as I dropped in the middle of the road, where he left me a-standin', with cabs and 'busses all about a-shouting to me, as was stoopin' to pick up the money, as I only recovered three-halfpence, tho' I must say as many parties was very polite a-troubling themselves to look for it; not as I thought as kicking about the mud was a good plan, as all scuttled away pretty quick thro' a policeman a-comin' up as led me by the arm on the pavement.

So I says, "Is this the Marble Arch?" "No," says he, "the Pantheon; but," he says, "it aint much further if you keeps on the shady side."

Bless the man! he's got nice ideas about far, he has, for it was nearly eleven when I got to the Marble Arch, where Jane was a-waitin' with her eldest, as isn't quite three, and the babby.

She says, "Why, mother, how hot you look; you must want a something, mustn't she, Mrs. Woolley," as was with her, a woman as I can't a-bear, bein' one as is all fair to your face and knives and lancets behind your back.

So she says, "Mrs. Brown, do take a something, as is only across the road, as is easy to get at, thro' lampposts put up for to protect you agin them 'busses as comes round you on all sides, let alone other public conveniences, as is bein' drove in ev'ry direction, and carriages by the million."

If it hadn't been as I was that faint, thro' the day bein' that swelterin', I would not a-took nothin', for I know'd that Mrs. Woolley's deceitful ways, as it was one word for me and half a dozen for herself, as know'd her tricks, thro' having watched her narrow when nursin' of Jane, as never held with her ways with that child, and I'm sure could sleep thro' its screams, a-sayin' as it was temper, whereas I found the pin myself, as is a woman as would swear black is white, a-daring to say as it had dropped off of me on to the infant.

I'm sure I was that terrified a-gettin'

across that road and back that what I did take didn't seem to do me no good, and throwed me into that heat as I thought I never could have bore myself, tho' I had a musling gown with a barege shawl as was that flimsy as I didn't seem half-clothed, thro' it being what I calls a breezy day with dust in that park a-comin' up in clouds, and the sight of people as there wasn't no seeing thro'.

Well, there was parties as had brought forms to stand on as would throw you over people's heads, tho' I was doubtful myself, for they was that rickety as I should not like to have trusted to; but one young man he was a-tryin' it on, and says to me, "Here you, mum! why, it's strong enough for a elephant," and idjots as was standin' by grinned. So I walks on till we comes to a plank as was supported on barrels, as the party as owned it jumped on for to prove it strong, and his good lady says as they wasn't in that line, but only come out for to see it themselves, as is a field day well worth the money, as was threepence each, and agreed to hold Sammy up.

Just then come a nice old gentleman as was stout and cheerful, and says he'd try it, and up he gets, and advises me, as was hesitating, when them parties as it belonged to hoisted me up unawares.

Certainly it was a grand sight to see them troops as moved like machines a-jumping up and turning round, as is their manoeuvring ways. So the people says, "Here's the Duke." I says, "What Duke? Why," I says, "he's dead." "No," says the old gentleman as was standin' up by me. "Well," I says, "I see his funeral, that's all I know, and remember hearing' of the battle well, as there was a deal o' talking about when I was a very young gal, where his leg was shot off thro' Shaw the Life-guardsman, as was massacred by the Prussians a-comin' up in the moment of victory." He says a-laughin', "It's the Duke of Cambridge." I says, "Really. I've heard tell of Cambridge very often, but never heerd as it was a Duke." And if he didn't bust out laughin' like mad.

Well, the sun was a-beatin' down on my head, and I was lookin' at them soldiers, as must be dreadful in battle. I says, "There aint no fear of their firin' on us unprovoked, I suppose," for I've heard tell of such things, and spent balls aint

no joke, as has been death to thousands, for I never shall forget our Joe a-ketching me accidental between the shoulders with a ball as he was playin' rounders with, so can easy fancy what lead must be.

Well, Jane she'd got down, so had Mrs. Woolley, thro' the infant bein' fractious, and just then the solders let fly all of a sudden simultaneous with that banging and smoke in clouds as it gave me that sudden start as I throwed back my arms violent with a scream as made every one look round, and I ketches that poor old gentleman as was next me sudden in the pit of his stomach accidental with my elber as made him start back that forcible as upset the plank as we was a-standin' on, and away I went backwards, and should have been killed if the old gentleman, being under me, hadn't broke my fall, as didn't take it in good part, tho' whatever parties could see to laugh at I can't think.

I says, "Don't stand there a-grinnin', but lend me a hand up some on you," as they did at last, tho' the old gentleman was most hurt, not as he fell far, and said it was my weight as had nearly stifled him, as brought on words thro' Mrs. Woolley a-remarkin' as she should think so, as is a reg'lar mask of skin and bones. So I says, "It's luck as it wasn't you as fell on him, for you'd a cut him to bits like a iron hurdle." As I heard her with my own ears call me a "swelterin' porpus." So I says, "Jane," I says, "if that female is a-goin' home with you, I knows myself too well for to put it in her power to insult me under my own daughter's roof." So I says, "I should prefer the omnibus, as will set me down within five minutes." So I says, "Let's part friends." So for all as she could say I would go, thro' her a-sayin' as she could shut her door agin that party as had walked in from Ealing, as I should not have wished, tho' in my opinion a low-lived woman, as I could tell through her conversations in that crowd as made a deal too free for me.

As to them soldiers, it's all rubbish and waste of powder and ball, as will end bad some day thro' them firin' that promiscuous at parties as is a-standin' armless, tho' Brown will have it as it was only powder as they fired, tho' I knows better, for I could hear the balls as must have knocked me over, and a mercy it was no wua.

## THE FASTEST FUNERAL ON RECORD.

[Under the well-known signature of "The Old 'Un," in the "Spirit of the Times," Mr. Durivage has acquired the highest reputation. His "Ghost of the Eleven Strike," and other original comic sketches, have been read with delight by thousands. He is now the editor of the Boston "Weekly Symbol"—a very "Odd Fellow's" paper, which he conducts with signal ability.]

"Hurrah! hurrah! the dead ride fast—  
Dost fear to ride with me?"—BÜRGER'S LEONORA.  
"This fellow has no feeling of his business."—HAMLET.

Mr. P.—I had just crossed the long bridge leading from Boston to Cambridgeport, and was plodding my dusty way on foot through that not very agreeable suburb, on a sultry afternoon in July, with a very creditable thunder-cloud coming up in my rear, when a stout elderly gentleman, with a mulberry face, a brown coat and pepper-and-salt smalls, reined up his nag, and after learning that I was bound for Old Cambridge, politely invited me to take a seat beside him in the little sort of a tax-cart he was driving. Nothing loath, I consented, and we were soon *en route*. The mare he drove was a very peculiar animal. She had few good points to the eye, being heavy-bodied, hammer-headed, thin in the shoulders, bald-faced, and rejoicing in a little stump of a tail which was almost entirely innocent of hair. But there were "lots of muscle," as Major Longbow says, in her hind quarters.

"She aint no Wenus, Sir," said my new acquaintance, pointing with his whip to the object of my scrutiny—"but handsome is as handsome does. Them's my sentiments. She's a rum 'un to look at, but a good 'un to go."

"Indeed?"

"Yes, Sir! That there mare, sir, has made good time—I may say, *very* good time before the hearse."

"Before the hearse?"

"Before the hearse! S'pose you never heard of *burying a man on time*? I'm a sexton, sir, and undertaker—JACK CROSS-BONES, at your service—'Daddy Cross-bones' they call me at PORTER'S."

"Ah! I understand. Your mare ran away with the hearse."

"Ran away! A child could hold her.

Oh! yes, of course she ran away," added the old gentleman, looking full in my face with a very quizzical expression, and putting the fore finger of his right hand on the right side of his party-coloured proboscis.

"My dear Sir," said I, "you have excited my curiosity amazingly, and I should esteem it as a particular favour if you would be a little less oracular and a little more explicit."

"I don't know as I'd ought to tell you," said my new acquaintance very slowly and tantalizingly. "If you was one of these here writing chaps, you might poke it in the 'Spirit of the Times,' and then it would be all day with me. But I don't care if I do make a clean breast of it. Honour bright, you know."

"Of course."

"Well, then, I live a piece up beyond Old Cambridge—you can see our steeple off on a hill to the right, when we get a little further. Well, one day, I had a customer—(he was carried off by the typhus)—which had to be toted into town—cause why? he had a vault there. So I rubbed down the old mare and put her in the fills. Ah! Sir! that critter knows as much as an Injun, and more than a Nigger. She's as sober 'as be d-d' when she get's the shop—that's what I call the hearse—behind her. You would not think she was a three-minute nag, to look at her. Well, sir, as luck would have it, by a sort of providential inspiration, the day before, I'd took off the old wooden springs and set the body on elliptics. For I thought it a hard case that a gentleman who'd been riding easy all his life, should go to his grave on wooden springs. Ah! I deal well by my customers. I thought of patent boxes to the wheels, but I couldn't afford it, and the parish are desperate stingy."

"Well I got him in, and led off the string—fourteen hacks, and a dearborn wagon at the tail of the funeral. We made a fine show. As luck would have it, just as we came abreast of Porter's, out slides that eternal torment, BILL SIKES, in his new trotting sulky, with the brown horse that he bought for a fast crib, and ~~is~~ mighty good for a rush, but hain't got nigh so much bottom as the mare. Bill's light weight, and his sulky's a mere feather. Well, sir, Bill came up alongside, and walked his horse a bit.

He looked at the mare and then at me, and then he winked. Then he looked at his nag and put his tongue in his cheek, and winked. I looked straight ahead, and only said to myself, 'Cuss you, Bill Sikes.' By and by, he let his horse slide. He travelled about a hundred yards, and then held up till I came abreast, and then he winked and bantered me again. It was d—d aggravatin'. Says I to myself, says I—'that's twice you've done it, my buzzum friend and sweet-scented shrub—but you doesn't do that 'ere again.' The third time he bantered me, I let him have it. It was only saying 'Scat you brute,' and she was off—that mare. He had all the odds, you know, for I was toting a two hundred pounder, and he ought to have beat me like breaking sticks, now hadn't he? He had me at the first brush, for I told you the brown horse was a mighty fast one for a little ways. But soon I lapped him. I had no whip, and he could use his string—but he had his hands full. Side by side, away we went. Rattle-te-bang! crack! abuz! thump! And I afraid of losing my customer on the road. But I was more afraid of losing the race. The reputation of the old mare was at stake, and I swore she should have a fair chance. We went so fast that the posts and rails by the road side looked like a log fence. The old church and the new one, and the colleges, spun past like Merry Andrews. The hackmen did not know what the ——— was to pay, and, afraid of not being in at the death, they put the string onto their teams, and came clattering on behind as if Satan had kicked 'em on end. Some of the mourners were sporting characters, and they craned out of the carriage windows and waved their handkerchiefs. The President of Harvard College himself, inspired by the scene, took off his square tile as I passed his house, and waving it three times round his head, cried, 'Go it, Boots!' It is a fact. And I beat him sir! I beat him, in three miles, a hundred rods. He gin it up, sir, in despair."

"His horse was off his feed for a week, and when he took to corn again he wasn't worth a straw. It was acknowledged on all hands to be the fastest funeral on record, though I say it as shouldn't. I'm an undertaker, sir, and I never yet was overtaken."

On subsequent inquiry at Porter's, where

the sporting sexton left me, I found that his story was strictly true in all the main particulars. A terrible rumpus was kicked up about the race, but Crossbones swore lustily that the mare had run away—that he had sawed away two inches of her lip in trying to hold her up, and that he could not have done otherwise, unless he had run her into a fence and spilled "his customer" into the ditch. If any one expects to die anywhere near the sexton's *diggings*, I can assure them that the jolly old boy is still alive and kicking, the very "Ace of Hearts" and "Jack of Spades," and that now both patent boxes and elliptic springs render his professional conveyance the easiest running thing on the road.

F. A. DURIVAGE.

## GOING TO BED BEFORE A YOUNG LADY.

A STORY ATTRIBUTED TO HON. STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS.

As I was saying, ten years ago, Judge Douglas, of Illinois, was a beardless youth of twenty years of age, freshly come amongst the people of the "Sucker State," with an air about him suspiciously redolent of Yankeeland. A mere youthful adventurer amongst those "quare" Suckers—one would deem the position embarrassing. Not so with the judge; he had come on business. A political fortune was to be made, and no time lost. He was about launching on the sea of popular favour, and he commenced a general coast survey the day he arrived. He soon made himself District Attorney, member of the Legislature, Register of the U. S. Land Office, Secretary of State, and Judge of the Supreme Court.

"How do you adapt yourself," said I, "Judge, to the people? How did you 'naturalize' yourself, as it were?"

"Oh, nothing easier; you see I like it. It's democratic. But it did come awkward at first. You know I am, or rather was, bashful to rather a painful degree. Well, now, nine-tenths of my constituents despise luxuries, and have no such thing as a second room in their houses. In beating up for votes, I live with my consti-

tients, eat with my constituents, drink with them, lodge with them, pray with them, laugh, hunt, dance and work with them; I eat their corn dodgers and fried bacon, and sleep two in a bed with them. Among my first acquaintances were the L——s, down under the Bluffs. Fine fellows, the L——s,—by the way, I am sure of five votes there. Well, you perceive, I had to live there: and I did live there. But, sir, I was frightened the first night I slept there. I own it; yes, sir, I acknowledge the corn. An ice in August is something: but I was done to an icicle; had periodical chills for ten days. Did you ever see a Venus in linsey-woolsey?"

"No!"

"Then you shall see Serena L——s. They call her the 'White Plover:' seventeen:—plump as a pigeon, and smooth as a persimmon. How the devil, said I to myself, soliloquizing the first night I slept there, am I to go to bed before this young lady? I do believe my heart was topsyturvy, for the idea of putting off my boots before the girl was death. And as to doffing my other fixtures, I would sooner have my leg taken off with a wood-saw. The crisis was tremendous. It was nearly midnight, and the family had been hours in bed. Miss Serena alone remained. Bright as the sun, the merry minx talked on. It was portentously obvious to me at last, that she had determined to outwit me. By repeated spasmodic efforts, my coat, waist-coat, cravat, boots and socks were brought off. During the process, my beautiful neighbor talked to me with unaverted eyes, and with that peculiar kind of placidity employed by painters to embody their idea of the virgin. I dumped myself down in a chair, in a cold perspiration. A distressing thought occurred to me. Does not the damsel stand on a point of local etiquette? It may be the fashion of these people to see strangers in bed before retiring themselves? May I not have kept those beautiful eyes open, from ignorance of what these people deem good breeding? Neither the lady's eyes nor tongue had indeed betrayed fatigue. Those large jet eyes seemed to dilate and grow brighter as the blaze of the wood fire died away; but doubtless this was from kind consideration for the strange wakefulness of her guest. The thing was clear. I determined to retire, and without delay. I arose with firmness, unloosed

my suspenders, and in a voice not altogether steady, said:

"Miss Serena, I think I will retire."

"Certainly, sir," she quietly observed, 'you will lodge there, sir,' inclining her beautiful head towards a bed standing a few yards from where she was sitting. I proceeded to uncase; entrenching myself behind a chair the while, fondly imagining the position offered some security. It is simply plain to a man in his senses, that a chair of the fashion of the one I had thrown between myself and 'the enemy,' as a military man would say, offered almost no security at all. No more, in fact, than standing up behind a ladder—nothing in the way of the artillery of bright eyes, as a poet would say, sweeping one down by platoons. Then I had a dead open space of ten feet between me and the bed; a sort of Bridge of Lodi passage which I was forced to make, exposed to a cruel raking fire fore and aft. Although I say it, who should not say it, an emergency never arose for which I had not a resource. I had one for this. The plan was the work of a moment, I de—"

"Ah! I see, you stormed the battery and s——"

"Bah! don't interrupt me. No; I determined, by a bold ruse de guerre, to throw her attention out of the window, clear the perilous passage, and fortify myself under the counterpane before she recovered her surprise. The plan failed. You see I am a small man, physically speaking. Body, limbs, and head, setting up business on one hundred and seven and a half pounds, all told, of flesh, blood, and bones, cannot, individually or collectively, set up any very ostentatious pretensions. I believe the young lady must have been settling in her mind some philosophical point on that head. Perhaps her sense of justice wished to assure itself of a perfectly fair distribution of the respective motives. Perhaps she did not feel easy until she knew that a kind Providence had not added to general poverty individual wrong. Certain it was, she seemed rather pleased with her speculations; for when I arose from a stooping posture finally, wholly disencumbered of cloth, I noticed mischievous shadows playing about the corners of her mouth. It was the moment I had determined to direct her eye to some astonishing circumstance out of the window. But the young lady spoke at the critical moment.

"'Mr. Douglas,' she observed, 'you have got a mighty small chance of legs there.'

"Men seldom have any notice of their own powers; I never made any pretensions to skill in ground and lofty tumbling; but it is strictly true, I cleared, at one bound, the open space, planted myself on the centre of the bed, and was buried in the blankets in a twinkling."

"I congratulate you, my boy," said I, poising a cube of the crimson core of the melon on the point of my knife; "a lucky escape truly! But was the young lady modest?"

"Modest, sir!—there is not in Illinois a more modest, or more sensible girl. It's habit—all habit. I think nothing of it now. Why it's only last week I was at a fine wedding party, and a large and fine assembly of both sexes lodged in the same room, with only three feet or so of neutral territory between them."

"You astonish me, Mr. Douglas."

"Fact, sir, upon my honor. You see these people are the very soul of hospitality, and never allow a fine social party to turn out at twelve o'clock at night to go long distances home. All that is more cleverly managed here. An Illinois bed has a power of elongation or expansion perfectly enigmatical to strangers. One bed four feet wide, will, on occasion, flank one whole side of the house, and is called a field-bed, and large parties will range themselves on opposite sides of the house as economically as candles in a box."

"But, my dear fellow, this is drouthy prose, introduce yourself to that little fellow in the corner, and pass him over; and now tell me all about old Canandai-gua."

[This story of Judge Douglas has suggested to Field, of the St. Louis *Reveille*, the following adventure of a Missouri politician:—]

The "gentleman of Illinois" is not the only gentleman whose *legs* have led him into embarrassment. A political friend of ours, equally happy in his manners, if not in his party, among the Missouri constituency, found himself, while canvassing the State, last summer, for Congress, in even a more peculiarly perplexing predicament than the Illinois judge.

There is a spot in the southwestern part of this State, known as *The Fiery*

*Fork of Honey Run*!—a delicious locality, no doubt, as the *run* of "honey" is of course accompanied by a corresponding flow of "milk," and a mixture of milk and honey, or at any rate, honey and "peach," is the evidence of sublunary contentment, every place where they have preaching!

"Honey Run," further Christianized by the presence of an extremely hospitable family, whose mansion, comprising *one apartment*—neither more nor less—is renowned for being never shut against the traveler, and so our friend found it during the chill morning air, at the expense of a rheumatism in his shoulder, its numerous unaffected cracks and spaces clearly showing, that dropping the latch was a useless formality. The venerable host and hostess, in their one apartment, usually enjoy the society of two sons, four daughters, sundry dogs and "niggers," and as many lodgers as may deem it prudent to risk the somewhat equivocal allotment of sleeping partners. On the night in question, our friend, after a hearty supper of ham and eggs, and a canvass of the *Fiery Forkers*, the old lady having pointed out his bed, felt very weary, and only looked for an opportunity "to turn in," though the mosquitoes were trumping all sorts of wrath, and no net appeared to *bar* them. The dogs flung themselves along the floor, or again rose, restlessly, and sought the door-step; the "niggers" stuck their feet in the yet warm ashes; the old man stripped, unscrupulously, and sought his share of the one collapsed-looking pillow, and the sons cavalierly followed his example, leaving the old woman, "gals," and "stranger," to settle any question of delicacy that might arise.

The candidate yawned, looked at his bed, went to the door, looked at the daughters; finally, in downright recklessness, seating himself upon "the downy," and pulling off his coat. Well, he *pulled* off his coat—and he folded his coat—and then he yawned—and then he whistled—and then he called the old lady's attention to the fact, that it would *never* do to sleep in his muddy trousers—and then he *undid* his vest—and then he whistled again—and then, suddenly, an idea of her lodger's possible embarrassment seemed to flash upon the old woman, and she cried—



